This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

~~4 5 6~~
~~135 d 20~~

EETS 62

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Early English Text Society.

Cursor Mundi

(The Cursur o the world).

A NORTHUMBRIAN POEM OF THE XIVTH CENTURY

IN FOUR VERSIONS, TWO OF THEM MIDLAND,

FROM COTTON MS. VESP. A iii IN THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUS.; FAIRFAX MS. 14 IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY; MS. THEOL. 107 IN THE GÖTTINGEN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY; MS. R. 3. 8 IN THE LIBRARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

16. B. 11

EDITED BY THE

REV. RICHARD MORRIS, M.A., LL.D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY; AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL OUTLINES OF ENGLISH ACCIDENCE," EDITOR OF "HAMPOLE'S PRICKE OF CONSCIENCE," ETC. ETC.

PART III.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY,
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL.

MDCCCLXXVI.

Price Fifteen Shillings.

Digitized by Google

Early English Text Society.

Committee of Management:

Director: FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq.

Treasurer: HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq.

Hon. Sec.: W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 9 MILNER STREET, LONDON, N.

J. MEADOWS COWPER, Esq.
ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, Esq.
DANBY P. FRY, Esq.
H. HUCKS GIBBS, Esq.
Rev. BARTON LODGE.
Rev. J. RAWSON LUMBY.
Rev. Dr. RICHARD MORRIS.
J. A. H. MURRAY, Esq.
EDWARD B. PEACOCK, Esq.
Rev. WALTER W. SKEAT.
HENRY SWEET, Esq.
W. ALDIS WRIGHT, Esq.

(*With power to add Workers to their number.*)

Bankers:

THE HEAD OFFICE OF THE UNION BANK OF LONDON,
Princes Street, E.C.

The Publications for 1866 are out of print, but a separate subscription has been opend for their immediate reprint. The Texts for 1864, and all but one (which is now in the press) for 1865, have been reprinted. Subscribers who desire the Texts of all or any of these years should send their names at once to the Hon. Secretary, as several hundred additional names are requird before the Texts for 1866 can be sent to press.

The Publications for 1864 (21*s.*) *are:*—

1. **Early English Alliterative Poems**, ab. 1360 A.D., ed. R. Morris. 10*s.*
2. **Arthur**, ab. 1440, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 4*s.*
3. **Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c.**, 1556, ed. F. Hall. 4*s.*
4. **Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight**, ab. 1360, ed. R. Morris. 10*s.*

The Publications for 1865 (21*s.*) *are:*—

5. **Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue**, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4*s.*
6. **Lancelot of the Laik**, ab. 1500, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 8*s.*
7. **Genesis & Exodus**, ab. 1250, ed. R. Morris. 8*s.*
8. **Morte Arthure**, ab. 1440, ed. E. Brock. 7*s.*
9. **Thynne on Chaucer's Works**, ab. 1598, ed. Dr Kingsley and F. J. Furnivall. 10*s.*
10. **Merlin**, ab. 1440, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley. 2*s.* 6*d.*
11. **Lyndesay's Monarche, &c.**, 1552, Part I., ed. F. Hall.
12. **Wright's Chaste Wife**, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. F.

The Publications for 1866 *are:*—

13. **Seinte Marherete**, 1200-1330, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
14. **Kyng Horn, Floris and Blancheflour, &c.**, ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby.
15. **Political, Religious, and Love Poems**, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
16. **The Book of Quinte Essence**, ab. 1460-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
17. **Parallel Extracts from 29 MSS. of Piers the Plowman**, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
18. **Hali Meidenhad**, ab. 1200, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
19. **Lyndesay's Monarche, &c., Part II.**, ed. F. Hall.
20. **Hampole's English Prose Treatises**, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
21. **Merlin, Part II.**, ed. H. B. Wheatley.
22. **Partenay or Lusignen**, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
23. **Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt**, 1340, ed. R. Morris.

The Publications for 1867 (*one guinea, less No.* 24, 25, 26, *out of print*) *are:*—

24. **Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; the Parliament of Devils, &c.**, ab. 1430, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 3*s.*
25. **The Stacions of Rome, the Pilgrims' Sea-voyage, with Clene Maydenhod**, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1*s.*
26. **Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse**, from R. Thornton's MS. (ab. 1440), ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 2*s.*
27. **Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum**, 1570, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 12*s.*
28. **William's Vision of Piers the Plowman**, 1362 A.D. Part I. The earliest or Vernon Text; Text A. Ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 6*s.*
29. **Early English Homilies** (ab. 1220-30 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part I. Edited by R. Morris. 7*s.*
30. **Pierce the Ploughmans Crede**, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 2*s.*

The Publications for 1868 (*one guinea*) *are:*—

31. **Myrc's Duties of a Parish Priest**, in Verse, ab. 1420 A.D., ed. E. Peacock. 4*s.*
32. **The Babees Book, Urbanitatis, the Bokes of Norture of John Russell and Hugh Rhodes, the Bokes of Keruyng, Curtasye, and Demeanour, &c.**, with some French and Latin Poems on like subjects, ed. from Harleian and other MSS. by F. J. Furnivall. 15*s.*
33. **The Knight de la Tour Landry** (from French of A.D. 1372), ab. 1440 A.D. A Father's Book for his Daughters, ed. from Harl. MS. 1764 and Caxton's version, by Thomas Wright. 8*s.*
34. **Early English Homilies** (before 1300 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part II., ed. R. Morris, LL.D. 8*s.*
35. **Lyndesay's Works**, Part III.: The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, ed. F. Hall. 2*s.*

The Publications for 1869 (*one guinea*) *are:*—

36. **Merlin**, Part III. Edited by H. B. Wheatley, Esq.; with an Essay on Arthurian Localities, by J. S. Stuart Glennie, Esq. 12*s.*
37. **Sir David Lyndesay's Works**, Part IV., containing Ane Satyre of the Three Estaits. Edited by F. Hall, Esq. 4*s.*
38. **William's Vision of Piers the Plowman**, Part II. Text B. Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 10*s.* 6*d.*
39. **The Alliterative Romance of the Destruction of Troy**, translated from Guido de Colonna. Edited from the unique MS. in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, by D. Donaldson, Esq., and the Rev. G. A. Panton. Part I. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Digitized by Google

A nedd*er* sprent vte of þe sand,
And stanged iame *in* his right hand.
For he was hurt ful selli sare
Reuli gan he cri and rare,
Blonand in a littill waþ, [col. 1]
þat al-mast bigan he to diþ;
For bitternes he dune hi[m] laid
And ofte-syde, "wailewai!" he said,
"Mi hand es stanged sare selli!"
Quen *iesus* herd þis reuful cri
þat þis wreche iames made,
Till him he ȝode widvten bade,
And did he hi*m* nanoþ*er* gin
Bot hent his hand a*n*d blev þar-in.
Keland he made al hal his hand,
And dede þe worm biside þai fand.

A nedder sprong out of þe sond
And stong Iame in his riȝt hond
He was hurt selly sore
Ruly he gan to crie & rore
He swal so faste & wondirly
þat almest bigon he for to dy
For bitturnes dou*n* he hi*m* leide
And ofte weileway he seide
Myn hond is stongen bitturly
Whenne ihesu herde his reuful cry
þat þis wrecche Iames made
To him he ȝede wiþouten abade
Dud he þ*er*e noon oþ*er*e gyn
But hent his hond & blew þ*er*in
So he made al hool his hond
Deed bisyde þe worm þei fond

[*How the light of heaven shone on Jesus asleep.*]

Ay quen ioseph was won to wend,
Til ani waiting wid su*m* freind,
His su*n*nes war ay wid hi*m* bone,
Iame, ioseph, iude, and symiun.
wid him come als his doght*er*s tua,
Mari wid *iesus* come alsua,
And wid hir mari cliophe,
þ*at* an was of þe sistris thre,
(For vr leued had sistris tuin,
þat i sal siþin make of min).
Quen þis meigne was gedrid samen,
All þai wanted þair gastli gamene,
Til þ*at* *iesus* was come*n* *in* place
To giue þai*m* blissing of his face,
For ar þat he wid þai*m* war sett,
Nouþir wild þai drinc ne ett,

¶ whenne'Ioseph was wont to wende
To gestenyng wiþ any frende
His sones went wiþ him boun
Iame Ioseph Iude & symeoun
With hi*m* went als his douȝtres two
Marye wiþ ihesus coom also
And wiþ hir mary cleophe
þ*at* oon was of þo sistres þre
Two sistres had oure lady we fynde
As we shul aftir make mynde
whenne þis meyne was gedered samen
Alle hem wantud goostly gamen
Til ihesu was comen in place
To ȝiue him blessyng of his face
Ar he wiþ hem were set in sete
wolde þei nouþ*er* drynke nor ete

Digitized by Google

Ne brek þair brede, ne tast þair mes
Til he war cu*m*men til þair des,
And til him-seluen war on stad
And wit beniscu*n* þaim badd, 12562
And if he war fra hame þ*at* tide,
Til þ*at* he com all suld þai bide.
And q*uen* he suld to manscip ga,
Maria, Iosep, his breþer al sua,—
Iosep suns i neuend þaim ar,— 12567
All þai felascip him bar.
þir men held hijs lijf dai *and* night
Befor þam als a candel bright, 12570
þai him luued and doted ai,
And q*uer* he sleped, night or dai,
þe clernes self o godds light
Schan on him, na sun sa bright.
þe soth it es als i yow sai, [col. 2]
We find on-slep þar her he lai. 12576

¶ þir are þe barn-hedes þ*at* i tald
Dun ar he was tuelue yeir alld;
Bot nu o sum þan sal yee here 12579
He did q*uen* he was of tuelue yere,
Als lucas vs sais þe gospelere,
þ*at* wittnes lel es wont at bere. 12582
In ier*usalem*, þat hei cite,
At a fest was a gret semble,
All þe godmen com þat dai,
Maria and iosep war not a-wai, 12586
þair frendes wit þam þider soght,
And yong *iesum* wit þaim þai broght.
Ai quils þis fest was lastand,
In þe tun war þai duelland. 12590

COTTON

ne breke þaire brede ne tast þaire mese
til he ware co*m*myn vn-to þaire dese
& tille him-seluen ware on stad.
& wiþ his benisou*n* ham alle bad.
& if he ware fra ham þat tide.
til atte he come alle sulde bide.
& quen he sulde to manshepe ga.
mari Ioseph his bre*þer* al-squa.
& Ioseph̄ sones I. neuened ȝou are.
alle þai felawshepe him bare.
he helde þaire life day & niȝt.
als hit ware a candel briȝt.
þes men him loued & douted ay
& que*þer* he slepped niȝt or day.
þe clernes euer of goddis liȝt.
shane on him na sunne sa briȝt.
[1The sothe yt is as I you say
We ffynd on slepe he lay] [1 From Laud MS. 416.]

how ih*es*us disputed wiþ þe doctours.

Þer ar þe barnehede þat I. talde done or he was xij. ȝere alde.
[1Now of som shulle ye here
Done when he was of xij yere]
as luke vs sais þe gospeler
þat witnes nane bot lele wille bere
In ier*usalem* atte þat hey cite.
atte a feste was grete semble.
al godemen come þat day.
mary & Ioseph̄ was noȝt a-way.
þaire frendis wiþ ham þidder soȝt.
& ȝonge ih*es*u wiþ ham þai broȝt.
¶ ay quilest þis feste was lastande
in þis tou*n* ware þai dwelland.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Ne breke þair bred, ne tast þar mes,
Til he war comen to þair des,
And till him seluen war on stadd
And wid benisun þaim badd,
And if he war fra hame þat tide,
Till þat he come all suld þai bide.
And quen he suld to metschip ga,
Mari and ioseph, his breþir alsua,—
Ioseph suns I neuend 3u are,—
Alle þai felauschip him bare.
[1] þir men helde he lijf dai and night,
Bifor þaim als a candel bright, [1 lf 85, bk, col. 1]
þai him leued and duted ay,
And quare he slepe, night or day,
þe clerenes self of goddes light
Schane on him, na sunne so bright.
þe soth it es als i 3u say,
we find þat here on-slepe he lay.

[3] Ny breke her breed nor mes taste
Til he were to hem comen in haste
And til he were among hem lad
And wiþ benesoun hem bad [3 leaf 78, bk]
If he were fro home þat tide
Til he coom al shulde abide
whenne he shulde to meteship go
Marie Ioseph his breþer also
Iosephis sones as I seide ore
Alle felowshipe him bore
þe folke him helde day & ny3t·
Bifore hem as a candel bri3t
þei him loued & douted ay
And where he slepte ny3t or day
þe clerenes of goddes li3t
Shone on him no sonne so bri3t
þe soþe hit is as I 3ou say
we fynde on slepe he lay

[*Christ disputes with the Doctors in the Temple.*]

þir [2] er his barnhedes þat i tald
Done er he was tuelue 3ere ald;
Bot nu of sum þan sal 3e here
He did quen he was o tuelue 3ere,
Als luca vs sais, þe godspeller,
þat witnes lele es wont to bere.
In ierusalem, þat hij cite, [2 MS. has Sir]
At a fest was gret semble,
Alle þe god men come þat day,
Mari and ioseph war noght a-way,
þair freindes wid þaim þider soght,
And 3ung iesus wid þaim þai broght.
Ay quilis þis feste it was lastand
In þe tune war þai deuelland.

¶ Mony are his childehedes I of tolde
Done ar he were twelue 3eer olde
Now of somme shul 3e here
Done whenne he was of twelue 3ere
As luk seiþ vs þe gospellere
þat trewe witenes is wont to bere
In ierusalem þat he3e cite
At a feest was greet semble
Alle þe gode men coom þat day
Marie & Ioseph were not away
Her frendes wiþ hem þider sou3t
3ong ihesu wiþ hem þei brou3t
Whil þis feest was lastonde
Euer were þei þere dwellonde

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Quen it was don, hamward þai went,
For-gat iesum wit-vten tent,
For at þe vte-cuming o þe yatte
He turnd again, þai him for-gat;
Vn-to þe Iues scole he yede,
And loked on bokes o þair lede,
Desputand tuix þaim he satt,
And þai him asked mani-quat.
All þat in þe scole war stadd,
For ferli of his wiit war madd
O þis child þat was sa yung,
Gain his resun had naman tung.
Wit þe gret maisters þer he bade
Til maria had hir iorne made,
þan at þe first on him thoght sco,
Bot sco wist neuer quat for to do.
Vnquemli was þai can him quain,
Ioseph and maria turnd a-gain
To seke him, þare his freindes wit,
Ouer all a-bute þan in þar kyth;
Sua lang a-bute þan had mari gan
þat weri was sco bath lith and ban,
And þar-for right na ferli war,
þof þat hir hert war gloppend sar.
Sco com vn-til a scole gangand,
A gret gadiring þar-in sco fand
O þe maisters o þe lagh,
Wit þaim iesum sco sittand sagh,
þe best maisters o þe tun
He gaf þaim rede all resun.
þan said his moder til him þus,
"Leue sun, qui has þou gloppend hus?
þi fader and i has mani wais
Soght þe abute this thre dais
Wit heui hert and druppand chere.
Qui did þou þus mi leif and dere?"

COTTON

quen hit was done hamward þai went
& to ihesu toke nane entent.
for atte þe outecomming of þe 3ate.
he turned a-gayne þai him for-gate
vn-to þe iewes scole he 3ede.
& lokid on bokis of þaire lede.
desputande with þe maistres he satte
& þai him asked many quat.
alle þat in þat scole was stad.
þe best clerkis ware maste mad.
of þis childe þat was so 3onge.
agayne his resoun had na man tong
wiþ þe maistris þus he bade.
til mari had hir iournay made.
þen atte first on him þo3t ho.
bot ho wiste neuer quat for to do.
bot certis hit is no3t to layne.
Ioseph̄ & mari went a-gayne.
to seke him þare his frendis wiþ.
ouer alle a-boute ham in þaire kiþ.
¶ Squa lange a-boute had mari gane.
þat wiry was ho liþ & bane.
& þar-fore ri3t na ferli ware.
if hir hert ware gloppened sare.
ho come in-tille a scole gangande
a grete geddering þer-in ho fande.
of grete maistris of þat lagh̄.
& wiþ ham setande ihesus ho sagh̄.
þe best maister of alle þat toun.
he ham ansquared wiþ gode resoun.
¶ þen saide his moder til him þus
leue sone quy has þou gloppened vs.
þi fader & I. as many way.
so3t þe a-boute þis lange day.
wiþ heuy hert & droupande chere.
quy dide þou þus my sone dere.

FAIRFAX

[leaf 70, col. 1]

Digitized by Google

Quen it was done hame þai went,
And forgat *iesus* widvten tent,
For at þe vtecom*ing* of þe ȝate,
He turned again, þai him forgate.
vnto þe juus folk he ȝede,
And loked on bokes of þair lede,
Desputand tuix þaim he satt,
And þai him ansuerd maniquatt.
Alle þat *in* þat folk war stadd,
For farli of his wit war madd,
Of þis child þat *was* sua ȝou*ng*
Again his resun had nam*an* tong.
wid þe grete maistris þus he badd
Till mari had hir iornai made,
þan at þe frist on him toght scho,
Bot wist scho neu*er* quat to do. [col. 2]
[1]vnqueinteli was þai gun hi*m* quaine,
Ioseph and mari þai*m* turned againe
To sek him, þar his freindes wid,
Ou*er*-alle aboute þai*m* in þat kid.
Sua lang a-boute had mari gane
þat weri was scho, lith and bane,
And þar-of na ferli if it ware,
If hir hert was glopend sare.
Scho co*me* into a skole gangand,
A gret gedering þar-in scho fand
Of maistris of þair lawe,
wid þaim scho *iesus* sittand sawe,
þe best maistris of þat tune,
He gaue þaim all redi resune.
þan said his mod*er* til him þus,
"Leue sun, qui has þu glopened vs?
þi fad*er* and i has mani waies
Soght þe abute þir thre dais,
wid droupand hert a*nd* sari chere.
Qui did þu þus, mi lef and dere?"

GÖTTINGEN

Whenne hit was done hoom þei went
And forȝat ihesu wiþouten tent
At þe out comyng of þe gate
He turned aȝeyn þei him forȝate
Vnto þe iewes folke he ȝede
And loked on bokes of her lede
Disputyng among hem he sat
And þei hi*m* vnswered mony what
Alle þat in þat folke were stad
For wondir of his wit were mad
Of þis childe þat was so ȝonge
Aȝeyn his resou*n* had no mon tonge
Among his maistris þus was he ay
Til mary had made hir iournay
þenne furst on him þouȝte sho
But wist she neu*er* what to do
þei hem biþouȝte in certeyne
Ioseph & marye turned aȝeyne
To seke hi*m* þe*re* his frendes wiþ
Ouer al aboute in þat kiþ
So longe had marye aboute gone
þat wery was she liþþe & bone
And hi*m* she dred wondir sore
And was aferde in hert þe more
¶ Into þe scole she coom goonde
And greet gederynge þer in fonde
Of wise maistris of þat lawe
Wiþ hem sittynge ihesu she sawe
þe beste maistris of þat tou*n*
He ȝaf hem alle redi resou*n*
His modir seide to him þus
leue son why hastou fered vs
þi fadir & I mony wayes
han þe souȝte þese þre dayes
Wiþ heuy hert & droupenyng chere
Whi didestou þus leof & dere

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

"Mode*r*," he said, "qui soght yee me?
And q*uar*-for suld yee mur*n*and be?
Ne wat ye nedings most i do
þe thing þ*at* falles mi fad*er* to."
Bot q*uat* he wit þis wordes ment,
Graithli wist þai noght þe ente*nt*.
Fra þan be-gan to spring þe fame
O ie*s*u, þan he went him hame,
And bar him als a barn in dute,
Til fader and mod*er* vnd*er*lute;
Q*uar* þai wald ledde him, was fullet.
þai went þam þan to nazareth,
And þ*at* þai comaund wald or bide
Wit-vten ani strijf he dide.
In hert his mod*er* stil hild ai
Al þ*at* sco herd him do or sai;
He wex in wijt als was his will,
þat moght naman him find wit ill,
For fild he was wit hali gast.
In nazareth þai soiurnd mast,
Ai to ie*s*u was cu*m*men neir
Vn to þe eild of thritte yeir,
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þan him thoght þe time þ*at* he
On cr*i*sten lai suld baptist be,
Wit cr*i*sten lagh þe trouth suld spr*e*d
Q*uar*-of hir-efter yee sal here rede.
For ar i þar-of tel bigin
I sal yow mare tell of his kin,

For q*uen* þ*at* ioachim was dede
Anna wit hir freindes rede,

COTTON

¶ moder he saide quy so3t 3e me.
& quar-fore sulde 3e mournande be.
for nede wayes I. moste do.
þe þing þat fallis my fader to.
bot quat he wiþ þis worde ment
þai knew no3t c*er*tayne his entent.
¶ fra þen be-gan to spring þe fame
of ihe*s*u dedis & his name.
& went ham hame wiþ-oute*n* doute.
many had wonder of him a-boute.
quidder þai walde hi*m* lede was fuleth̄
þai went ham. in-to nazareth̄.
& quat þai comande walde or bidde.
wiþ-outen any strife he didde.
¶ In hert his moder ful helde ay.
alle atte ho herde him do or say.
he wex in witte ri3t as in wille
mi3t neue*r* man him ouer-take wiþ il.
for filled he was wiþ hali gaste.
in nazareth̄ þai soiourned maste.
ay til ihe*s*u was co*m*myn nere.
in-to þe elde of xxx. 3ere.
& many meruayles þ*er* he did.
þat ware knawen to many & kidde.
alle I. haue na tome to telle
for-quy I. sulde ta lange dwelle.
þen him þu3t þat time atte he. [lf 58, bk]
in cristen lai walde baptist be.
wiþ cr*i*sten lagh̄ þe trauþ suld sprede.
þ*er*-of here-ofter salle I. 3ou rede.
bot or I. þar-of telle be-gynne.
I salle 3ou mare telle of his kyn.

þe kinradin of saint Anne. & hir þre housbandis.

Quen þat Ioachim was dede.
anna wiþ hir frendis rede.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

"Mod*er*," he said, "qui soght ȝe me?
And quarfor suld ȝe mornand be?
Ne wate ȝe nedewais most i do
þe thing þat fallis mi fad*er* to."
Bot quat he wid þir wordes ment,
Graithli wist þai noght þe entent.
Fra þan of *iesus* sprang þe fame,
And wid his mod*er* he went hame,
And bar him als a child *in* doute,
Till fad*er* and mod*er* vnþ*er*loute;
Quar þai wold lede him, was ful eth.
þai went þaim þan to nazareth,
And all þat euer þai wold hi*m* bidd
widvten ani strijf he it didd.
In hert his mod*er* still held ay
Alle þat scho herd him do or say.
He wex in wit, als was his wille,
þ*at* might na man him find wid ille,
For fild he was wid þe hali gast. [lf 86, col. 1]
In nazareth þai soiorned mast,
It to *iesus* was comen nere
vnto þe elde of thritt[i] ȝere,
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þan him toght þe time þ*at* he
In cristen lay wold baptist be,
wid cristen law þe trouth suld sprede,
þar-of here-after sal i rede.
Bot ar i þar-of telle bigin,
I sal ȝou telle mare of his kin.

He seide modir whi souȝt ȝe me
Wherfore shulde ye mournyng be
Wite ȝe not þat I most do
þing þ*at* falleþ my fadir to
What he of þese wordes ment
þei wist not fully þe entent
Fro þenn*e* of ihes*u* sprong þe nome
Wiþ his modir he went home
And bar hi*m* as a childe in doute
To fadir & modir for to loute
How þei wolde lede hi*m* was ful eeþ
þei went þenn*e* in to nazareth
Al þat euer þei wolde him bid [leaf 79]
Wiþouten any strif he did
In hert stille helde his modir ay
Al þ*at* she herde him do or say
He wex in witt as was his wille
Miȝt no mon hi*m* fynde wiþ ille
Filde was he wiþ þe holy goost
In nazareth he soiourned moost
Til ihes*u* was comen nere
To þe elde of þritty ȝere
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þenn*e* hi*m* þouȝte tyme þ*at* he
In cr*i*sten lay wolde baptized be
wiþ cr*i*sten lawe þe trouþe to sprede
þ*er*of her aftir shul we rede
But ar I þ*er*of to telle bigynne
I shal ȝou telle more of his kynne

[*The Progeny of Saint Anne and her three Husbands.*]

FOr que*n* þ*at* ioachim w*as* dede,
Anna wid hir freindes rede

¶ whenn*e* þ*at* Ioachim was dede
Anna wiþ hir frendes rede

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Was giuen til a-noþer husband,
A man ful dughti o þat land,
Cleophas it was his nam,
Bath riche o god dede and o fam.
Wit hir he son a doghter gatt,
þat maria als hir sister hatt;
A man in mariage hir tok,
Hight alpheus, als sais þe bok.
Tua suns wit hir had alpheus,
þat war iosep and iacobus.
þis iacob þat i tell of yow, [col. 2]
Was cald þe broþer of iesu,
Iesu broþer cald was he
For sibred wirschip and bu[n]te.
Ontinkel was him wit faciun,
And was o gret religiun,
Hali liue he ladd al-wais.
Fra he was born, þe stori sais
He dranc neuer cisar ne wine,
Ne wered neuer clath o line,
Ne fless he ne ete of al and al,
Ne fined neuer o drightin call.
Sua haunted he on knes to lij,
And for to prai sua Iþenli,
þat hes knes war bolnd sua
þat he ne moght vnnethes ga.
Siþen come þe time men wend
He was þat crist þat suld be send.
þis ilk iacob þat i of tell,
Als he stod a dai to spell,
In ierusalem was he slan,
To paradis his saul tan.
¶ Quen he was ded, þis cleophas,
Was anna giuen to salomas;
Sco was wit barn and bar in hi
A maiden þat þai cald mari.

COTTON

was spoused til a-noþer housbande.
a duȝti man an of þe lande.
cleophas was his name.
baþ riche of godes[1] & of fame. [1 *first* gode dedis]
wiþ hir radli a doghter he gatte.
þat mari as hir suster hatte.
¶ A man in mariage hir toke.
alpheus hiȝt squa says þis boke.
twa sones wiþ hir had alpheus.
to name had þai Ioseph̄ Iacobus.
þis Iacob as I. telle hit ȝou.
was calde þe broþer of ihesu.
¶ ihesu broþer calde was he.
for sibberadyn & grete bounte.
[. . . . . .
. *no gap in Fairfax & Laud MSS.*]
hali life he led al-wayes
fra he was borne þe story sais.
he drank neuer ciser ne wine
ne vsed na claþis made of line.
ne flesshe he ete of al & alle.
ne fined neuer on god to calle.
¶ Squa haunted he on knes to ly.
& for to pray squa Iþenly.
þat his knes ware bolned squa
þat he muȝt vnneþes ga. [3 from Laud MS. 416]
[2After come that Tyme men wend
he were that Cryste þat shuld be send]
þis ilk Iacob þat I. of telle.
als he stode a day to spelle
In ierusalem was he slayn
his saule to paradis was tane.
Sone ofter died þis cleophas.
þen spoused anna salomas.
ho was wiþ barn̄ & bare in hy.
a mayden childe at heȝt mary.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

was geuen till a-noþer hosbande,
A dought[i] man of þat land,
Cleophas it was his name,
Riche of gode dede and fame.
Sone wid hir a doghtir he gat,
þat mari als hir sister hat;
A man in mariage heir toke,[1] [1 MS. take]
Alpheus hightl, als sais þe boke.
Tua suns had wid hir alpheus,
þat was ioseph and iacobus.
þis iacob, þat i tell of nu,
was cald þe broþer of iesu,
Iesus broþer cald was he,
For sibred worschip and bunte.
Ontinkel till him was wid facune,
And was als of gret religiune,
Hali lijf he lede all wais.
Fra he was born, þe stori sais,
He dranc neuer sider ne wine,
Ne neuer werd clath of line,
Ne flesse he ette of all and alle,
Ne fined neuer on drightin to calle.
Sua hauntand he on knes to lij,
[And for to prai sua Iþenli,]
þat his kneis war bolned sua
þat vnethes might he ga.
Siþen come þe time men wend,
[2]He war þat crist þat suld be sende.
þis ilk iacob þat i of telle, [2 col. 2]
als he stod a dai to spelle,
In ierusalem was he slane,
To paradis his saul was tane.
Quen he was dede, þis cleophas,
was anna giuen to salomas,
Scho wex wid child and bar in hij
A maiden child, þai cald mari,

GÖTTINGEN

Was ȝyuen to anoþer husbonde
A douȝty man of þat londe
Cleophas was his name
Riche of good dede & fame
Soone wiþ hir a douȝter he gat
þat marye as hir sister hat
A mon in mariage hir toke
Alpheus het as seiþ þe boke
Two sones bi hir had alpheus
þat was Ioseph & Iacobus
þat iacob þat I tell of now
Was called þe broþer of Ihesu
Ihesu broþer called was he
For sibrede worshepe & beaute
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
holy lif he lad alweyes
Fro he was born þe story seyes
He dronk neuer cidre ne wyn
Ne neuer wered clooþ of lyn
Flesshe ete neuer of al & alle
he fyned neuer god to calle
him þouȝte him self neuer wery
On god on knees for to cry
His knees þerof were bollen so
þat vnneþes miȝte he go
Aftir coom þat tyme men wende
He were þat crist þat shulde be sende
þis ilke Iacob þat I of telle
As he stood on a day to spelle
In ierusalem was he slone
his soule anoon to heuen dud gone
¶ whenne he was deed þis cleophas
Anna was ȝyuen to salomas
She wex wiþ childe & bar in hiȝe
A mayden childe hett marie

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Sco was giuen to zebedei,
A dughti gom o galilee,
Of hir war born god childer tuai,
þe mikel Iam þat es to sai,
þe quilk king herod did to sla.
þa toþer broþer o þir tua
Was sent Ion, þe wangelist,
þat wel was luued wit *iesu crist*
For his mikel dughti-hede.
And for he liued in maiden-hede,
All þe appostells he ou*er*-past,
Thoru his maiden-hed stedfast,
In felascip was he *iesu* neist
And lai in slepe a-pon his breist,
And sagh þe priuetis in heuen,
Wel maa þan man can neuen.
¶ O þis reckining na mar her nu,
Bot o Iohn baptist and o *iesu*,
þe sext eild for to bring in place.
Q*uen* drightin gan to sprad his *grace*
Til his aun choslings treu, [lf 70, bk, col. 1]
þe testament bigan he neu,
Q*uar*-of sant iohn was messager*e*
þat had of halines na peer.
He come be-for wit his baner,
þe *cri*sten lagh man forto lere,
For sant iohn com als baneur
Befor þ*at* hali sauueur.
For in þis hali Ion time
Was lagh bigu*n* neu of baptim.
He taght man first for-sak þair si*nn*,
And sua þair baptime to bigin,
Thoru quilk we sal to heuen com
Q*uen* we o þis werld es nom,
If we leli vr lijf will lede,
And we at ending to crist vs bede.

COTTON

ho was giuen to zebedee.
a duȝti man of galilee.
of hir was borne childer tway.
to name Iam. an had I. say.
þe quilk king herode dide to sla
þe to*þer* bro*þer* of þa twa.
was seint Ioh̄n þe ewangelist*e*
þat was squa loued wiþ ih*esu* *criste*
for his mykil duti-hede.
& for he liued in mayden-hede.
al þe apostoles he ouer-past
þorou his mayden-hede stedefast.
¶ I*n* felawshepe was he ih*esu* next.
& lay & slepped on his brest.
& sagh̄ þe p*riuetis* in heyuen.
wele mare þen any man can neyu*en*
Of þis rekkening na mare now.
of Ioh̄n baptist & of ih*esu*
þe sexte elde to bring' in place.
quen god come to sprede his *grace*
til his awen tholing' trew.
þe testament be-gan he new.
quar-of saynt Ioh̄n was messager.
þat had of halynes na pere.
he come be-fore wiþ his banere
þe cristen man lagh̄ for to lere.
for saynt Ioh̄n come as baniour
be-for þat haly sauiour.
¶ for in þis haly Ioh*anes* time.
was lagh̄ be-gu*nnyn* of baptime.
he taȝt men first for-sake þaire syn.
& squa þaire baptem to be-gyn.
þorou quilk we sal til heu*en* come.
wiþ þe grace of goddes dome
If we lelly our life wil lede.
& atte ending til *criste* take hede

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

And scho was giuen to zebede,
A dughti man of galile.
Of hir was born gode childer tuai,
þe mekil iame, þat es to sai,
þe quilk king herodes did to sla;
þe toþer broþer of þir tua
was saint iohn, þe wangelist,
þat was sua louued wid iesus crist
For his mekil dughti hede,
And for he liued in maiden hede.
Alle þe apostlis he ouerpast,
Thoru his maidenhed sted-fast;
In felauschip was he iesus neist,
And lai and slep apon his breist,
And sau þe priuites of heuen,
wele ma þan ani man can neuen.
Of þis rekning na mare nu,
Bot of ihon þe baptist a[n]d of Iesu,
þe sex eld forto bring in place.
Quen drightin gan spede his grace
Til his auen choslinges treu,
þe testament bigan he neu,
Quarof Saint ion was messager,
þat of halines had na pere.
He come bifor wid his baner,
þe cristin lau man forto lere,
For saint iohn come als baneur
Bi-for þat hali sauueour.
For in þis hali iohns time
was lau bigunnen of baptime.
He taght men first forsake þair sine,
And sua þair baptime to bigine,
Thoru quilk we sal to heuen cum,
Quen we of þis world es num,
If we vr lijf leli will lede,
And at þe ending to crist vs bede.

12697 12702 12707 12711 12715 12720 12725

[If 86, bk, col. 1]

GÖTTINGEN

She was 3yuen to zebedee
A dou3ty man of galilee
Of hir were born gode childre twey
Muchel Iame þat is to sey
Whiche kyng heroude dud to slo
þe toþer broþer of þese two
Was seynt Ion þe euangelist
þat wel was loued wiþ ihesu crist
For his muchel dou3ty dede
And for he lyued in maydenhede
Alle þe apostles he hem past
þour3e his maydenhede studfast
In felowshipe was he ihesus nest
And lay & slepte on his brest
And say þe priuetees ful euen
Moo þen any mon con neuen
¶ Of þis no more but opere here
Of Ion baptist & ihesu dere
þe sixte elde to bringe in place
Whenne þat god wol sprede his grace
To his owne chosen trewe
þe testament bigon he newe
Wherof seint Ion was messangere
þat of holynes had no pere
Wiþ his banere he coom bifore
To teche þe lawe of cristen lore
Ion as banerere of honour
Coom þo bifore oure saueour
In tyme of holy Ion to mene
Was lawe bigonne of bapteme
he tau3te men furste forsake synne
And so her bapteme to bigynne
Bi whiche to heuen we shul come
whenne we of þis world be nome
If we oure lif truly lede
And at þe endyng to crist vs bede

[leaf 79, back]

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

[[1] This tre that I here by-gynne
Ys alle set for mary kynne [1 from Laud MS. 416]
That men may know wytterly
Of Ioseph̄ kynne & of mary
ffor boþe of oon man they come
That leuy had sum-tyme to nome]
Iesus bring vs til þat ending,
þar godd lauerd es of all thing!

Salatiel	zorobabel	Abiut	Eliachim	Azor	Sadoch
Eliud	Eliazar		and helim		Pantera
Perpantera		Ioachim	Mathan		Iacob
		Ioseph	maria		coniuges

[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

þis ilk tre I dede be-gyn. þe vj. elde.
is alle sette for mary kyn. of þe baptim sōtas
þat ilkan may knaw weterly of ihesu crist
of Ioseph kin & of mary be seint Iohn̄.
for þai come baþ of a man.
þat had leuy to his nam.
[2 . . . . . [2—2 from Laud MS. 416]
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Thus leuy had sonnys ij°
Matan and pantera also
Of mathan come Iacob of hym Ioseph̄
That is þe nethirmest step
Of that side no mo to telle is
Of pantera come perpantera e-wis
Of perpantera come ioachym
And seint mary come of hym[2]]

[*Of John the Baptist and Christ's Baptism.*]

[I]Ohn ai be þe flum can duell,
þe folk ful fair þar can he spell,
In water baptised he al þaa
þat com til him baptis to ta.
In baptising bath yong and ald
Men soght til him, þan wex he bald,
And for to here of his sermon
þat maniman broght to resun,
And in-to gatte to gett þam mede,
Bot hard it was his liue to lede!
þe Iues tiþand of him hard,
And of his far þat he wit fard,
Ferli þam thoght hu he moght last,
Wit sua gret trauail and fast,

COTTON

Ihoan ay bi þe flume con dwel.
þe folk ful faire con he spelle
In water baptized alle þa
þat come til him baptize to ta,
in baptizing baþ 3onge & alde
þai so3t til him þen was he balde
& for to here his sermoun
þat many man bro3t to resoun.
& in-to gate to gete ham mede
bot harde hit was his life to lede
þe Iewes tiþandes of him herde
& of his fare þat he wiþ ferde.
[3]¶ ferli ham þu3t atte he mu3t laste
wiþ sa grete trauaile and fast. [3 leaf 59]

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þis ilk tre þat i here bigin	12733	þis tre þat I here bigynne
Es alle sete for mari kin,		Is al set for mary kynne
þat ilk man mai witt witerli,		þat men may knowe witterly
Of ioseph kin and of mari;		Of Ioseph kyn & of mary
For þai come bath of a man,		For boþe of o mon þei come
þat sir leui had to nam.	12738	þat leuy had som tyme to nome
Salatiel, Zorobabel, aliud, eliachim,		[. . . . .
Azor, sadoch, achim, eliud, eleazar		. . . . .
siue leui, pater pantra, filius parpantra,		. . . . .
Achim, pater mathan, filius iacob,		. . . . .
Ioseph coniux, maria filia.	12743	. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þis leui had him sunnes tua,		þis leuy had sones two
Mathan and pantera,		Mathan & pantera also
Of mathan come iacob, of iacob ioseph,		Of Mathan coom Iacob of him Ioseph
þat es þe neþermast step.	12747	þat is þe neþermast step
Of þat side es to tell no ma,		Of þat side no mo to telle is
Bot of pantera come parpantera,		Of pantera coom parpantera I-wis
Of parpantra come ioachim,		Of perpantera coom Ioachim
And saint Mari come of him.	12751	And seynt Marie coom of him

[*Of John the Baptist and Christ's Baptism.*]

Iohn ai bi þe flum gan duelle,		¶ Seynt Ion bi þe flum gon dwelle
þe folk ful fair þan gan he spell,		þe folke ful feire for to spelle
In water baptist he alle þa,		In watir baptized he alle þo
þat come til him baptim to ta.	12755	þat wolde bapteme vndir go
In baptizing bath 3ung and ald		In baptizinge 3onge & olde
Men soght til him, þen was he bald,		Men to him sou3t & he was bolde
And forto here of his sarmune,		His prechyng & his sarmoun
þat mani man broght to resune,		Brou3t mony men to resoun
And into wai to gett þaim mede.		And in to weye to gete hem mede
Bot hard it was his lijf to lede!	12761	But harde hit was his lif to lede
þe Iuus tiþand of him herd,		þe iewes tiþing of him herde
And of his fare þat he wid ferd,	[col. 2]	And of his fare þat he wiþferde
Ferli þaim toght hu he might last,		Wondir hem þou3te þat he mi3t last
wid sua grete trauale and fast,	12765	Wiþ so greet trauaile & fast
GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Sin he was o þair kin and kyth,
Quar-for wald he noght won þ*am* wit.
Alsua þe maist*ris* o þe lagh,
Bituix þaim in þair comu*n* sagh,
Thoght selcuth o þis baptising,
And said, "it es gret mistruing,
þis Ion þan sal vr lagh for-do,
Bot we ne ta better tent þar-to.
Wijt we þan for q*uat* resun
For sauue*ing* of vr dampnacioun,
[1] þ*at* he now suilk baptiszing mass?
And q*ue*þer þ*at* he be messias
þat þe folk abides sua,
To frelsen þaim vte of þar waa?
Helias or crist q*ue*þer es he,
þe soth ful gladli wald we se,
Q*uer* he es p*ro*phet þ*at* sua lers."
Wit þis þai sent þair messageres
O þe wisest þ*at* þai fand,
To bring fra iohn certan tiþand.
þe messagers þ*at* sua was sent,
Til þe wildernes þai went,
Son q*uen* þai war wit him mett,
Ful derworthli þan þai hi*m* grett.
þe wisest þat a-m*ang* þam wer,
His errand said on sli manere,
"Sir," he said, "we wald þe prai
þ*at* þou þe soth nu wald vs sai,
Quat-kin man sal we call þe?
And tell for-soth q*uat* man þou be?
All þe folk of ierusalem
Thinc selcut gret to godd i tem
O þe baptim and oþer dedes,
Of aner lijf þat þou here ledes.
Es þou helias halden til nu,
Crist or p*ro*phet, quam to bu?

COTTON

sin he was of þaire kin & kiþ
quar-fore walde he noȝt wone ha*m* wit*h*
for-quy þe maistres of þe lagh̄
in þaire comyng' alle þai sagh̄.
& meruailed of þaire baptizing'.
& saide hit is a grete mistrowning'.
þis Ioh̄n he wille our lagh̄ for-do.
bot we take bett*er* entent þ*er*-to
wete we þan for quat resou*n*.
for sauing' of our dampnacio*un*
quy he suche baptizing mas.
& queþ*er* he be messias.
& quy he þe folk bides squa.
& sais he clenses ham of wa.
helias or c*r*iste queþ*er* he be
þe soþ ful gladli wete walde we.
queþ*er* he be p*ro*phet atte þus leres
wiþ þis þai sende þaire messagers
of þe wisest atte þai fande.
to b*r*ing fra Ioh̄n c*er*tayn tiþande.
¶ þe messagers þat squa was sent
to þe wildernes þai went
Sone quen þai ware wiþ him mett
wiþ hende wordes þai him grette
þe wisest þat amang ham were
saide his erned in faire manere.
¶ Sir he saide we walde þe pray.
atte þou þe soþ walde vs say.
quatkin mon þou haldes þe.
I. pray þe sir þou telle hit me.
I am a messag*er* of ier*usalem*.
to wete þe soþ wiþ-oute stem.
of þi baptime & oþ*er* dedis
of anly life atte þou here ledis.
if þou be elias tel me now.
c*r*ist or p*ro*phete quat artow.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Sipen he was of þair kin and kith,
Quarfor he wold noght w[o]n þaim wid.
Alsua þe maistris of þe lau,
Bituix þaim in þair comen saw,
þoght selcuth of þis baptizing,
And said, "it es gret mistrouuing,
þis iohn þat sal vr lau for-do,
Bot we ne take better tent him to.
witt we þan for quat resune,
For sauuyng or for dampnaciune,
þat he nu suilk baptizing mas?
And queþer þat he be messias
þat þe folk abides sua,
To blissen þaim vte of þair wa?
Elias or christ, queþer es he,
þe soth ful fain witt wald we,
Queþer þat he es prophete þatsua leris."
wid þis þai sent þair messageris
Of þe wisest þat þai fand,
To bring fra ihon certain tiþand.
þe messageris þat sua was send,
To þe wildrenes þai wend,
Ful hendli þan þai him gretf,
Als tite als þai wid him met.
þe wisest þat amang þaim were
His erand said, on þis manere,
"Sir," he said, "we wold þe prai
þat þu þe soth wald vs sai,
Quatkin man sal we cal þe?
Tell vs for soth quat man þu be.
Alle þe folk of ierusalem
Think ferli grete to godde i teme,
Of þi baptime and of þi dedes,
Of anerlijf þat þu here ledes.
Es þu elias halden to nu, [leaf 87, col. 1]
Crist or prophete, man to bou? 12801

GÖTTINGEN

Siþ he was of her kin & kiþ
whi he wolde not won hem wiþ
þe maistris also of þe lawe
Bitwene hem in her comyn sawe
Had wondir of þis baptizing
And seide hit is greet mis trowyng
þis Ion shal oure lawe for do
But we take bettur tent þerto
we wol se for what resoun
For sauyng or dampnacioun
þat he suche baptizyng mas
And wheþer he be messias
þat þe folke abideþ so
To bringe hem out of woo
helye or crist wheþer is he
þe soþe fayn wite wolde we
Or he is prophete þat þus leres
Wiþ þis þei sent her messangeres
Of þe wisest þat þei fond
To bringe from Ion certeyn tiþond
þe messangeres þus I sende
To þat wildernes þei wende
Ful hendely þenne þei him grett
Anoon as þei to gider mett
þe wisest þat among hem were
þe eronde seide on þis manere
Sir þei seide we wolde þe pray
þat þou þe soþe woldes vs say
What mon shul we calle þe
Telle vs what mon þou be
Alle folke of Ierusalemes londe
han wondir of þe to vndirstonde
Of þi bapteme & of þi dedes
Of onlych lif þat þou here ledes
Art þou ouȝt hely here now
Crist or prophete þat mon shulde bow

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Quepер þou leues on þat lagh þat we?
To send þam word þai praid þe. 12803
O þe-self quat wil þou sai
Vnto þe maisters o þe lai?"
Blethli said þan Ion, par-fai,
Wit-vten ani-kin de-lai, 12807
"Mi breþer leif and mi freind,
Yee sal gain to yur maisturs wend,
And tell þam soth, o mi parti,
Neþer am i crist ne yeitt heli, 12811
Ne prophet sal naman me claim."
"Quat þan sal we sai to þaim?"
"A voice criand," he said, "ic hatt,
In wastin biddand grait þe gate 12815
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Again þe lauerd þat cummen es nu,
Til him agh ilkman to bu; 12819
þat lang was hight nu cummen he es,
Of him i preche in wildernes;
O quam i am noght worthe to
Lese þe thuanges of his sco. 12823
Lok yee graith him wel þe wai, [leaf 71, col. 1]
For he es lauerd; þis sal yee sai."
Suilk als Ion þaim said broght þai
Ansuar to þe maisters o þe lai. 12827
Quen iesus crist was cummen ner
Vn-to þe eild o thritte yeir,
þan him thoght þe time was cummen
þat he wald baptim nummen. 12831
He did him þan to flum iordan,
þar he fand his cosin Ion,
In wildernes bi him allan,
Liuand bot wit godds lan. 12835
Quen Ihon him sagh, als sais þe bok,
For drednes ilk lim him quok,

COTTON

queþer liues þou on þe lagħ as we.
to sende ham worde þai pray hit þe
of þi-self quat wiltow say
vn-to þe maistres of our lay.
¶ Ioħn ansquared þes men vn-tille
wiþ milde wordes & wiþ skille.
my breþer lefe & my frende.
3e salle a-gayne in message wende
& telle ham soþ of my party.
nauþer am I. criste ne 3et ely.
ne prophete sal 3e nane me clayme.
quat sulde we þan til ham sayne.
¶ A uoice criande he saide I. hatte.
in waste wonande to graiþe þe gate
[1 Byddyng make redy þe gate
Of the lord hiest of state] [1 from Laud MS. 416]
a-gayne þe lorde atte commyn is now.
til him agħ ilk man to bow.
þat lange was hi3t now commune is.
of him I. preyche in wildernes.
to quam hit semys me no3t to.
make na likkenes bi-twix vs two.
Loke 3e graiþe him wele þe way.
he is þe lorde squa salle 3e say.
þe same wordes atte Ioħn dide say
þai bro3t þe maistres of þaire lay.
Quen iħesus criste was commyn nere.
in-to þe elde of xxx 3ere
þen him þu3t þe time was comme
þat his baptime sulde be nomme.
he did him þan to flume Iordan.
per he fande his cosin Ioħn.
In wildernes alle bi him ane
liuande bot wiþ goddis lane.
¶ quen Ioħn him sagħ als sais þe boke
for dredenes. on ilk lime he quoke

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Quepér þu liues suilk lai as we?
To send þaim word þai prai it þe;
Of þi-self quat will þu say
vnto maistris of þe lay?"
Blithli said iohn þan par-fai,
widvten anikin de-lay,
"Mi leue breþer and freind,
3e sal gain to 3ur maistri wend
And tell þaim soth, on mj parti,
Nouþer am i crist ne 3eit heli,
Ne prophete sal me no man claime."
"Quat þan sal we sai to þaime?"
"A uoice criand," he said, "i hatt,
In wastin biddand graith þe gatt
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Again þe lauerd þat comen es nu,
Till him au ilk man to bou;
þat lang was hight, nu comen es,
Of him i preche in wildrenes;
Of quam i es noght worthi to
Louse þe thwanges of his scho.
Loke ye grath him wele þe wai,
He es þe lauerd, sua sal 3e sai."
Suilk als iohan said broght þai
Ansuer to þe maistris of þe lai.

Quen iesus crist was comen ner
vnto þe eld of thritti 3ere,
þen him þoght þe time was cumin
þat he baptime wold haue nomin.
He did him þan to flum iordane,
þar he fand his cosine iohane,
In wildrenes all bi him ane,
Liuand bot wid goddes lane.
Quen iohn him sau, als sais þe bok,
For drede ilk lim he quoke,

Whepér þou leue suche lay as we
To sende hem word þei preye þe
Of þi self what woltou say
Vnto maistris of þe lay
Gladly þenne seide Ion
I shal 3ou telle soone anoon
Mi leue breþer & my frende
A3eyn to 3oure maistris 3e wende
And telle hem sooþ on my partie [I so]
Nouþer am I crist ny 3it helie
Ny prophete 3e me not calle
What shul we sey þenne to hem alle
A vois criynge in desert
So I hett al apert
Biddyng make redy þe gate
Of þe lord he3est of state
A3ein þe lord þat comen is now
To him owe vche mon to bow
þat longe was hett now comen es
Of him I preche in wildernes
Of whom am I not worþi to
To louse þe þonges of his sho
And loke 3e make redy his way
He is þat lord so shal 3e say
Al holly Iones sawe
Brou3te þei to maistris of þe lawe
¶ whenne ihesu crist was comen neer
To þe elde of þritty 3eer
He knew þe tyme come
þat he wolde haue bapteme nome
He wente him to flom iurdone
þere he fonde his cosyn Ione
Lyuyne þere al only
But bi goddes loue on hy
Whenne Ion him say as seiþ þe boke
For drede vche lym he quoke

Digitized by Google

And said þat all þaa fok moght here,
"þis es þe lamb wit-vten were,
þe godds lamb, þan clenge sale
þis wreched werld fra sinful duale.
þof he me efter cummen be,
Lang was he made be-for me."
To sant Ihon þan said iesu,
"Mi cosin dere and freind ar þou,
To baptis me i haf þe thoght."
"Baptis þe[1]! na, dar i noght.
I, caitif, quen come it me, [1 MS. þa]
þat i, mi lauerd, suld baptis þe?
Quar-for, for i am ful o sin,
And hider fledd fra al mi kin;
A nedful wreche here am i hidd."
"þou sal do ihon, als i þe bidd,
And baptiz me, mi leif cosin."
"I dar noght negh þe, lauerd min!
Skil me thinc it war wel mare
þat i of þe, lauerd, baptist ware."
"Ihon, we most þe lai fulfill."
"Lauerd," he said, "nu, atte þi will."
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
Ihesus to þat water yode,[1]
And sant Ihon neghand him stode.
Quen he sagh iesu redi tift,
Quakand vp his hand he lift,
And þar him was vr lauerd crist
Of his aun seruand baptist.
þar þe haligast him light,
In scap of douf he come wit flight,
And als he loked vp til heuen,
Open he sagh þe liftes seuen,
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

COTTON

& saide atte alle folk muȝt here.
þis is þe lambe wiþ-outen were.
þe goddis lambe þat clense sale.
þis wrecched werlde *fra* sinful bale.
al if he ofter me commyn be.
ful lange he was be-for me.
¶ To seint Ioñ þen saide ihesu
my cosyn dere & frende artow.
to baptize me I. haue þe soȝt
baptize þe ne dar I. noȝt.
he saide caytef I. halde me.
þat I. my lorde sulde baptize þe.
quar-fore. for I. am ful of synne.
& hidder fled fra al my kyn.
nedeful wrecche here am I. hidde.
þou sal do Ioñ as I. þe bidde.
& baptize me my leue cosyne
I. dar noȝt negh̃ þe lorde myne.
ihesus saide wiþ-out nay.
I. wil be baptized þis ilk day.
Ioñ we wille þe lagh̃ fulfille
lorde he saide now atte þi wille.
þou wate muche mare lorde þen me
wat is to do & quat salle be.
Ihesus in-to þe flume ȝode. [leaf 89, bk]
& sande Ioñ nerehand him stode
& quen he sagh̃ þat lorde grayde.
quakand on him his hande he layde
& þer-in was our lorde criste.
of his awen seruande baptiste.
& þer þe hali gaste liȝt.
In shap of dowue þat come with fliȝt.
& als he loked vp til heyuen.
opyn he sagh̃ þe liftes .vij.
þe fader steyuen þer þorou brast.
als hit ware a thonner-blast.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

And þat alle folk might here,
"þis es þat lamb widuten were,
þat goddes lamb, þat clenge sale [col. 2]
þis wreched werld fra sinful duale.
þoght he me efter comen be,
Lang was he made forwid me."
To saint iohn þan said iesu,
"Mi cosine dere and frend es þu,
To baptiz me i haue þe soght."
"Baptiz lauerd þe! ne dar i noght.
I, caitef, queþen come it me
þat i, mi lauerd, suld baptiz þe?
Quarfor, for i am ful of sine,
And hider fledd fra alle mi kine;
A nedeful wreche here am i hidd."
"þu sal þo, iohn, als i þe bidd,
And baptiz me nu, leue cosine."
"I dar noght negh þe, lauerd mine;
Skill me think it war wele mare
þat i of þe, lauerd, baptized ware."
"Iohn," he said, "we most þe lai fulfill."
"Lauerd," he said, "nu, at þi will."
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Iesus into þat water 3ode,
And saint iohn nerehand him stode.
Quen he sau iesus redi tift
Quakand vp his hand he lift,
And þare him was vr lauerd-crist,
Of his auen seruand baptist.
þare þe hali-gast him light
In schapp of douue, þat come in flight;
And, als he lokid vp till heuen,
Opin he sau þe liftes seuen,
þe fader steuen þar thoru it brast,
Right als it war a thonir blast,

GÖTTINGEN

And seide þat alle mi3ten here
Se þe lomb of god dere
Se þe lomb þat clensen shale
þis wrecched world ful of bale
þou3e he aftir me born be
Longe was he biforn me
¶ Ihesu seide to seint Ion
Mi cosyn dere & frend anoon
To baptise me I haue þe sou3t
Baptise þe lord dar I nou3t
I caitif wheþen coom hit me
þat I lord myn shulde baptise þe
For I am lord ful of synne
And hidur fled from al my kynne
A nedeful wrecche here am I hid
þou shal do Ion as I þe bid
Baptiȝe þou me leue cosyne
I dar not touche þe lord myne
Skil me þinkeþ hit were more
þat I of þe baptized wore
Ion he seide we mot lawe fulfille
lord he seide now at þi wille
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Ihesus into þat watir 3ode
And seint Ion ny honde him stode
whenne he say ihesu þere stonde
Quakynge he lifte vp his honde
þere was oure lord crist
Of his owne seruaunt baptist
On him þe holy goost þenne li3t
In shap of doufe coom wiþ fli3t
As he loked vp to heuen
Open he say þe cloudis seuen
þe fadir steuen out hit brast
As hit were a þonder blast

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

"þis es mi sun, leif and dere, [col. 2]
Al þis werld agh him to here." 12875
[[1]In whome I haue as ye may sene
Euyr wele apaid bene] [[1] from Laud MS. 416]
To-quils sant Ion his office did,
Serekin selcut was þar kid, 12879
þe hali strem o flum iordan
On aiþer side stode still as stan.
Thre thinges man was sceud þar,
þe sun, þat mans bodi bar, 12883
þe voice, þat child þe fader kneu,
þe duue, þe haligast to sceu.
þe ald testament hir-wit nu slakes,
And sua þe neu bigining takes. 12887
¶ A! Ion þi wirscip, quat sal i sai,
þat was þe sceud þat ilk dai,
Hu þat a costes þou was clene,
Thoru þi merite was it sene, 12891
Quen nan was worthier þan þou
Hand to lai on suete iesu,
To giue him þat hali sacrament,
þat al þis werld aght to ta tent.
Selcut was to thinc in breist, 12896
þe clerc to baptis þe prist,
þe sun þe fader, þe knitht þe king,
þe scaper þat wroght al thing.
Bot moght it nangat þe witslip, 12900
þat he-self said o þi wirscip.
O blis þat he to þe puruaid,
Sli wittnesing he-self said,
"Amang all wiue suns," said he,
"þat euer was or euer sal be, 12905
A heier barn was neuer nan
O moder born þan þou iohan.
And þat es þan right na ferlik,
Quen godd self þe ches for slik; 12909

COTTON

þis is my sone my leue & dere.
alle þis werlde agħ him to here.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
To-quilis saynt Ioħn þis office did
serkin selcouþ was *per* kid.
þe haly streme of flume Iordan.
on aiþ*er* side stode stille as stane.
iij. þingis in ane was standand þare
þe sone þat m*a*nnis bodi bare.
þe voice þat childe. þe fader knaw.
þe dowue þe haligaste to shaw.
þe ald testament now hir-wiþ slakis
& squa þe now be-gynnyng takis.
Of Iones worshepe wil I. say.
þat shewed him was þat ilk day.
how of his life he was clene.
þorou his dedis hit was sene.
quat man was mare worthy þen þou.
hande to lay on squete Ihesu.
to gif him þat haly sacrement.
þat alle men agħ to haue entent.
¶ selcouþ is to þink in brest.
þe clerk to baptize þe prest.
þe sone þe fader þe kniȝt þe king.
als dide saynt Ioħn þe blessed þing.
þe worshepe þat Ihesus him saide.
hit may noȝt be in consail layde.
of blis þat he til him purueyde.
suche witnesing our lorde saide.
¶ Amang alle wiues sones saide he
þat euer was or euer salle be.
a heyer barne was neuer none.
of moder borne þen was Seynt Ioħn
þat is na ferly be na wayes
quen our lorde him-seluen hit says.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

"þis es mi sun leue and dere,
Alle þis world him aw to here."
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Þo-quiles saint iohn þis office did,
Serekin selcuth was þar kidd,
þe holi strem of flum iordane
On aeiþer side stude still as stane.
Thre þinges in an was sene þare, [f 87, bk, col. 1]
þe sun, *þat* mannes bodi bare,
þe uoice, *þat* child þe fader knau,
þe douue, þe hali gast to schau.
þe ald testament herewid slakes,
And sua þe nu bigining takes.

Of iohn þi worschip, quat sal I say,
þat cheud was *þat* ilke day?
Hu *þat* þu was of costes clene
Thoru þi merite was it sene,
Quen nane was worthier *þan* þu
Hand to lai on swete *iesu*,
To giue him *þat* hali sacrement,
þat all þis worlde au to take tent!
Selcuth it was to thinck *in* breist,
þe klerk forto baptiz þe preist,
þe sun þe fader, þe knight king,
þe schaft him *þat* wroght all þing.
Bot might it nogat þe wit slipp
þat he self said of þi worschipp,
Of blis þat he to þe purvaid,
Sli witnesing he seluen said;
"Ama[n]g all wiues sunnes," said he,
"*þat* euer was or euer sal be,
A heier barn was neuer non
Of moder born, þan þu,[1] saint iohn."
And þar-of es right no farlik, [1 MS. þus]
Quen he-self þe wittnes for-slik,

GÖTTINGEN

þis is my loued son so dere
Al þis world him owe to here
In whom I haue as ȝe may seen
Euer wel a payed ben
Whil seynt Ion þis offis did
Dyuerse wondris þere were kid
þe holy streme of flum iurdone
On boþe side stood stille as stoon
þre þingis in oon were sene þere
þe son þat monnes body bere
þe fadir vois þe childe þere knew
þe holy doufe of vertu
þe olde testament here slakeþ
And þe newe bigynnyng takeþ

Of þi worshepe Ion is to say
þat shewed was ilke day
Ion was of alle dedes clene
þourȝe þi merit was hit sene
[2]Whenne noon so worþi was as þow
To hondel good ihesu and bow [2 lf 80, bk]
And ȝaf him þe holy sacriment
þat al þis world owe to tent
Merueile hit is to þinke in brest
How shulde þe clerke baptise þe prest
þe son þe fadir þe knyȝt þe kyng
He ordeyned þat made al þing
But miȝte he neuer ouer slip
þat him self seide of worship
Of blis þat he to þe purueide
Suche witnessyng him self seide
Among alle wymmen sones seide he
þat euer was or ȝitt shal be
A gretter childe was neuer noon
Of modir born þen þou seint ion
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Trin. & Laud MSS.*]

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Quen he þe chess als his lanter
Be-for his face þe light to bere,
To taken ber of his cummi[n]g,
Als baneur befor þe king,
Als bedel gais be-for iustis,
Als come þou be-for þat rightwis.

for he him chese his launterne
be-for his face þe liȝt to brenne.
to takin bere of his commyng.
as baner borne be-for þe king.
als bedel gas be-for Iustise
als come he be-for þat riȝt-wise.

how ihesus was temptid with þe feinde.

Quen iesus had his baptem tan,
He left ihon still bi flum iordan,
Fra þan þe folk he wald him knau;
Bot ar he wild him fulli scau,
For yeitt a quille he wild a-bide,
Til he had fasten his lententide.
[1]And þat wald he noght do apert,
Bot yode in-to depe desert, [1 leaf 71, back, col. 1]
þar þe haligast him ledd,
And fasted fourti dais vn-fedd,—
Fourti night and fourti dais,
þan hungred him þe stori sais.
Thoru þe kind of his manhede,
þat fode of body has of nede,
þe warlau wili has him soght,
Faand he wald him if he moght,
For it was sene he noght him kneu,
Quen he be-gan do suilk a gleu.
For-þi he him wald cast wit sinn,
To wait if he had part him in.
þat derf o ded, þat fals traitur,
Com for to faand his creatur!
He duted noght him war na bote,
Bot stode right be his lauerd fotte,
He sagh him hungri and for-fast,
In glotoni he wend him cast,
And said til him, "i wat ar[2] þou
Has fasted lang and hungres nu,

Quen Ihesus had his baptyme tane.
he left Iohn atte þe flume Iordan.
fra þan to folk he wille him knaw
bot or he wille him ffully shaw.
bot ȝet a quile he wille a-bide.
til he haue fasted his lentyn-tide.
& þat walde he noȝt do apert.
bot ȝode him forþ in-to desert.
¶ þer þe hali gaste him led.
& fasted xl. dayes vn-fed.
xl. niȝt & xl. dayes.
þen hungred him þe story says.
þorou kinde of his manhede
þat fode of body has ay nede.
¶ þe warlagh̄ wyli has him soȝt.
ouer-come him walde he if he muȝt.
for hit was sene he noȝt him knew.
quen he be-gan do suche a glew.
for-þi he walde him taste wiþ syn.
to wete if he had part him in.
þat derfe of dede þat fals traytour
come for to fande his creatour.
he douted noȝt him ware na bote.
bot stode riȝt bi his lordes fote.
he sagh̄ him hungri & forfast.
In glotowny he wende him caste.
¶ & saide til him I. wate atte þou.
has fasted lange & hungres now.

COTTON [2 *read* at]

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Quen he þe ches als his lantern
Befor his face þe light to bern,
To takin bere of his coming,
Als baneur bifor þe king,
Als bedel gas bifor iustis,
Als com þu bifor *þat* right-wis.

He þe chees for þi lantern
Bifore his face þe liȝt to bern
To go bifore his comyng
As baner doþ bifore a kyng
As baily goþ bifore Iustise
So coom þou bifore *þat* riȝtwise

[*The Temptation.*]

Quen *Iesus* had his baptim tan,
He left iohn still bi flu*m* iordane,
Fra þan to folk he will him knaw;
Bot er he wild hi*m* fulli schaw,
ȝeit a quile he wild a-bide, [col. 2]
Tille he had fastid his lentrin tide.
And þat wald he noght do apert,
Bot went in-to þe depe desert,
þar þe hali gast him ledd,
And fastid fourti dais vnfedd,—
Fourti night and fourti daijs,
þan hungred him, þe stori sais.
Thoru þe kind of his manhede,
þat bodili fode has of nede,
þe warlou wili has him soght,
Faand he wold hi*m* if he moght.
For it was sene he noght hi*m* kneu,
Quen he began do suilk a gleu;
For-þi he wold him tast wid sin,
To witt if he had part him in.
þat derf of dede, *þat* fals traitur,
Come forto faand his creatur!
He douted hi*m* war na bote,
Bot stod right bi his lau*e*rd fote,
He sau him hungri and forfast,
In glotani he wend him cast,
And said tille him, "i wate *þat* þu
Has fastid lang, and hungris nu,

GÖTTINGEN

whenne ihe*sus* had bapteme vndigoon
He lafte Ion stille bi flom iurdon
For þo to folk he wolde hi*m* knowe
But ar he wolde hi*m* fully showe
ȝitt a while he wolde abide
Til he had fasted lenten tide
þat wolde he not don apert
But went into depe disert
þere þe holy goost him ledde
he fasted fourty dayes vnfedde
Fourty nyȝt & fourty dayes
þenne hungrid him þe story sayes
þourȝe þe kynde of his monhede
þat of bodely fode had nede
þe enemy fend þo him souȝt
Fonde hi*m* he wolde if he mouȝt
Hit was sene he hi*m* not knew
Whenne he temptide *þat* lord trew
Fayn he wolde him taste wiþ synne
To wite if he hadde part þer Inne
þat false deuel as I seide ere
Coom to assaie his makere þere
He had no doute wiþ him to mote
But stood riȝt bi his lordis fote
He say him hongry al for faste
In gloteny he wolde him caste
To him he seide I woot þat þow
Hast fasted longe & hongrest now

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

If þou be godd sun, bidd son,
And gar þi comament be don,
Bidd þir stanes be bred to will,
And siþen mai þou ete þi fill;"
þan said þe lauerd to þat fedd,
"Man mai noght liue allan wit bred,
Bot wit word man liues elles
O godd, þat wit his muth he spelles."
[L]eft noght þe warlau sua his werr,
Bot herdili he yode him nerr,
Qua herd euer best sua bald!
He hint his lauerd al in his wald,
In armes his, and tok his flight
To tun o ierusalem ful right,
And sett him on þe hei pinion
O þe temple o þe tun.
"If þou be godds sun," said he,
"þus-gat sal i nu proue þe,
Hu bot lepe dun to þe grund,
þat þi bodi be noght stund,
For written it es, 'he sal þe send
Angels for to þe defend,
To ber þe tuix þair handes sua
Wit-vten hurt o fote or ta,
Noþer to spurn on tre ne stan;' [col. 2]
Do lepe, for dred thar þe haf nan."
þan said iesus, "þou aght to waand
þi godd þi lauerd for to faand." [chide,
¶ Yeitt can þat chinche wit godd to
"Her sal þou," he said, "na langer bide,
Sum o þir ansuar sal þou sai,
Ar I fra þe yitt part a-wai."
þat warlau him in armes hint,
And bar him forth wit-vten stint,
Apon þe heist fell he faand
And þare he scaud him þe land,

COTTON

if þou be goddis sone. bid sone.
& make þi comaundement be done
bid þer stanis be brede atte wille
& siþen may þou ete þi fille.
¶ þen saide our lorde to þat quede
man may noȝt liue allane with brede
wiþ witte & wordes men liues ellis.
& wiþ goddis werk qua þer-with spellis
¶ left noȝt þe warlagh̄ squa in were.
bot baldeli he ȝode him nere.
qua herde euer wikked best sa balde
he hent his lorde vp in his walde.
& þen wiþ him he toke his fliȝt.
vn-to ierusalem þe way ful riȝt.
& sette him on þe heye pynoun
a-pon þe temple of þe toun.
if þou be god sone saide he. [leaf 60]
þus-gate proue sal I. now þe.
noȝt bot lepe here to þe grounde
& þi body hale and sounde.
for writen hit is he sal þe sende
angels for to þe defende.
to bere þe twix þaire handes twa
wiþ-outen hurt of fote or ta.
nauþer to spurne on tree ne stane.
do lepe for drede thar þe haue nane
¶ þen saide ihesus þe agh̄ to wande
þi god þi lorde for to fande.
Ȝette oon þat chinche with him chide
here saltow na langer bide.
sum oþer ansquere saltow say.
or I. & þou depart a-way.
þat warlagh̄ him in armis hint.
& bare him forþ wiþ-outen stint
a-pon þe hyest felle he fande
& shewed him þer alle þe lande.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

If þu be goddes sun, bidd sone,
And gere þi comandment bi done,
Bidd þir stanis be bred to will,
And siþen mai þu ete þi fill."
þan said þe lauerd to þe fede,
"Man mai noght liue allane wid brede,
Bot wid þe word man liues ellis
Of god, þat wid his muth he spellis."
Left noght þe warlou sua his were,
Bot hardli he ȝode him nere,
Qua herd euer beist sua bald!
He hint his lauerd all in wald
In his armis, and toke his flight
To tune of ierusalem ful right,
[1]And sett him on þe hei pingnion,
On þe temple of þe tun. [1 leaf 88, col. 1]
"If þu be goddes sun," said he,
"þus-gat sal i proue nu þe,
Hu bot lepe nu done to þe grund,
þat þi bodi be noght stund;
For written it es, 'he sal þe send
Angelis forto þe defend,
To bere þe tuix þair handis sua
witvten hurt of fote or ta,
Nouþer to spurn on tre ne stane.'
Do lepe, for drede thar þe haue nane."
þan said iesus, "þu au to waand,
þi god þi lauerd forto fand."
¶ ȝeit gun þat chinche wid him to chide,
And said, "here sal þu no langer bide,
Sum oþer ansuer sal þu say,
Ar i fra þe ȝeit part away."
þat warlou him in armis hint
And bar him forth, widvten stint,
Apon þe heiest fell he fand,
And þar he scheud him all þe land,

GÖTTINGEN

If þou be goddes sone
Make þi biddyng to be done
þat þese stones be breed to wille
And siþen may þou ete þi fille
To þat fende seide god anone
Men lyueþ not bi breed one
But bi goddes word also
þat of his mouþ to men shal go
¶ þis fend lafte not his werre
But dodily he ȝede him nerre
Who wist euer þeef so bolde
He hent his lord in his wolde
In his armes & toke his fliȝte
To þe toun of ierusalem riȝte
On an heȝe pinacle he set him doun
Of þe temple in þat toun
If þou be goddes son seide he
þus shal I assaie now þe
Leep doun now to þe grounde
And kepe þi bodi hool & sounde
For writen hit is he shal þe sende
Aungels þe for to defende
To kepe þe in her hondes two
Wiþouten hurte of foot or to
Nouþer to hurte on tre nor stone
Do lepe drede þar þe haue none
Ihesu seide þe ouȝte to wonde
þi god þi lord for to fonde
¶ ȝit gon þat þeof more to chide
And seide here shaltou not abide
Somme oþere vnswere shaltou say [f 81]
Ar I passe from þe away
þe fend him in armes hynt
And bare him forþ wiþouten stint
Vpon þe heȝest hil he fonde
And þere shewed him al þe londe

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Ilk king-rik and als cite
Ouer-al þe werld þat þai moght se.
"Nou seis þou noght," said þat felun,
"Al þis werld, bath tur and tun?
þe kinges all ar at mi fai,
And thoru mi will all reng þai,
And al i giue þam þe fra nu
If þou to me wil knel and bu.
Ne þe nu bird haf right na dute
For to be-cum mine vnder-lute."
Iesus þan said, "na langer
Mai i nu þi wicked wordes ber,
Fle sathanas, wit-vten duell,
For written it es in bok o spell,
'þi lauerd þou aght to fot at fall,
And wirscip wit þi mightes all.'"
þe warlau left him fra þat tide,
Durst he noght gain his biding bide,
His angels come his seruis till,
And duelld wit him at his will.
¶ Leue we him a littel quille
And turn we to sant Iohn vr still,

ilk kingdome & ilk cite.
ouer alle þe werlde þai muȝt se
¶ ne sese þou noȝt saide þat felouⁿ
al þis werlde baþ tour & touⁿ.
þe kingis alle ar atte my fay.
& þorou my wille alle regne þai.
& alle I. gif ham þe fra now.
if þou to me wille knele & bow
me þink þe ne haȝt haue na doute
for tille be myne vnderloute.
¶ Ihesus saide na langer here.
may I. þi wikked[1] worde bere [1 MS. wilked
ga þi gatis wiþ-outen dwelle
for writen hit is in boke of spelle
þi lorde agn̄ þou to fote atte fal
& worshepe wiþ þine miȝttis alle.
þe warlagn̄ laft him fra þat tide.
durst he þer na langer a-bide.
his angel come his seruise tille.
& dwelled wiþ him atte his wille
¶ leue we him a litel quyle
& turne we to saynt Iohn stile.

[*The Death of John the Baptist.*]

Hu herod king him did o lijf,
For luue of his broþer wijf;—
Bot þis was not he, yee sal tru,
þat slogh þe childer for iesu,
Bot was a-noþer þat sua hatt;—
Of his thre suns þat he gatt
þe formast hight a[r]chelaus,
Als þat þe stori telles vs,
þat renged efter his fader lijf;
þe toþeir philipp had spused wijf
þat had to nam herodias;
And herod þe thrid broþer was.

hŏw herode king' him dide of life
for þe loue of his broþer wife.
bot noȝt þat herode hit was a-now
þat slogn̄ þe childer for squete ihesu
hit was a-noþer atte squa hatte.
of þre breþer .I. salle telle quat
þe formast hiȝt archilaus.
for squa þe story tellis vs
þat regned efter his fader life.
his broþer philip had a wife[2]
þat had to name herodias.
& herodes þe þrid broþer was.

COTTON FAIRFAX

[2 *This line in the margin, and a line crossed through, viz.* & sone efter spoused a wife.]

Digitized by Google

Ilk kingrike and als cite
Ouer-all þe worlde þat þai might se.
"Ne seis þu noght," said þe felune,
"All þis werld, bath ture and tune?
þe kinges all er at mi fay,
And at mi will all regn þai,
And alle i giue þe þaim fra nu,
If þu to me will knele and bou.
Ne þe bird haue right na doute,
For to bicum mine vnderlout."
Ihesus þan said, "nu na langer
Mai i þi wiked wordis ber,
Fle sattan! widvten duell,
For writen it es in bok of spell,
'þi lauerd au þu to fote fall,
And worschip wid þi mightes alle.'"
þe warlau left him fra þat tide, [col. 2]
Durst he noght gain his biddi[n]g bide,
His angelis come his seruis tille,
And duellid wid him at his wille.

LEue we nu iesus a litil quile,
And turn we to saint iohn vrstile,

Eueruche kyngdome & vche cite
Ouer al þe world þei miȝte se
Sestou not seide þat felouñ
Al þis world tour & touñ
þe kynges alle are at my fey
And at my wille regne þei
Alle I ȝyue hem to þe now
If þou knelyng wolt me bow
þe ouȝte not to haue in doute
For to be myn vndirloute
Ihesus seide no lengere
May I þi wickede wordis bere
Fle sathan wiþouten dwelle
For writen hit is in book of spelle
þi lord owe þou to fote falle
And worshipe wiþ þi miȝtes alle
þe fend fley anoon þat tyde
Durst he no lenger his biddyng bide
his aungels coom at his wille
And serued him; as hit was skille

Leue we ihesus a litil while [stile
And turne we to seynt Ion oure

[*The Death of John the Baptist.*]

Hu herod king him did of liue,
For þe loue of his broder wiue;—
Bot noght þat herodes, ȝe sal trou,
þat slou þe childer for iesu,
Bot was anoþer þat sua hatt;—
Of his thre sunnes þat he gatt
þe formast hight archelaus,
Als þat stori tellis vs,
þat regned eftir his faþer liue;
þe toþer philipp had spousid wiue
þat had to name herodias;
And herods þe thrid broder was.

How heroude kyng him dud of lyue
For loue of his broþer wyue
But not þat heroude wite ȝe wele
þat slowȝe þe childer of israele
But anoþer þat so hat
Of þre sones þat he gat
þe formast het archelaus þus
As þe story telleþ vs
þat regned aftir his fadir lyue
þat oþer phelip spoused a wyue
þat had to name herodias
Heroudes þe þridde broþer was

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ þis herod, þof als it es redd, [leaf 72, col. 1]
Bath he luued sant Ion and dred,
And gladli herkend his sermun,
Bot he did a gret vn-resiun,
And vnkendnes kidd ful rjf,
He reft his broþer philipp his wijf;
þis wijf þat herodias hight
Mikel sco did again þe right.
Quen Ion herd þat it was sua,
Wite yee for-soth him was ful wa,
And for to tell þat fule fame,
He com right to herods hame,
Vte of desert þar he was in,
He com to snaip þe king sinn.
Befor his baruns euer-ilkan,
He for-bedd him þat womman,
And tald him þar-for mani skill,
þat naman aght it thol ne dill.
Herodias herd þis forbod,
And wend to part fra king herod,
In hir hert ney[1] wald sco wede,
For-qui his wordes war to dred.
Sco wist þat righ[t]wis was his sau,
Moght noght suffer na gain-sau,
On oþer side was hir ful wa, [1 MS. nex]
If sco suld part king herod fra;
Sco cried and mad ful mikel dole,
Als sco þat was a neber fole.
Sco had a doghter of filip geten,
Hir wickednes bes neuer forgeten,
Of hir nam es na force to tell,
For sco es knaun þar-wit in hell,
For thoru hir was sant Iohan,
Als i sal tell youu, siþen slan.
Til king herod said sant Iohan,
"Do wai fra þe yon wicked womman.

COTTON

þis herodes als hit is redde.
baþ he loued seint Ioħn & dred.
& gladli herkened his sarmoun.
bot he dide a grete tresoun.
an vnkindenes kid ful rife.
he reft his broþer philip his wife.
þis wife þat herodias hiȝt
& þat was mykil a-gayne þe riȝt
¶ quen saynt Ioħn herde hit squa.
wete ȝe wele him was ful wa.
& for to felle þat foule fame.
he come til herodis in hame.
out of þe desert þer he was in.
he come to shew him his syn.
be-for his barones euer-ilkan.
he for-bede him þat womman.
& talde him þer-of many skyle
atte na man miȝt ham dyle.
Herodias herde þis forbode.
& wende to part fra king herode.
In hir hert ney walde ho wede.
for-quy his wordes ware to drede.
ho wist atte riȝtwis was his sagħ
& knew hit wele a-gayne þe lagħ.
on oþer side he was ful wa.
if ho sulde depart king herode fra.
ho cried & made ful mykil dole.
Als ho þat was a grete fole.
¶ ho had a doghter of philip getyn.
hir wikkednes bes neuer for-ȝetyn.
of hir name kepe I. noȝt to telle.
for ho is knawen þer-wiþ in helle.
for þorou hir as I. sal sayne
sone ofter was saynt Ioħn slayne
¶ To king herode saide saynt Ioħn
do way fra þe ȝone wikked wommon

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Þis herodis king, als it es redd,
Bath he leuued saint iohn, and dredd,
And gladli herd his sarmoune,
Bot he did a gret vnresune,
An vnkindnes kid ful rijf,
He reft his brod*er* philip his wijf,
þis wif þ*at* herodias hight;
Mekil he did agin þe right.
Quen seint iohn h*er*ede þ*at* it was sua,
witt ȝe for-soth him was ful wa,
And forto fell þ*at* foule fame,
He come right to h*er*ods hame,
vte of desert þ*at* he was in,
He come to snaipe þe king of sin.
Bifor his barounes eu*er*ilkane,
He forbedd hi*m* þat wo*mm*ane,
And tald him þare for man skill,
þ*at* no man au it thole no dell.
Herodias herd þis forbote, [1 leaf 88, back, col. 1]
And dred to part fra king h*er*ode,
[1]In hir hert neuer wald scho wede,
Forqui his wordis was to drede.
Scho wist þ*at* rightwis was his sau,
And might noght suffere gainsau,
On oþ*er* side was scho ful wa,
If scho suld part king h*er*odis fra.
Scho crid and made ful mekil dole,
Als scho þ*at* was ane obber fole.
Scho had a doghtir of philip getin,
Hir wickednes bes neu*er* forgetin,
Of hir name es na force to tell,
For scho es knauen þar-wid *in* hell,
For thoru hir was saint iohan,
Als i sal siþen tell ȝu, slane.
To king h*er*odis said sa*in*t iohan,
"Do wai fra þe y[o]n þ*at* wick woma*n*;

GÖTTINGEN

þis heroudes kyng as hit is red
Boþe he loued seynt Ion & dred
And gladly herde his sarmou*n*
But muche he dud aȝeyn resou*n*
vnkyndenes he kud ful rif
He rafte philip his broþ*er* his wif
þe same þ*at* herodias hiȝt
Muche he dud aȝeyn þe riȝt
When*ne* Ion herde it was so
Wite ȝe wel he was ful wo
And for to felle þ*at* foule shome
He coom to heroudis home
Out of desert þ*at* he was Inne
He coom to blame þe kyng of synne
Bifore his barou*n*s eu*er*ychone
He forbede hi*m* þat wo*mm*one
And tolde him wherfore & why
No mon shulde do so synfuly
¶ Herodias herde þis tiþing
And drad to leue heroudes kyng
In hir hert wolde she wede
For whi his wordes were to drede
She wist wel riȝtwis was his sawe
But of hi*m* wolde she stonde noon awe
O oþ*er*e side she was ful wo
Lest she dep*ar*ted þe kyng fro
She cried & made muchel dol
As she þ*at* was an ebber fol
She had a douȝter of philipp geten
Hir wickednes beþ neu*er* forȝeten
Of hir name is no fors to telle
Knowen she is þ*er*by in helle
[. . . . . .
. . . *no gap in Trin. & Laud MSS.*]
To kyng heroude seide seynt Ion
Do wey fro þe þis wicked wo*mm*on

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þou luues hir yaa[1] again þi liue,
And þou sco es þi broþer wijf
þat þou agh not to haf be lau [1 *read* ma]
If þou war radd for godds au.
For i dred bot þou ne bite þi sake,
þou sal noght dei wit-vten wrake."
"Do wai, Iohn, qui sais þou sua?
To þi desert i red þou ga,
Stil i red þou hald þe þare,
And o þis mater spek namar.
Leue herodias yeitt wil i noght, [col. 2]
þat þou has said der sal it be boght;
I luue hir mar þan ani thing."
"þat es again al right, sir king!
þi broþer wijf fra him to reue,
I rede be-time þat þou hir leue."
¶ "Iohn, ouer mikel has þou spoken,
And þat sal noght be al vn-wroken,
For þou sal in mi presun lii,
Ful dere sal þou þi wordes bij."
Herodias him hated to ded,
þai prisund him al thoru hir rede,
þar did herod him to cast
For to mak him al a-gast,
To sla him was he noght in will,
Bot for þat wicked wijf to still;
For hir to wreth he dred ful sare,
Als he þat nathing luued mare.
His disciplis him com to se,
þe king þam lete haf fre entre,
þai fand him in þat prisun depe,
Moght þai noght þan for-ber to wepe.
Iohn bigan at þam to wijt
Quer iesus crist, his lauerd, yeitt
Bigan wit werckes him to kiþe?
For þar-of wald he be ful blithe.

COTTON

þou louis hir mare þan þi life.
& ȝet is ho þi broþer wife.
þat þou agh̄ noȝt to haue with lagh̄
if þou of god stode any agh̄.
& bot þou of suche dedis slake.
þou wil noȝt dey wiþ-outen wrak'
[2]Do way Iohn-quy says þou squa.
to þi desert I. rede þe ga.
stille I. rede þou halde þe þare. [2 lf 66, bk]
& of þis mater speke na mare.
leue herodias wil I. noȝt
þat þou has saide sal dere be boȝt.
I loue hir mare þen ani þing'.
þat is agaynes riȝt sir king'.
þi broþer wife fra him to reue
I. rede be time atte þou hir leue
¶ Iohn̄ euer mykil has þou spokin
& þat sal noȝt be lange vn-wrokin
þou salle in my prison. ly.
to chasty þe of suche foly.
herodias couet Iohn̄ to dede
put him to prisoun bi hir rede.
þer dide herode him to bę
to make him ferde þus þoȝt he.
to sle him was he noȝt in wille
bot make þat wikked wife be stille
for hir to wraþ him dred sare
als he þat na-þing' loued mare.
his disciplis come him to se.
þe king' ham lete haue free entre.
þai fande him in þat prisoun depe
muȝt þai noȝt þen for-bere to wepe
¶ Iohn̄ be-gan atte ham to asse.
quere ihesu criste his lorde wasse.
& be-ganne his werkis to kiþe
& þar-of was he wonder bliþe

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þu loues hir mekil again þe lijf,
And þou es scho þi brod*er* wijf
þat þu au noght haue wid lau
If þu war radd for goddes au.
I drede if þu ne bete þi sake,
þu sal noght dei widvte*n* wrake."
"Do wai, iohn, qui sais þu sua?
To þi desert i rede þu ga,
Stille i rede þu halde þe þar,
And of þis mater spek na mar.
Leue h*er*odias ȝeit will i noght,
þ*at* þu has said dere bes boght;
I luue hir mare þan ani þing."
"þat es a-gain þe right, sir king!
þi broþer wif fra him to reue,
I rede bi-time þ*at* þu hir leue."
"Iohn, ou*er* mekil has þu spokin,
And þ*at* sal noght be vnwrokin,
For þu sal in mj presun lij,
Ful dere sal þu þir wordis bij."
Herodias him hatid to dede,
þai p*r*isuned iohn thoru hir rede,
þar did Herodis him to cast [col. 2]
For to make him all agast,
To sla him was he noght *in* will,
Bot for þ*at* wickid wijf to still;
For hir to wreth he dred ful sare,
Als he þ*at* na-thing leued mare.
His desciplis come him to se,
þe king þaim lete haue fre entre,
þai fand him *in* þ*at* p*r*esun dep,
Might þai noght forber to wep.
Iohn bigan at þ*aim* to witt
Queþir *iesus* crist, our laue*r*d, ȝeitt
Bigan wid wordis him to kith?
For þar-of wold he be ful blith.

GÖTTINGEN

þou louest hir muche aȝeynes þi lif
And ȝitt is she þi broþ*er* wif
whom þou shuldes not haue wit*h* lawe
If þou dreddes goddes awe
I drede but þou soone bete þi sake
þou deȝest not wiþouten wrake
Dowey Ion whi saistou so [leaf 81, back]
To þi desert I rede þou go
Stille I rede þou holde þe þore
And of þis matere to speke no more
For leue hir ȝitt wol I nouȝt
þ*at* þou hast seide beþ dere bouȝt
I loue hir more þen any þing
þ*at* is moost aȝeyn þe kyng
þi broþ*er* wif fro him to reue
I rede bi tyme ȝitt þou hir leue
He seide Ion to muche is spoken
And þ*at* shal not be vnwroken
þou shalt in mi prisou*n* lie
And þese wordis dere abie
Herodias hated him to dede
þei p*r*isou*n*de him bi her rede
In prisou*n* heroudes dud hi*m* cast
For to make him agast
To sle him was he not in wille
But þ*at* wicked wom*m*on to stille
Hir to wraþþe he dred sore
For he loued no þing more
his disciplis coom hi*m* to se
þe kyng hem lete haue fre entre
þei fonde hi*m* in þ*at* p*r*isou*n* depe
Miȝt þei not forbere to wepe
Ion asked & wolde witt
Whe*þer* ihe*su* cr*ist* oure lord ȝitt
Bigon wiþ wordis hi*m* to kiþe
For þ*er*of wolde he be ful bliþe

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

"Breþer," he said, "mi dere and freinde,
Nu yee sal mine erand wend,
Til þat gret lauerding *iesu*
Sais him als i sai to yow,
On mild man*er* sais your err*and*,
For-getes noght, bot vnderstand.
Yee ask him if he be þ*at* gom
þat for man sauuete suld com,
If it be he, hu lang siþe,
Sal he him hide and not kiþe?
Or his word he send vs þan
Queþer we sal bide a-noþer man?"
þai laght þair leue, and went fra Iohn,
And com þar *iesus* was fulson,
þai said, "sire, Iohn þe greting sendes,
þ*at* he in hard prisun lendes,
And askes if þou he be þat sale
Boru þe bunden folk o bale."
"I am he," he said, "parfai!
And yee sal gre him wel and sai,
Messels er hale, cripels gas right,
þe def has hering, blind has sight,
And þat man sal for-blisced be
þe quilk him sclanders noght for me."
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
¶ þir disciplis tok þair ansuar
And luueli to sant Ion it bar;
Wit *iesu* þai left mikel folk þan,
And he to ta[l]k wit þaim bigan,
And bad þaim als to hald þam still
Til þat he hadd þam said his will.
"God men," he said, "quat man yod yee
Vnto þe wildernes to se?
Wend yee þar þe rede to find
þat heildes waifand wit þe wind?

COTTON

my bre*þer* dere & my frende
now 3e salle myne erande wende
to þat grete lording' ih*esu*.
& says him as I say 3ou.
of mylde man*er* sais 3oure erande
for-getis no3t bot vnderstande
3e aske him if he be þat gome.
to saue mankinde atte sal come.
if hit be he how lange siþe.
salle he him hide & no3t kiþe.
or his worde he sende vs þan.
que*þer* we salle bide a-no*þer* man.
¶ þai la3t þaire leue & went fra Iohn
& come *þer* Ih*esus* was fulle sone.
& saide saynt Iohn þe gretyng' sendis
þer he in harde p*risoun* lendis.
& askis if þou be he atte sale
borou þe bundyn folk of bale
I am he: he saide parfai.
and 3e salle grete him wele & say
mesels ar hale criplis gas ri3t
þe defe has hering' þe blinde si3t
& þat man salle vn-blessed be
þe quilk trawes no3t in me.
& bid him suffre & bere blame.
to ioy salle t*urn*e al his shame.
¶ *þer* disciplis toke þaire ansquare.
& loueli to seint Iohn hit bare.
wiþ ih*esu* þai laft mykil folc þan.
& he to talk wiþ ham be-gan
& bad ham alle to halde ham stille
til he had ham saide his wille
& *þer* he preyched wiþ sole*m*pnite
of þing' þat was & 3et sulde be.
alle may we no3t telle in rime.
for hit walde aske to lange time.

FAIRFAX

[leaf 72, back, col. 1]

Digitized by Google

And he said, "mi brepер leue and frend,
Nu ȝe sal mi erand wend,
To þat gret lauerding iesu
Sais him als i sai to ȝu,
On mild maner sais ȝour erand,
For-getes noght, bot vnþerstand.
ȝe ask him if he be þat gome
þat for man sauuete sal come,
If hit be he, hu lang sith
Sal he him hide and noght kith?
Ouþir his word he send vs þan
Queþir we sal bide a-noþer man?"
Þai tok þair leue, & went fra iohn,
And [com] þar iesus was ful son,
"Sir," þai said, "iohn þe greting sendis,
þar he in hard presun le[n]gis,
Askes if þu be he þat sale
Louse þe bunden folk of bale."
"I am he," he said, "par fay!
And ȝe sal grete him well and say,
Meseles er hal, crepelis gas right,
Def has hering, þe blind has sight,
And þat man sal blissed be
De quilk him sklandris noght in me."
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Þir desciplis toke þair answer [leaf 89, col. 1]
And luueli to saint iohn it ber;
wid iesus mekil folk left þai þan,
And he to take þaim wid bigan,
And badd þaim all hald þaim stille
Till he had þaim said his wille.
¶ "God men," he said, "quat man ȝode vnto þe wildrenes to se? [ȝe
wend ȝe þar þe rede to find
þat heildis waifand wid þe wind?

He seide my breþere leue frende
Now shul ȝe on myn eronde wende
To ihesu þat lordyng now
And seiþ him as I say to ȝow
On meke manere sey ȝoure eronde
Forȝeteþ not but vndirstonde
Aske him if he be þat gome
þat mon to saue now is come
If hit be he how longe siþe
Shal he him hide & not kiþe
Or bidde him sende vs word þon
wheþer we shul bide anoþer mon
þei toke leue & from Ion went
And coom þere ihesus was present
þei seide sir Ion þe greteþ I was
þere he in harde prisoun is
And askeþ if þou be he þat shale
Louse þe bounden folk of bale
ȝe I am he he seide parfey
ȝe shul grete him wel & sey
Meseles are hole & crupels go riȝt
Deefe han herynge & blynde han siȝt
And þat mon shal blessed be
þat him sclaundreþ not in me
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þus þei toke þis vnswere
And louely to seynt hit bere
Muche folke was wiþ ihesu þon
And he to take hem bigon
He bad hem alle holde hem stille
Til he had hem seide his wille
¶ Gode men he seide what mon ȝede ȝe
Into wildernes to se
Wende ȝe þere a reod to fynde
þat heldeþ waynyng wiþ þe wynde

Digitized by Google

Or yee a man slogh cledd in silk?
Nai in kinges hus er suilk,
Sais me quam þan yee soght þar,
Prophet? ya, for soth and mar,
þis es he o quam was redd
Langer ar he was born or bredd,
'I sal send for to puruai,
An angel forwit þe þi wai.'"
¶ Sant Ion al-wais in prisun lai,
Til it com on a fest dai,
þat king herod did for to call
þe barnage of his king-rik all;
þis was þe dai als men has herd
þat he was born in to þis werld.
Quen all war sett and ete at esse
Bifor þis king in his palis,
His broþer doghter, gent and smal,
Com þaim be-for al for to bale,
Baled wel and tumbel wit-al;
Alle wondred on hir in þat hall,
For sco sa well her mister cuth,
Als þai hadd hir son in muth.
þan said þe king þat maiden til,
"Ask me quat thing þat þou will,
I sal þe it giue, wit-vten suik,
þof þou ask half mi king-rike."
And badd hir ask quat-sum sco wald,
And sua he suld hir coiuenand hald.
"Sir king," sco said, "godd yeild it þe,
For þar-of will i consail me."
To þe bure sco tok hir pas,
For to spek wit herodias.
"Moder," sco said, "quakin thing
Rede ye þat i ask þe king?"
"And ha he hight þe at haf þi boun?"
"Ya." "ga þan and ask him son,

COTTON

[1Othir a man clad in silk [1 From Laud MS. 416]
In kynges howsis ar fouñdyn thilk
Sey me what you soght thor
Prophite ye for-sothe & mor
This is he of whom was red
long ar he was born or bred
I shalle send to purvay
Myn angil by-fore thy way]
Seynt Iohn þis quile in prisoun lay
til hit felle on a feste day.
atte þe king made for to calle.
þe barnage of his kingdome alle.
þis was þe day as ȝe haue herd
þat he was borne in-to þis werde
¶ quen alle ware sette & ete at ays.
be-for þe king in his palays
his broþer doghter gente & smalle
come playand hir wiþ a balle.
ho daunsed & sange to tumble with-al.
alle wonderred on hir in þat halle
for ho sa wele hir mystri couþe.
many an spac of hir in mouþe
¶ þen saide þe king þe mayden til.
aske me quat þing at þou wille.
I sal þe gif wiþ-outen squike.
if hit be half my kingerike.
& had hir aske quat-euer ho walde
& square he walde hir couenand halde
¶ Sir king ho saide god ȝilde hit þe
consaile þer-of now nedis me
to þe boure ho made hir pas
for to speke wiþ herodias.
moder ho saide quat-kin þing.
rede ȝe þat I. aske þe king.
¶ if he haue heȝt þe any bone.
ga squiþe & aske him sone.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Or þe soth a man cledd in silk?
Nai, kinges hus er funden suilk,
Sais men quat þat 3e soght þare,
Prophete? 3e, forsoth, and mare.
þis es he of quam was redd
Lang ar he was born o bredd,
'I sal send forto puruai
aun angel forwid þe þi wai.'"
SAint iohn alwais *in presun* lai,
Till it come on a fest dai,
þat þe king did for to call
þe barnage of his kingrike all;
þis was þe dai als men has herd,
þat he was born into þis world.
Quen all war sett and ett at ays,
Bifor þe king in his palays,
His broþer doghtir, gent and smale,
Come bifor þaim for to bale,
Balid wele and tumblid wid al;
Alle wondrid on hir *in* þat hal,
For scho sua wele hir maistri cuth,
All þai had hir sone in muth.
þan said þe king þat maiden till,
"Ask me quat þing als þu will,
I sal þe giue widvten suike, [1 MS. falf]
yf þu aske half[1] mi kingrike."
And bad hir aske *quat* sum scho wold,
And suar he suld hir couenand hald.
[2]"Sir king," scho said, "god 3eild it þe
For þar-on wil i consaile me." [2 col. 2]
To þe bure scho tak hir pas,
For to spek wid herodias.
"Mod*er*," scho said, "quatkin þing
Rede 3e þat i aske þe king?"
"And has he þe hight to haf þi bone?"
"3a." "ga þan and ask him sone,

GÖTTINGEN

Ouþ*er* a mon clad in silke
In kyngis housis are fou*n*den þilke
Say me what 3e sou3t þore
Prophete 3e forsoþe & more
þis is he of whom was red
Longe ar he was born̄ & bred
I shal sende to puruay
Myn au*n*gel bifore þi way
¶ Seynt Ion so in p*r*isou*n* was
Til a feste day coom in plas
þen*n*e þe kyng let to hi*m* calle
þe baronage of his kyngdom alle
þis was þe day as 3e han herde
þat he was born into þis werde
when*n*e alle were wele at ayse
Bifore þe kyng in his palaise
His broþ*er* dou3tir smal & gent [leaf 82]
Biforne hem in halle went
She cymbaled tomblyng wiþ alle
Alle wondride on hir in þe halle
She so wel þat maistri couþe
Alle had hir soone in mouþe
þen*n*e seide þe kyng þat mayden tille
Aske me what is þi wille
I shal 3e 3yue I make avow
If hit be half my kyngdom now
he had hir aske what she wolde
And swor he shulde couenau*n*t holde
Sir kyng she seide god 3elde þe
þ*er*onne wol I cou*n*sel me
To chau*m*ber she toke hir pas
For to speke wiþ herodias
Modir she seide what man*er* þing
Rede I aske of þe kyng
Haþ he grau*n*ted þe þi bone
Anoon þen*n*e go & aske hi*m* soone

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

O ion þat in prisun es,
His heued to giue þe in a diss."
¶ Quen sco herd þis þe feindes fode,
Bi-for þe king sco com and stode,
"Sir," sco said, "for þi barnage
I wil þe ask nu nan vtrage,
Thar þe nathing to be dredand,
Noþer i ask þe lith na land,
Ne oþer thing wit vnresun,
Bot ion heued, þi prisun."
¶ Quen herod sagh þat sco wald nan
Gift tak bot heued o iohan,
Wit him-self he wex ful wrath,
And namli for he suar his ath
þat he suar be-for his folk sa fele,
þat men suld hald him for vn-lele.
A sargant sent he to Iaiole,
And iohan hefd comanded to cole;
His comandment was noght vn-dun,
For he was heued and þat als sun,
To þe maiden þai it taght,
Fra hir þe moder it siþen laght.
þar-for euer worth hir wa!
þat godman dos wit tresun sla.
But þis ded was sald ful dere,
þe mining lastes yeitt bi yeir,
Wit a greithful soth vengeance,
Men mai yeitt se sun sted in france.
Wod men at his natiuite,
To kirk be draun wit semble,
O þaa þat cums vte o þat blod
þat godman slogh, þai wex wode,
And efter quen þe dai es gan,
þai haf þair wijt and gas þam ham.
¶ þus-gat was sant Iohan slan,
Oþer chesun was þar nan.

COTTON

of Ioñ þat in prisoun is.
his heued to gif þe in a disshe.
//quen ho herde þis þat findes fode
be-for þe king ho come & stode. [1 leaf 61]
sir ho saide be-for þi barnage.
I. wille now aske þe nane outrage
thar þe na-þing be dredande.
nauþer I. aske þe hous ne lande
ne nane oþer þing wiþ-oute resoun.
bot Iones heued in þi prisoun.
Quen herodes herd at ho wald none
gift take bot þe heued of Ioñ
wiþ him-self he wex wraþ.
& namele for he square his aþ.
þat he square be-for sa fele.
þat men sulde halde him vn-lele
[2A serjaunt to þe Iayle lete he gon
And Ioñ to hede right anon] [2 From Laud MS. 416]
þat I. haue saide moste nede be done
þer he comaunded to heued him sone
& to þe mayden hit was be-tazt.
fra hir þe moder hit siþen lazt
þer-fore euer-mare worþ hir wa.
þat godeman dos wiþ tresoun sla.
bot þis dede was sald ful dere.
3et is þer mynnyng þer þis 3ere.
wiþ a dredeful soþ veniaunce.
þat 3et fallis sum-time in fraunce
wodemen atte saint Iones tide
atte þe kirke bote to bide.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Fairfax & Laud MSS.*]
þus-gate was saint Iohñ slain.
oþer encheson was þer nane.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Of saint iohn þat in presun es,
His heued to giue þe in a dise."
Quen scho þis, þat feindes fode,
Bifor þe king scho come and stode,
"Sir," scho said, "for þi barnage
Nu will i ask nane vtrage,
Thar þe na-þing be dredand,
For nouþer i ask þe lith ne land,
Ne nan oþer þing wid vnresun,
Bot iohnes heued þi presun."
Quen herodis sau þat scho wald nane
Giftes take, bot þe heued of iohn,
wit him-self wex he wrath,
And namli for he suar þat ath
þat he suar for-wid folk so felle,
þat men suld hald him for vnlele.
A sergant [sent] he to þe iaiole,
And iohn he comand forto cole.
His comandement was noght vndone,
For he was hefedd als sone,
To þe maiden þai it taght,
Fra hir hir moder it siþen laght.
þarfor euer ay worth hir wa!
þat god man dos wid tresun sla.
Bot þis dede was seld ful dere,
þe mening ȝeit lastis bi ȝere,
wid a greful uengance.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
To kirk be drauen wid gret semble.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Þusgat was him saint iohn slane,
Oþer a chesun was þar nane.

GÖTTINGEN

Of seint Ion þat in prisoun isse
his heued to ȝyue þe in a disshe
whenne she þis herde þat fendes fode
Bifore þe kyng she coom & ȝode
Sir she seide of þi baronage
Wol I aske noon outrage
þar þe be no þing dredonde
I aske þe nouþer hous ny londe
Ny noon oþere þing out of resoun
But Iones heed þi prisoun
¶ whenne heroude say she wolde noon
Oþere ȝifte but þe heed of Ion
Wiþ him self wex he wrooþ
And namely for he swor þat ooþ
Bifore þat ilke folke so fele
He wiste men wolde him hold vn lele
A seriaunt to þe Iaile let he gon
Ion to hede soone anoon
He was heueded also soone
His biddynge was not vndone
And take þe maiden þat hit auȝt
His modir þenne fro hir hit lauȝt
þerfore euer worþe hir wo
þat good mon doþ wiþ tresoun to slo
But þis dede was sold ful dere
þe menyng lasteþ ȝitt vche ȝere
Wiþ an open vengeaunce sene
who so wol seche wiþouten wene
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þus was good seynt Ion slone
Oþer enchesoun was þer none

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

For to mak ending o mi tale,
For illahail gan sco to bale
þat gert his hefd sua forth be broght,
Was neuer nan sua dere was boght.
Als we men her of mikel tell,
His saul went als sun til hell,
þe yates fand he sperd fast, [leaf 73, col. 1]
And he þe barres of ham brast,
And þar he duelld a quile and bade,
And o socur þe bodword made
To freindes þat he þar-in fand,
Ai to þe lauerd þam lesid o band.
Til hell sua for-wit him he ferd,
Right als he did vnto þis werld,
For-þi es he cald his foriner,
And cristes aun messager.
His disciplis þat war bun,
þai ledd his licam vte o tun,
Til sebastin wit mikel far,
þe hali cors þai birid þar.
I rede yow nou lauerdings alle,
Yee on þis blisced ion ai calle,
For wijt yee sum i said yow ar,
A better barn wijf neuer bar.
He es blisced ouer all prophet,
Of al yur bale he mai yow bett;
Of hei oxspring þan es þis ion,
þat þar vp sittes hei in tron,
Nere be-taght to mild mari,
Godd self es him nere sib for-þi,
And to sant ion þe euangelist.
To þaim bring vs lauerd iesu crist!
Herd yee haue o sant ion saues,
He was slan in pasch daus;
Here nu quat herodias did,
In a wall his heued sco hid,

COTTON

for to make ending of my tale.
wa worþ hir be-gan þat bale.
þat gert his heued squa be broȝt.
was neuer deþ derre boȝt.
¶ certis þis boke dos me telle.
his saule hit went als sone to hel.
þe ȝates fande he spered fast. [1 read con]
þe barres þer-of he oon[1] to brast.
& þer he dwelled a quile & bade.
& of cristes come bode-worde made.
to freindis þat be þer-in fande.
ay til our lorde ham laused of band
til helle be-for him he ferde.
riȝt als he dide in-to þe werde.
for-þi is he calde cristis puruayer.
& cristis awen messager.
his disciplis þer was boun.
& led his licame out of toun.
til sebasten wiþ mikil fare.
þis hali cors þai birid þare.
I rede ȝou now lordingis alle.
þat ȝe on blessed Iohn calle.
be-fore as I. ȝou saide are.
a better barne neuer wife bare.
he blessed him ouer ilk prophete.
of alle ȝoure bale he may ȝou bete.
of heye ospring þen is þis Iohn.
for now he sitis ful hey in trone.
nere be-taȝt to milde mary.
& to ihesu sibbe for-þi.
& to saint Iohn þe euangelist.
to ham us bring ihesu crist.
¶ herde ȝe haue of Iohn soþ sawes.
he was slayne in paske dawes
& herkenis now quat herodias did.
in a walle þe[2] heued was hid. [2 MS. hi originally]

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

For to make ending of mi tale,	[lf 89, bk, col. 1]	Of þis to make an endyng
Ful ilhaile gan scho to bale	13195	In euel tyme bigan she tomblyng
þat gert his heued sua forth be broght,		To make his heed of be brouȝt
was neuer nane sua dede boght.		Was neuer noon so dere bouȝt
Als we men here of mekil telle,		As we rede & here telle
His saule it went als sone to helle,		His soule went anoon to helle
þe ȝates fand spered fast,	13200	þe ȝatis fonde he sparred fast
And he þe barres of þaim brast,		And he þe barres of hem brast
And þar he duelled a quille, and bade,		þere dwelled he a while & most nede
And of socur þe bod-word made		And bodeword brouȝt of socour in dede
To freindes þat he þar-in fand,	13204	To frendes þat he þerinne fonde
Ai till þe lauerd þaim lesid of band.		Til her lord hem lesed of bonde
Till hell sua forwid him he ferd,		To helle bifore crist he ferd
Right als he did in to þis werld,		As he dud in to þis werd
For-þi es he cald his forinnier,	13208	þerfore is he called forgoer
And cristes auen messager.		And cristis owne messanger
His disciplis, þai was boune,		His disciplis þo were boun
And led his licam vte of tune,		And ladde his body out of toun
Til sebastien wid mekil fare,	13212	To sebastians wiþ muchel fare
þis hali cors þai birid þare.		þis holy cors þei buryed þare
I rede ȝu nu, lauerdinges alle,		þerfore I rede ȝou breþeren alle
þat ȝe on blisced iohn ai calle,		þat ȝe on blessed Ion ay calle
For witt ȝe sum i sad ȝu are,	13216	For wite ȝe alle as I seide are
A better child wijf neuer bare.		A bettur childe neuer wif bare
He es blisced ouer ilk prophete,		He is blessed ouer vche prophete
Of all ȝour bale he mai ȝu bete.		Of muchel bale he may vs bete
Of hei ospring þan es þis iohn,	13220	Of heȝe ospringe þis Ion he is
þat þar vp-sittes hei in thron,		Sib to Ihesus in heuen blis
Nere bitaght to mild mari,		And also to his modir mary
Godd him-self es nere sibb for-þi,		He preye for vs to haue mercy
And saint iohn þe wangelist;	13224	[. . . . .
To þaim bringh vs, lauerd crist!		. . *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]
¶ Herd ȝe haue of iohn soth-saus,		[1] Herde ȝe haue of Iones soþe sawes
He was slan in pask daus;		Slayn he was in paske dawes [lf 82, bk]
Here nu quat herodias did,		Here now what herodias did
In a wal his heued scho hidd,	13229	In a wal his heed she hid
GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Sco has it salted in a wall,
For sco hir dred, if sua moght fall,
His hefed war til his bodi don,
þat he mond quiken als son,
Thoru his mikel hali-hede:
Bot sco did efter haiþen lede,
þis bodi vte of erth þai hint,
And al to pouder þai it brind.
Siþen war hali munckes send,
To gedir þaa askes þat þaa brend,
Pouder or ban þat þai fand þar
þai gader vp, and wit þaim bar.

ho has hit salted in a walle.
for ho hir dred if squa muȝt falle.
his heued ware til his body done.
þat he wald quilk in als sone.
thorou his mikil haly-hede.
& ȝet ho dide a balde dede.
þe bodi ho gert of erþ be hent.
& alle to poudre þai hit brent.
siþen ware hali monkis sent
to gedder þe askis atte þai brent
poudre & bane atte þai fande þare
þai gedderred vp & wiþ ham bare.

[*The Beginning of Christ's Ministry.*]

Iesus þat well wist o þis strijf,
Quarfor sant ion was don o lijf,
To þe Iues þat war felun
In his louing he made sermon.
Fra nazareth to capharnaum,
Fra neptalim to zabulon,
Went he prechand o þe fai.
In aueril þe toþer dai
Was þat he bigan to preche,
And openli þe folk to teche.
þe sinagogs all soght he
Ouer-all þe land of galilee;
Of his sermun spac mani man,
And oþer mani loueword he wan.
Quen he herd tel sant Iohn was slain,
To nazareth he went again,
Vntil his aun kind contre,
Tua dais in aueril entre.
He sermund wit his loueli spek,
And heild mani þat war seke,
þe sam-hale fast til him þai soght,
þair heling grochcd he þam noght,

[col. 2]

Ihesus þen wele wiste þis strife
quar-fore atte Iohn was done of life
to þe Iewes fulle of felun.
til ham he made his sarmoun.
fra nazareth to capharnaum.
fra neptalim to zabulum.
went he preychand in his way.
In aueril a-pon a day
was hit he be-gan to preyche
& opinli þe folk to teyche.
þe synagoges alle soȝt he
ouer alle þe lande of galilee.
of his sarmoun spac many man.
& mykil loue he him wanne.
¶ quen he herde tel saint Iohn was slain
to nazareth he went a-gayne.
vn-til his awen kind cuntree.
in þe be-gynnyng of aueril as I. tald þe
he sarmonde þer alle a weke
& heled many atte was seke.
þe cuntray hally til him soȝt.
þaire heling grochcd he ham noȝt.

[leaf 61, back]

COTTON FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Scho has it saltid in a wall,	13230	She haþ hit salted in a wal
For scho hir dredd if sua might fall		For she dredde if so shulde fal
His heued war till his bodi done, [col. 2]		His heed were to his body done
þat he muond quickin again alsone,		He wolde quike aȝein soone
Thoru his mekil hali-hede:	13234	þourȝe his muchel holy hede
Bot scho þar efter siden ȝede.		Aftir warde also she ȝede
His bodi vte of þe erde þai hent,		His body out of erþ hent
And all to poudir þar it brent.		And alto poudir þei hit brent
Siþen war hali monkes sent,	13238	Siþen were holy monkes sende
To-geder þe askes *þat* þai brent,		To geder þe askes *þat* þei brende
Pouder or bone *þat* þai fand þare,		Poudir or boon *þat* þei fond þere
þai gedrid vp, *and* wid þaim bare,		Vp þei gedered & wiþ hem bere

[*The Beginning of Christ's Ministry.*]

Iesus þan wist well þis strijf,	13242	¶ Ih*esus* wiste wel þis strif
Quarfore iohn was done o lijf,		Wherfore Ion was done of lif
To þe Iuus, *þat* war felune,		To þe iewes *þat* were felou*n*
In his louing he made sarmune.		In hi*m* preising he made sarmou*n*
Fra nazareth to capharnaun,	13246	Fro nazareth to capharnaon
Fra neptalim to Zabulom,		Fro neptalim to zabulon
went he prechand of þe lai.		he went p*re*chyng of þe lay
In aue*ri*ll, on *þat* oþer dai,		In auerille þe toþ*er* day
was it he bigan to preche,	13250	He bigon þo faste to p*re*che
And opinlik þe folk to teche.		And openly þe folk to teche
þe synagoges alle soght he,		þe synagoges alle sou*ȝ*te he
Ouer all þe land of galile;		Ouer al þe lond of galile
Of his sarmon spac mani man,	13254	Of his sarmou*n* spek many man
And of þe loueword *þat* wan.		And of þe louerede *þat* he wan
Quen he herd tell sa*in*t ion was sl*a*ine,		whe*n*ne he herde seynt Ion was slayne
To nazareth he went a-gaine,		To nazareth he went aȝayne
In till his auen kindli contre,	13258	Into his owne kyndely cuntre
Tua dais in aue*ri*l entre.		Two dayes in auerille entre
He sarmoned wid his lou[li] spek,		He p*re*ched holily and speke
And helid mani þat war seke,	13261	And heled mony *þat* were seke
þe vnfer fast tille him þai soght,		þe vnhole faste to him sou*ȝ*t
þair heling groched he þai*m* noght,		her helyng grucched he he*m* nou*ȝ*t

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Leche to þam was he ful hold,
He asked noþer siluer ne gold.

þan thoght *iesus* it was to lang
Wit-vten felauscip to gan,
Nu ches felaus wil he bigin,
Bot noght o riche kinges kin,
Ne of erel þan gret baron,
Ne oþer gret lau*er*ding o tun.
Bot mene men o pour lijf,
þat p*r*inces held man siþen rif.
Tua breþer first, petre and andreu,
Bath þai war o mild theu,
Hade þai þam first nonoþer godd,
Bot wit þair scipp þai fand þam fode,
Wit þair fissing war þai fedd,
And pouer liuelade þar-wit þai ledd.
Wit a word þai left þair scipps tuin,
For þat was al þair werld win,
Neuer siþen went þai þair mode,
For þam thoght þair change gode.
At see sant Iohn and Iam he fand,
Quils þai þair lines war waitand,
Fader and moder and all þair kin
And schipp þai left and felud him.
þan com til him Iudas thadeu,
And broght wit him sant bartillmeu;
Siþen he com in til a bi
Amor[n]ing fand he dan leui,
O puplicane lede was he, [f 73, bk, col. 1]
And als a man o gret pouste.
Ie*s*us crist first wit him ete,
And he for ie*s*u al for-lete,
To folu him thoght him na scham,
And siþen Matheu was cald his nam.

COTTON

leche til ham he was ful holde.
nau*þer* he asked siluer ne golde.

// **þe geddering[1] of þe apostolis.**
cong[1] apostolorum

Now þing *ihes*us hit was to lange
wiþ-outen felawshepe to gange
to chose felawes he wille be-gyn.
bot n̨o3t of riche kingis kin.
ne of erel ne of grete baro*un*.
ne o*þer* grete lordingis of tou*n*.
bot o*þer* men of pouer fode.
þat siþen was halden p*r*incis gode.
¶ ij. bre*þer* petre & Andrew.
baþ ware meke & of gode thew.
had þai first nane o*þer* gode. [1 MS. shepe originally]
bot wiþ þaire batis[1] þai fande ha*m* fode
wiþ þaire fisshing[1] alsqua fedde.
& pouer liue-laide *þer*-wiþ þai ledde
sone þai laft þaire batis twin.
& folowed ih*es*u heyuen to win.
& neuer siþen turned þaire mode.
for þai sagh̄ þat chaunge gode.
¶ atte þe see saint-Ioh̄n he fande
quilest his lines he was baytande
ffader & moder & alle þaire kyn.
& bate þai left & folowed him.
¶ þen come til him Iudas thadeu
& bro3t wiþ him saint berthelmew.
¶ Siþen he come vn-til aby.
a morning[1] fande he an leuy.
of puplican lede was he
& siþen a man of grete pauste.
Ih*es*u *c*riste first wiþ him ete.
& for him þis werlde al for-lete.
to folow him. þu3t him na shame.
& siþen mathew was his name.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Leche to þaim he was ful hoild,
Nouþer askid he siluer ne gold.

Leche was he to hem holde
He asked nouþer siluer nor golde

[*Christ chooses the Apostles.*]

Þan thoght *iesus* it was to lang
widuten felachip to gang,
Chese him felaus will he bigin,
Bot noght of riche kinges kin,
Ne of erli, ne of grete barune, [leaf 90, col. 1]
Ne oþer gret lauerding of tune,
Bot mene men of simpil lijf,
þat princes held men syden rijf.
¶ Tua breþir, peter and andreu,
Bath þai war of mekil theu,
Ne had þai first nanoþer gode,
Bot wid þair schip fand þaim fode,
wid þair fissing war þai fedd,
And pouer liuelade þarwid ledd.
wid a word left þai þar schippis tuin,
For þat was all þair worldis win,
And neuer siþen went þair mode,
For þai sau þair chaunge was gode.
At see saint iohn and iame he fand,
Quiles þai þair lines war baitand,
Fadir & moder and alle þair kin,
And schip þai left, and foluid him.
Þan come till him iudas thadu,
And broght wid him sait bartilmeu.
Siþen he come vntill a bij,
A morning fand he dan leui,
Of publicane lede was he,
And als a man of gret pouste.
Iesus crist first wid him ete,
And he for iesu all forlete,
To folu him toght him no schame,
And siþen mathe was his name.

Ihesu þouȝt hit was ful longe
Wiþouten felowshipe to gonge
To chese him felowes he dud bigynne
But not of richiche kyngis kynne
Nouþer of erles ny of baroun
Ny oþere grete lordynges of toun
But mene men of sympul lif
þat siþen were holden princes rif
¶ Two breþer petur and andrew
Boþe þei were of muche þew
Had þei furst noon oþere gode
But wiþ her shipp fond hem fode
Wiþ her fisshyng were þei fed
& pore liflode þei led
Wiþ o word haue þei ship for gone
þat was al her worldes wone
Neuer aftir turned þei her mode
For þei say her change was gode
At þe see Iame & Ion he fonde
As þei were lynes leyond
Fadir & modir & alle her kyn
And shipp þei lafte & folwed him
þenne coom to him Iudas thadeu
And wiþ him brouȝte bartelmeu
Siþen he coom to abii
A morenyng fonde he dan leui
Of publicanes leder was he
And a mon of greet pouste
Ihesu furste wiþ him he ete
And he for ihesu al for lete
To folwe him þouȝte him no shame
Siþen mathew was his name

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ Sipen simon and als iudas,
þe less jam and sant Thomas,
þan Iudas scarioth þe bald,
þat at þe last þis lauerd sald.
Tuelue þai war to tell in tale,
Quen þat þai war to-gedir hale.
¶ Fra þai þam to sli werld chess,
Al þai for-sok þis werlds hess,
To man þai wroght neuer vn-pes,
þof man þam soght wit gret males;
For þai samen luued ilkan als breþer,
þair herdes sundrid neuer fra oþer,
Wit-vten threp or strijf,
Ai til þe ending of þair lijf.
To petre þat he pouerest fand,
Of all he mad him mast weldand,
For-bi all his oþer feris,
Mast priuelege he gaf to peris.
¶ To petre god said, "luues þou me?"
"þou wat wel, lauerd, i luue wel þe."
"þou sal do þan mi comandment;"
"Yaa, sir, gladli wit all mi tent,
To dei for þe if it be nede."
"Mi schep," said iesus, "sal þou fede.
Petre," he said, "þou has ben god
Fissar hiddir-til on flod,
Fra þis dai forth i sal þe ken
For to be fissar god o men.
Fra þis time sal þou forþerward,
Of heuen and erth be yate-ward.
O þaim þou sal þe caiss ber,
For to oppen bath and sper.
Quam sa þou bindes, be þou bald,
He sal for me be bunden tald,
And quat man þat þou lesess o band,
For lous he sal in heuen stand.

COTTON

¶ Siþen Simond and Iudas.
þe lesse Iames & saint thomas
þen Iudas scariot þe balde
& siþen þat traitour his lord salde
xij. þai ware to telle in tale.
quen þai ware to-gedder hale.
fra þai ham til þis lorde chese
þai for-soke þis werldis ese
to man þai wroȝt neuer vn-pes
ȝet ware þai soȝt wiþ grete males
ilkan loued as þai ware broþer
& nane walde depart fra oþer.
ay til þe ending of þaire life.
wiþ-outen ani enuy or strife.
to Petre at he pouerest fande
of alle he made him mast weldand
for bi alle his oþer feris.
mast preuilage he gaf to peris.
¶ To petre saide he: louis þou me.
þou wate lorde hit mote squa be.
þou sal do þen myne entent.
gladli lorde þi comaundement.[1]
to dey for þe I. mote nede. [1 At bottom of the column.]
my shepe saide ihesus saltow fede.
¶ Petre he saide þou has bene gode
fisshis to gete a-pon þe flode
fra þis dai forþ I. salle þe ken.
for to be fissher of godemen.
fra þis time forþ saltowe be.
porter of heyuen & erþ sicurele.
of ham þou salle þe keyes bere.
baþ to opin & to spere.
quam sa þou bindis be þou balde.
he salle be for me bondin talde.
& quat man þat þou lausis of band
for lause he sal in heyuen stande

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Siþen simond, and iudas,	Siþen had he symond & Iudas
þe less saint iohn, a[n]d saint thomas,	þe lesse seint Iame & seynt thomas
þan iudas skarioth þe bald,	þenne Iudas scarioth þe bolde
þat at þe last his lauerd sald.	þat aftirwarde his lorde solde
Tuelue war þai to tell in tale,	Twelue were þei to telle in dole
Quen þai war to-gedir hale.	Whenne þei were to gider hole
Fra þai þaim to þis lauerd ches,	For þat þei to þis lord chese
Alle þai forsoke þis worldes ese,	þei forsoke þis worldes ese
To man þai wroght neuer vnpes,	To mon wrouȝte þei neuer vnpees [lf 88]
If man þaim soght wid gret malese;	þei men hem souȝte wiþ greet males
For þai þaim loued ilkan als breþer, [col. 2]	To gider þei loued as sister & broþer
þai herdes sundrid neuer fra oþir,	Noon wille sondre þo fro oþer
widvten ani threpe or strijf	Wiþouten alle chidyng or strif
Ai tille þe ending of þair lijf.	Til þe endyng of her lif
To petre þat he pouerest fand,	Petur þat he porest fond
Of alle he made him mast weildand,	Ouer alle he made him moost weldond
Bifor all his oþer feris[1] [1 MS. peris]	Biforen alle his oþere feres
Most priuilag he gaf to peris.	Moost priuilage he ȝaf to peres
To petre said he, "loues þu me?"	To peter he seide louestou me
"þu wat wele, lauerd, þat i loue þe."	þou wost wel lord þat I loue þe
"þu sal do þan mi comandement."	þou shal do þenne my commaundement
"ȝa, sir, wid mine alle entent,	ȝis sir wiþ al myn ent
To dei for þe, if it be nede."	To deȝe for þe if hit be nede
"Mi schipe," said iesus, "sal þu fede.	Mi sheep he seide þou shalt fede
Petir," he said, "þu has bene gode	Petur he seide þou hast ben gode
Fisser hidertille on flode,	Fisshere hidurto on þe flode
Fra dis dai forth i sal þe ken	Fro þis day forþ I shal þe ken
For to be fisser of gode men.	To be fisshere of gode men
þu sal nu fra þis time forward	Fro þis tyme now shaltou be
Of heuen and erd be ȝateward;	ȝatewarde of heuen & erþe to se
Of þaim þu sal þe kays bere,	Of hem þou shalt þe keyes bere
Bath for to open and to spere.	Boþe to open & to spere
Quam sua þu bindes, be he balde,	Whom so þou byndest be he bolde
He sal befor me bunden tald;	Bifore me beþ he for bounden tolde
And quat man þu lesis of band,	And whom þou lesest out of bonde
For lous he sal in heuen stand.	For louse he shal in heuen stonde
GÖTTINGEN	TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Petre es þou, and mi kirk sal
O þat stan sett hir grundwall;
Na wrenches o þe maledight
Aganis hir sal haue na might.
Yee serue me, þou and þi fere, [col. 2]
Yee ar mi freindes leue and dere."
And sua þai did, bath dai and night
þai serued him als wel was right,
Wit-vten pride in simple lijf,
Wit-vten strut, wit-vten strijf.
þe folk him folud o þe land
Bi hundret bath and bi thusand;
Men folud him for sere resun,
Sum to here his suete sarmun,
To se him-self and here his speke,
And sum for hele com þat ar seke,
And sum to se meracles rijf,
Hu þat he raised dedmen to lijf;
And sum al for til haue þe fode,
For ilkman had part of his gode.
And þar þat ani defaut bitidd
Was noght his curtasi vn-kidd,
þat he ne it sceud wit mani dedes,
In mani stede wit mani medes,
Als was befor þe archidicline,
He turnd þe watur in to win.

Petre artow & my kirk salle.
on þat stane sette I. my gronde-walle
[1No wrenches of the maladicte
A-yen hir shalle haue no myȝt]
seruis ne now alle infere. [1 From Laud MS. 416]
ȝe ar my frendis leue & dere.
& squa þai dide baþ day & niȝt.
þai seruid him & þat was riȝt.
wiþ-outen pride wiþ simple life
wiþ-outen strote wiþ-outen strife
¶ þe folk him folowed of þe lande
be many hundre & thousande
men folowed be diuerse resoun.
sum to here his squete sarmoun.
to se him-self & here him speke.
& sum for hele atte ware seke.
& sum to se miraclis rife
how he raised þe dede to life.
& sum al for to haue his fode
for þe nedi had of his gode.
& þare quare ani defaute be-tid
was noȝt his miraclis þer vn-kid.
þat he ne hit shewed with many dedis
in many stede wiþ worþi medis
als be-for þe architriclyne [leaf 62]
he turned þe water in-to wine

how ihesus turnid water in-to wine atte þe bridale.

¶ Lauerdinges, in þat ilk contre
þat man clepes galilee,
In a tun yee call þe chane
Bridall was þar broiden an;
þe bridgom did alle þider call
His specialiest freindes all,

Lordingis in þat ilk cuntree
þat men callis galilee
In a toun was þat at can.
a bridale was þer bodin an.
þe bridegome dide þidder calle
his maste tristi frendis alle.

COTTON

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Petre es þu, and mi kirc sall
On þat stane sett hir grundwal.
Na wrenkes of þe maledight
Againes hir sal haue no might.
Seruis me þu and þi fere,
ȝe er mi frendes leue and dere."
And sua þai did, bath dai and night
þai seruid him, als wele was right,
widuten pride, wit simple lijf,
widvten strut, widvten strijf.
þe folk him folud of þe land
Bi hundrith and bi thousand;
Men folud him for sere resune, [lf 90, bk, col. 1]
Sum to here his suete sarmune,
To se him-self and here his speke,
And sum for hele come þat war seke,
And sum to se miraclis rijf,
Hu þat he raisid dede men to lijf;
And sum all forto haue þe fode,
For ilk man had of his gode.
And þar þat ani faute bitidd
was noght his curtasi vnkidd,
þat he ne it scheud wid mani dedis,
In mani stede, wid wordi medis,
Als bifor þe arthitricline,
þar he turned þe water to wine.

Petur art þou & my chírche shalle
On þat stoon set hir ground walle
No wrenches of þe maledi3t
A3ein hir shal haue no my3t
Serueþ me þou & þi fere
ȝe are my frendes leefe & dere
So þei dud boþe day & ny3t
Him þei serued as hit was ri3t
Wiþouten pride in sympel lyf
Wiþouten boost wiþouten strif
þe folke him folwed of þe lond
Bi hundride & bi þousond
Men folwed him for dyuerse resouns
Somme to here his sarmouns
To se him self coom somme eke
Somme for hele þat were seke
Somme to þe miracles rif
How he reised dede to lif
And somme for to haue þe fode
For vche mon hadde of his gode
And þere as any defaute bi tidde
Was neuer his curtesy vn kidde
But he hit shewed with mony dedes
In mony studes wiþ worþi medes
As at þe feest of architricline
þere he turned watir to wyne

[*The Miracles and Sayings of Christ.*]

LAuerdinges, in þat ilk contre
þat men clepis galilee,
In a tune men clepis chane,
Bridel was þar ordained ane;
þe bride-gome did þaim þider calle
His special freindes alle,

¶ Lordyngis in þat ilke cuntre
þat men clepen galile
In a toun þat cane is calde
A bridale was þere on I halde
þe brydgome did hem þider calle
His speciale frendes alle

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

And was þar-for to be
Vr lauedi and hir fre meigne.
And *iesus* self he com þar-till,
Wit sum disciplis at his will.
þat gadring þar was ful gret,
And mani semli sett in sete.
þe folk þat dai ful fair was fedd,
O bred and flexs bath soþen and bredd,
Left þai noght for cost ne suinc,
And god wine had þai for to drinc.
þe win þam was noght spard amang,
And þar-for lasted it nog[ht] lang.
Quen maria wist þair win was gan,
Sco tald it til hir sun o-nan,
And mildeli sco made hir man,
"Leif sun," sco said, "wine haf þai nan."
And til his mod*er* þan said he,
"*Quat* es þat to me and þe?
If it be sua þair win be gnede,
On us ne leses noght þe nede.
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
Bot we sal do þo q*ue*þer als heind, [If 74, col. 1]
In nede þan sal þai find vs freind."
Sco cald þe boteler hir to,
Said, "do þat mi sun þe bides do,
þ*at* he þe biddes be puruaid."
"It sal be don, leuedi," he said.
I*esus* badd þam þan o-nan
Fil þair gret wessels o stan
O wat*er* clere, and þai did sua,
þan bad *iesus* þam to ga
For to tast o þat neu win,
And ber it to sir architricline,
þ*at* o þat hus was þan husband,
And costes to þe bridal fand.

COTTON

& was þ*er* praied for to be
our lauedi & hir leue meyne
& ih*es*us self come þ*er*-tille
wiþ sum disciplis atte hir wille.
¶ þat gedring' þen hit was ful grete
& many semeli sette in sete.
þat folk þat day fulle faire was fed
wiþ soiþen & roste & wilde bred.
lest þai noȝt for coste ne squink
& gode wine þai had atte drink.
hit was noȝt spared hit went a-wai.
lastis na-þing' bot god ay.
¶ quen mary wiste þaire wine gane
ho talde hit tille hir sone a-nane.
& mildeli ho made hir mane
leue sone ho saide wine haue þai nane
¶ & tille his moder þen saide he.
quat is þat for þe & me.
if hit be squa þaire wine be gnede
on vs ne lis noȝt þe gnede.
bot anly atte we come here to-day.
& for our costage sal I. pay.
for we sal do til ham has hende.
in nede now saltow þai finde vs frend
¶ mari calde þe botiler hir to.
do atte my sone biddis þe do.
wiþ-oute lette hit be puruaide
hit salle be done lauedi he saide
ih*es*us bad ham sone on-nane
fille þaire grete vessels of stane
of wat*er* clere & þai dide squa.
þen bad ih*es*us ham to hit ga.
for til taste of þat new wine.
& bere hit to sir architricline
þat of þat hous was housbande
& costage til þat bridalle fande.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

And was þar praid forto be
vr leuedi, and hir fre meigne :
And *iesus* self, he come þar tille,
wid sum desciplis at his wille.
þat gedring þan it was ful gret,
And mani semli satt in sett.
þe folk þat dai ful faire was fed,
Of bred and flesse both soþin and bredd,
Left þai nouþer for cost no suink,
And gode wine þai had to drink.
þe wine was noght sparid amang,
And þarfor lastid it noght lang.
Quen mari wist þar wine was gane,
Scho tald it till hir sune a-nane,
And þus mildli scho made hir mane,
"Mi leue sun, wine haue þai nane."
And tille his moder þan said he,
"Quat es þat to me and þe ?
If it be sua þair wine be gnede, [col. 2]
On vs ligges noght þe nede ;
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Bot ȝeit þan sal we do als hend,
In nede þan sal þai find vs frend."
Scho cald þe botler hir to,
And said, "do þat mi sun biddis þe do,
þat he þe biddis be puruaid ;"
"It sal be done, leuedi," he said.
Iesus bad þaim þan on-ane
Fille þair grete vesselis of stane
Of watir clere, and þai did sua,
þan badd *iesus* þaim to ga
For to tast of þat neu wine,
And bere it to sir architricline,
þat of þat hous was þan husband,
And costes te þe bridale fand.

So þat þere was beden to be
Oure lady and hir meyne
Ihesus him self he coom þertille
Wiþ somme disciplis at his wille
þe congregacioun was ful grete
And mony semely sat in sete
þe folke þat day feire was fed
Of breed & flesshe soden & bred
Left þei neuer for cost ny swynke
Good wyn þei hadden to drynke
þe wyn was not spared among
þerfore lasted hit not long
Whenne mary wist her wyne was gon
She tolde hit to hir son anoon
She made hir moon in priuete
Mi leue son wyn wante we
To his modir seide he þon
What is þat to me & þe wommon
If hit be so oure wyn be gnede
On vs liþ not þe nede
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
But ȝitt wol we do as hende [leaf 83, back]
In nede shul þei fynde vs frend
She calde þe botillere hir to
And seide do þat my son biddeþ do
þat he biddeþ mot be purueide
Hit shal be done lady he seide
Ihesus bad hem soone anone
Fulle her grete vessel of stone
Of watir clere & þei dud so
þenne bad ihesus hem to go
For to taste of þat new wyne
And bere hit to sir arthitricline
þat of þat hous þo was husbonde
And costage to þat bridale fonde

Digitized by Google

þai fild a cupp þan son in hast,
And gaf it þe architricline to tast;
He dranc and feild gode sauur,
Dranc he neuer ar sli licur,
And cald til him þe boteler,
And said him þus, þat all moght her,
"Quarfor," said he, "þus has þou
Halden þe god wine to now?
þe god drinc suld þou first despend,
And siþen drinc þe wers at end,
At end quen man es drunken made;
And yee þe best has don in bade
Ai hider-to, for-þi me thinc
þe mar es wasted o yur drinc."
þair fest þai heild wit gret gladscip,
For suete it was, þair felauscipe,
þar he-self was, vr drightin,
And made þam o þair water win.
þis was þe formast sign he did,
þat was til his disciples kyd,
Quar thoru þai can traistili tru,
Fra þat dai in vr lauerd iesu.
þan left þe bridgom his bride,
And folud iesum fra þat tide,
Ne lai he neuer bi hir side,
Bot left hir and all werldes pride,
O wijf for-sok he hand-band
And turnd him to þe better hand.
Men sais þat þis was sant Iohan,
Wit iesu luued was better nan,
He was cosin to ihesu crist,
And siþen [h]e was ewangelist.
þis ilk was ion þe gospeller,
O iesu brest lai at supe[r],
O wijt he dranc þar o þe well,
þat he wit spede can efter spell.

COTTON

þai filled a cuppe sone in haste
& gaf þe architriclin to taste.
he drank & felde gode sauour
drank he neuer are syche liquoure
& calde til him þe botiler.
& saide atte alle men myȝt here.
¶ quar-fore he saide þus has þou.
haldin þe gode wine to nowe
þe gode wine fulde þou first dispende
& siþen drink þe worre at hende.
atte ende quen men is drunkin made
& ȝe þe best has done in bade.
ay hidder-to for-þi me þink
þe mare is wasted of our drink.
þaire feste was halden vn-to þe ende
wiþ better felawshepe þen sum wende
for þer was ihesus þat blessed hyne.
& made ham of þaire water wine.
þis was þe formast signe he did.
þat was til his disciplis kid.
quar-fore traisteli con þai trou.
in our lorde blessed ihesu.
¶ þer laft þe bridegome his bride
& folowed ihesu fra þat tide.
& lay he neuer bi hir side
bot laft hir & werldis pride
of wife he for-soke þe hand-bande
& turned him to þe better hande.
men sais atte þis was saint Iohn
wiþ ihesus loued was better none.
he was cosin to ihesu crist
& siþen he was þe euangelist.
þis ilk was Iohn þe godspeller.
on ihesu brest lay atte soper.
of wesdome drank he þer þe welle.
þat he wiþ speche coude siþen spelle

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þai fild a cope sone in hast,
And gaf sir architricline to tast;
He drank, and felg gode sauur,
Ne drank he neuer sli licur,
And cald to him þe boteler,
And said him þus, þat all might here,
" Quarfor," he said, " þus did þu
Has halden þe god wine to nu?
þe gode drink suld þu first dispend,
And siþen drink þe wers at end,
At ende quen men es drunken made.
And ȝe þe best has done in bade
Ai hiþerto, forþi me think,
þe mare es wastid of vr drink."
þair fest þai held wid gret gladschip,
For suete it was, þair felauschipp,
þar himself was vr drightine,
And made þaim of þaire water wine.
þis was þe formast singne he did,
þat was till his disciplis kidd,
Quarfor þai gun trastli trou,
Fra þat dai in vr lauerd iesu.
þan left þe bridgome þe bride,
And folud iesu fra þat tide,
Ne lai he neuer bi hir side,
Bot left hir and all worldes prid,
Of wijf he forsoke þe handband,
And turned him to þe better hand.
Men sais þis was saint iohne,
wid *iesus* loued was better none,
He was cosin to *iesus* crist,
And siþen he was ewangelist.
þis ilk was iohn þe godspeller,
þat lai on iesu brest at super,
Of witt he drank þar-of þe well,
þat he wid speche gan siþen spell.

GÖTTINGEN

þei filde a cuppe soone in haast
And ȝaf archi*tri*cline to taast
He dronke & felt good sauour
Dranke he neu*er* eer suche licour
He calde to him þe botillere
And seide to him þat alle miȝt here
Whi he seide þus didestow
To holde þe good wyn til now
þe good drynke shulde furst spende
And þe weiker at þe ende
Whenne men beþ dronken in þat tide
And ȝe þe best haue made to abide
Ay hidurto as me þinke
þe more is wasted of oure drink
Her feest þei helde wiþ melodie
Swete hit was þat companye
þat he þere was þat suffred pyne
And made hem of her watir wyne
þis was þe formast signe he did
þat was bifore his disciplis kid
þerfore trowed þei þo new
Fro þat day in god ihesu
þenne lafte þat bridgome þe bride
And folewed ihesu fro þat tide
lay he neuer bi hir syde
But lafte hir in alle worldes pride
Of wif forsoke he hondbonde
And toke him to þe better honde
Men seyn þis was seint Ion
Wiþ ihesu bettur loued was noon
He was cosyn to ihesu crist
And siþen he was euaungelist
þis was Ion þe gospeller
And lay to ihesu brest at þe soper
Of witt he dronke þere of þe welle
þat he wiþ speche gon siþen spelle

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Sli signe did crist at þis bridall,
þat ilk Iohn telles in his talle,
O þat iesu walkand in erthe,
O gosspellere he was þe ferth.
Marc, luca, Matheu, his felaus,
Bot iohn was sothlist in saus.
For-þi to þe arn lickest es he,
þat es na foxl sua ferr mai se,
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
And es na foxl sa gleg of ei,
Ne nan þat mai flei sua hei;
Bot for propheci i dar noght sai
Quere þis was þat ilk or nai.
¶ Ihesus, he sais, a passage made
Vte ouer a see o tibariade,
Grett was þat folk him foluand yode,
To here his preching thoght þam god,
þair hele to get þai þan war seke,
Fra ful ferr can þai till him seke.
þis folk was mikel, all for to tell;
Iesus clamb vp vn-til a fell,
His a-postels wit him he ledd,
Bi-held þat folk a-bute þam spredd
þat folud him til mikel thrang,
Him reud þat þai fasted lang.[1] [1 MS. land]
þe dales was wit folk ouer-laid; 13464
Philip he cald til him and said,
"Philip, þis folk ar wonder fele,
Hu redes þou we wit þam dele?
þai haf gret mister nu o mete,
Quar sal we nu þair fode gete?"
þis he said, þe gospel telles,
To fand him and nathing elles,
For he þat wroght bath sun and mone
Wist well wat he had to don.

COTTON

suche signe dide criste at þis bridale
þat ilk Iohn tellis in his tale.
of þat ihesu walcande in erþ.
of gospellers he was þe firþ
marke luke matheu his felawes
bot Iohn was soþlist in his sawes.
þat was neuer fowel sagles[2] of eye
ne nane þat may flye sa hey
mare sotel in his werkis [2 *read* sa gleg]
& squa sais alle haly clerkis.
¶ alle þat he segh he dide hit write.
of goddes werkis þat was parfite
marke matheu & luke also
alle accordet Iohn vn-to.
Ihesus he saide a passage made [leaf 62, back]
out ouer þe see of tiberiade.
grete was þat folk him folowand3 3ode
to here his preyching þu3t ham gode
þaire hele to gete atte þen was seke
þai folowed him þat was sa meke.
¶ þis folk was mykil for to telle.
ihesus clambe vp vn-to a felle
his apostoles wiþ him he led.
be-helde þat folk a-boute him spred
þat folowed him in mykil þrange.
him rewed þai had fasted lange.
¶ þe dalis wiþ folk was ouer-laide.
Phelip he calde til him & saide.
philip per folk ar wonder fele.
how redis þou wiþ ham atte we dele
þai haue grete myster now of mete.
quare salle we þaire fode gete.
þis he saide þe gosspel tellis
he dide to fande him & naþing ellis
for he þat wro3t baþ sunne & mone.
wiste wele quat he had to done.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Sli signe did crist at his bridale,
þat ilk iohn tellis in his tale,
Of þat *ie*su walkand in erth,
Of godspellers he was þe ferth.
Marc, luca, mathe, his felaus,
Bot iohn was sotilest in saus.
Forþi to þe arn likest es he,
þat es na foul sua fair mai fle,
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
And es na foul sua gleg of ei,
Ne nane þat mai fli sua hei.
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
*Ie*sus, he said, a passage made
vte-ou*er* þe se of tibereade,
Gret was þe folk him foluand ȝode,
To here his pr*e*ching þoght þa*im* gode,
þair hele to gete þat was seke,
Fra fer till him gan þai sek.
þis folk was mekil, all for to tell;
I*esus* clamb vp intill a fell,
His ap*ost*lis wid him he ledd,
Biheld þat folk abute þa*im* spredd
þat folud him in mekil thrang,
Him reud þai had fastid lang.
þe dalis war wid folk ou*er*laid;
Philip he cald til him, and said,
"Philip, þis folk es wond*er* fele, [col. 2]
Hu redis þu we wid h*a*im dele?
Nu haue þai gret mist*er* of mete,
Quar sal we þair fode nu gete?"
þis he said, þe godspel tellis,
To faand him, and for na þing ellis,
For he þat made bath sunne & mone
wist well quat he had to done.

GÖTTINGEN

þis signe dud c*r*ist at his bridale
þ*a*t same Ion telleþ in tale
Of þo þat ih*e*su had in erþe
Of gospelleres he was þe ferþe
Marke. lucas. & matheu his felawes
But Ion was þe sotilest *in* his sawes
þ*er*fore to þe ern likened is he
þat is no foule so heȝe may fle
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Is noon so siȝty foule of eȝe
Ny so fer to fle may dreȝe
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ Ihesus a passage made he
Ouer þe see of tiberiade
Greet was þe folke hi*m* folwynge ȝede
To here his sarmou*n* he*m* þouȝte gode
Her hele to gete þ*a*t were seke
For fer þei souȝte hi*m* ful meke
þis folk was muche & of greet wille
Ih*e*sus clomb vp into an hille
His disciplis wiþ hi*m* he ledde
Bihelde þe folke aboute hem spredde
þ*a*t folewed him in muchel þrong
Hi*m* rewed þ*a*t þei had fasted long
þe dales were wiþ folk ou*er* leide
Philip he calde to him & seide
Philip þis folk is wondir fele
How redestou we wiþ hem dele
Now haue þei greet nede of mete
where shul we her fode gete
þus he seide þe gospel telles
Hi*m* to assaye & no þing elles
For he þ*a*t made sonne & mone [leaf 84]
Wist wel what he had done

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þai folud him fastand dais thre, 13474
þar-of had *iesus* gret pite,
"And if þai," he said, "turm ha*m* þair
Bi þe wai soñ faile sal þai. [wai,
Quen þai sal find nathing to bij,
Ded bi þe stret þan mon þai lij." 13479
Philipp said þan, "lau*erd*, q*uat* consail
Mai i youu giue þ*am* mai auail?
[1]Me-thinc to do *þat* war noght eth,
Qua had o penis thre hundreth [1 leaf 74, bk, col. 1]
Bred for to bi, þai ar sua fele,
War til ilkan bot a morsel." 13485
þan spac andreu, was na sa mild,
"We haf wit vs," he said, "a child
þat has fiue laues and fisches tua,
But quat don þai wit-vten maa?"
þan said vr lau*erd*, "i-nogh es þat,
Dun i wald þe folk all saitt. 13491
We sal," he said, "do nu ful wele;"
For hai þar was a mikel dele.
Quat sal i sai yow lang sermun?
All right þar war þai sett dun, 13495
Iesus blissed þis bred for-melt,
And siþen badd it suld be delt.
He blisced als þe fisches tuin,
And sett his fusun þam wit-in, 13499
þat q*uen* all forwit þam was sett,
All þai had i-nogh at ette.
þis bred and fische was delt a-bute,
Had nan defaut in al þat rute.
Godmen it was a gret gadring, 13504
Iesus fedd wit sua litel a thing,
Tua fisches and fiue laues o bere,
þat iesus wit fedd suilk a here;
Abute fiue thusand als it es redd,
Was þat folk *þat* he þar fedd. 13509

COTTON

þai fowloed him fastande daies þre.
þar-of had ih*esus* grete pite.
& if þai he saide turne ham þaire way
bi þe way sone falle wille þai.
quen þai sal finde na-þing' to by.
for defaute dede mone þai ly.
¶ Phelip saide lorde quat consail
may I. 3ou geue þat may a-vaile.
me þink to do þat ware no3t eþ
if I. had of penis an hundreþ.
to bye brede þai ar sa fele.
hit ware til ilkane bot a morsel.
¶ þen spac andrew was nane sa milde
we haue wiþ vs he saide a childe.
þat has v. lauis & fisshis twa.
þai wil no3t serue wiþ-outen ma.
¶ þen saide our lorde I.-nogh̄ is þat.
dou*n* I. walde þe folk ware satte.
he co*m*aunded to sette ham wele.
of hay *þer* was a mikil dele.
quat sulde I. make 3ou lange sarmou*n*
alle ri3t þare ware sette dou*n*.
Ih*esus* blessed þis brede standande
& siþen delt hit wiþ his hande.
& þen he blessed þe fisshis twin.
& sette his foisou*n* ham wiþ-in.
quen hit be-for ham was sete.
alle þai had I.-nogh̄ atte ete.
¶ þis brede & fisshe was delt a-boute
had nane defaute in al þat route.
c*er*tis hit was a grete geddering'
Ih*esus* fed wiþ sa litel þing'
ij. fisshis & v. barly lauis
alle was fed godemen & knauis.
a-ƀoute v. þousande as hit is red.
was þe folk atte *þer* was fed.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þai folud him fastand dais thre,
Of þaim had *iesus* gret pete,
And said, "if þai turn ham þair wai,
For þe faint sone faile sal þai.
Quen þai mai find na þing to bij,
Dede bi strete þan mon þai lij."
Philip said, "lauerd, quat cunsaile
Mai i giue þat mai þaim waile?
Me thinck to do war noght eth,
Qua had penis thre hundreth
Brede wid to bi, þai er sua fele,
It war to ilkan bot a morsele."
þan spak andreu, was nan so mild,
He said, "we haue wid vs a chi[l]d
þat has fiue lauis and fisses tua,
Bot quat es þat widvten ma?"
þan said vr lauerd, "enoght es þat,
I wald þe folk dune all satt."
He said, "we sal nu do ful wele;"
Of hay þan was þar mekil dele.
Quat sal i sai 3u lange sarmune?
Alle right þar þai sett þaim dune.
Iesus bliscid þis bred for-melt,
And siþen bad it suld be delt;
He bliscid siþen þe fisses tuine,
And sett his fuisum þaim widine.
þat quen it forwid þaim was sett,
All þai had enoght at ett.
þis bred and fisse was delt abute,
Had nan defaut in þat route.
Gode men, it was a gret gedring
Iesus fedd wid sua litil þing!
Fisses tua and fiue laues of bred,
þat iesus wid fedd suilk a here.
Abute fiue thousand, als it es red,
was þe folk þat he þar fed.

GÖTTINGEN

13474 13479 13483 13488 13493 13497 13501 13505 13509

[leaf 91, bk, col. 2]

þei folwed him fasting dayes þre
Of hem had ihesus greet pite
He seide if þei turne hoom her wey
For defaute faile wol þai
whenne þei may fynde no þing to by
Dede bi strete mot þei ly
Philipp seide lord what counsaile
May I 3yue hem to availe
Me þinke to do hit were not eþe
who so had penies þre hundreþe
To bie wiþ breed þei are so fele
Hit were to vchone but a mossele
þo spak andreu was noon so milde
He seide we haue wiþ vs a childe
þat haþ fyue loofes & fisshes two
But what is þat wiþouten mo
Oure lord seide Inow3e is þat
I wolde þe folke alle doun sat
He seide we shal do ful wele
Of hey þere was muchel dele
What shulde we seie of þis sermoun
Alle anoon seten hem doun
Ihesus blessed þis breed wiþ grace
And dud hit to be dalt in place
He blessed als þo fisshes two
And made his foisoun þerynne to go
Whenne hit biforn hem was leide
Alle had Inow3e þei seide
þis breed & fisshe was dalt aboute
Had noon defaute in þat route
Wite we hit was a greet gederinge
þat ihesus fed wiþ so litil þinge
with fisshes two & fyue loues of breed
Fyue þousande fed he wiþ his reed
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

COTTON

Quen þai had eten, þat drightin
Bad þam late na crummes tin,
þe releif gadir þai in hepes,
And fild þar-wit tuelue mikel lepes.
þus can he sett all his fusun
Quar he will giue his benisun,
þe folk all þat he gaf his fode,
þai thancked godd of all gode,
And said for soth, "þis ilk es he,
þat sal his folk do saued be."
¶ Efter þat þis signe was don,
Noght lang bi-tuix bot alson,
A-noþer he did þat yee sall here,
Als telles vs þis ilk gospellere,
Of a man þat born was blind,
And soght at iesu grace to find.
Iesus was þar he welk þe stret,
Wit þis blind þar can he mete;
Him asked his disciplis þan, [col. 2]
"Lauerd," þai said, "wat es þi nam,
Or his eldres don bi-forn
þat he þus-gat suld blind be born?"
þan said iesus, "has noþer he þis,
Ne als his oxspr[i]ng don þe mis,
Bot for þat godds werckes mai
In him be sceued fra þis dai.
Mi fader werkes most i do
To-quils þat i haf dai þar-to,
Fra now behoues þe sun him spede
For to do his fader dede.
Wirk i most al for-wit night,
Ai quils þe dai it lestes light,
To-quils i in þis werld be,
It has na lightnes bot o me."
Wit þis vn-to þe erth he spitt,
And wit þat erth he menged it,

FAIRFAX

quen þai had eten I.-nogħ at wille.
ihesus ham bad na relefe spille.
þai geddered hit faire on hepis.
& filled þer-wiþ xij. grete lepis.
þus con he sette his foisoun
þer he wille gif his benisoun
þe folk alle he gaf þe fode.
þai þonked god of al þat gode.
& saide for-soþ þis ilk is he.
þorou quam þe folk sal saued be
Efter atte þis þing was done.
noȝt lange be-twene bot als sone
a-noþer he dide at ȝe salle here.
squa sais saint Ioħn þe gospelere.
of a man þat borne was blinde.
and soȝt atte Ihesu grace to finde.
¶ Ihesus come walcande in þe strete
wiþ þis blinde man þer con he mete
his disciplis askid him þan.
lorde þai saide quat is þis man.
or quat did his eldres be-forne.
þat he þus-gate blinde is borne.
¶ þen saide ihesus nauþer he þis.
ne his ospring has done amys.
bot for atte goddis werkis may.
in him be shewed fra þis day.
my fader werkis he saide I. do.
to-quilest þat I. haue day þer-to.
fra now be-houis þe sone him sprede
for to fulfille þe fader dede.
wirk he moste be-for þe niȝt
ay quen þe day lastis brit.
þe quilest I. in þis wer[l]de be.
hit has na lethenes bot of me.
wiþ þis vn-to þe erþ he spitte
& wiþ þat erþ he menged hit.

Digitized by Google

Quen þai had etin, badd drightin
þat þai suld na cru*m*mes tine,
þe relef gedrid þai in hepis,
And fild þar-wid tuelue gret lepes.
þus can he sett ai his fusun
Quar he will giue his benisun.
þe folk all þat he gaf fode,
þai thankid god of all his gode,
And said, "forsoth þis ilk es he
þat sal his folk do sauued be."

Efter *þat* þis signe was done,
Noght lang bituix bot alsone,
Anoþer he did þat ȝe sal here,
Als tellis þis ilk godspellere,
Of a man þat born was blind,
And soght at i*esus* grace to find.
I*esus* was þar, he welk þe strete,
wid þis blind þar gan he mete,
His disciplis him askid þan,
"Lauerd," þai said, "quat has þis man
Or his eldris done biforn
þat he þugat suld blind be born?"
þan said i*esus*, "has nouþer he þis,
Ne ȝeit his ospring done þe mis.
Bot for *þat* goddis werkis mai
In him be scheud, fra þis dai,
Mi fadir werkis most i do
þo-quilis q*uat* i haue dai þar-to.
Fra nu bihouis þe su*n*ne hi*m* spede
Forto do his fadir dede,
wirke he most fast forwid night,
Ai quilis þe dai it lastes light.
To-quiles I in þis worlde be,
It has na lightnes bot of me."
wid þis vnto þe erd he spitt,
And wid þe erd he menged itt,

GÖTTINGEN

þe lorde of blisse & of pyne
wolde þei shulde no crom*m*es tyne
He bad geder þe relef of hepes
*þer*wiþ þe fulde twelue lepes
þus con he set his foisoun
where he wol ȝyue his benesou*n*
Alle þe folke *þat þere* ȝode
þonked god of her fode
And seiden soþeli þis is he
þat shal his folke do saued be
¶ Aftir þat þis signe was done
Not longe bitwene but soone
Anoþ*er* he dud ȝe shul here
As telleþ vs þe gospellere
Of a mon born was blynde
And souȝte at ih*esus* grace to fynde
Ih*esus* was þ*er*e he welke þe strete
And wiþ þis blynde gon he mete
His disciples asked þan
Lord þei seide what haþ þis man
Of his eldres don biforn
þat he shulde blynde be born
Ih*esus* seide haþ not he þis
Ny ȝitt his kyn don *þat* mys
But for goddes werkes may
In him be shewed fro þis day
Mi fadir werkes mot I do
Whil *þat* I haue day þerto
For now hihoueþ þe son to spede
For to do his fadir dede
Worche he most bifore þe niȝt
Whiles þe day lesteþ liȝt
whil I in þis world shal be
Hit haþ no liȝt but vpon me
Anoon to þe erþe he spit
And wiþ erþe he menged hit

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

And tok he o þat smerl a-wai,
And smerd þar-wit his oþer ei.
And siþen he said til him, "leif freind,
To natatorie nu sal þou wende,
At natatori sylee
þar sal þin eien wassed be."
He went and wess his eien þare,
And tok his sight in þat siquare;
Fra nu thar him namar be ledd,
He com again[1] þan to þat stedd.
Quen men him sagh þat kneu him are,
Fast þai can on him to stare,
Sum þan said, "es þou noght he
þis endir day þat moght noght se?"
Sum said, "he? nai," sum said, "þis ilk,"
And sum, "bot an þat semes suilk,"
þe soth tuix þam cuth þai noght find;
þan ansuard he þam þat was blind,
"þat ilk es i, for-soth i sai."
"Hu gat þou þan þi sight?" cuth þai.
"Mi sight," he said, "þan gatt i þus,
þat es a man þat hatt iesus,
He smerd wit lam min eien tua,
And bad me siþen for to ga
To natatorie siloe,
'Ga wasse þin eien þar,' coth he.
Quen i had don þat he badd me,
Als suith þan moght þai wele se."
[2]"Quar es," coth þai, "he, þat iesu?"
"I ne wat," coth he, "quar es he nu."
þai hint him þan, þir felun Iues,
And ledd him to þe phariseus,
þat maisters o þat lau war þan,
þai fraind at þis seli man
To tell þam hugat he gatt his sight,
And he said, "þus þat man has me dight."

[1] MS. *repeats* again]

[2] leaf 75, col. 1]

COTTON

he toke þat *grauel* & þe sande
on his eye he laide hit *with* his hand
[3]& siþen he saide til him leue frende
to nathatori salle þou now wende
vn-til nathatori saloe.
þar þi eyen wasshin be.
he went & wasshe his eyen þare
& toke his siȝt for euermare.
him nedis namare now be led
he come agayne vn-to þe sted.
¶ quen men sagh̄ him atte knew him are
fast þai con on him stare.
sum þai saide þou nart noȝt he.
þis ender-day atte muȝt noȝt se
sum saide nay & sum þis ilk'.
& sum bot an atte semed squilk'.
þe soþ to say coude þai noȝt finde
þen ansquared he sum time blinde
I am he for-soþ to say.
how gat þou þi siȝt *quod* þai.
¶ Mi sight he saide þen gatte I. þus
per is a man atte hatte ihesus.
he a-noynt wiþ clay myne eyen ij
& bad me siþen for to ga.
to nathatorie syloe.
ga wisshe þine eyen *per* quoþ he.
quen I. had done atte he bad me.
al sone efter miȝt I. se.
¶ quare is quod þai þat ihesu.
I. note *quod* he quare he is now.
þai hent him *per* felou*n* Iewus.
& led him þen to phariseus.
atte maistres of þe lagh̄ was þan.
þai frayned atte þis sely man.
to telle ham how he gatte his siȝt
& saide þus þat man me diȝt.

[3] leaf 63]

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

And tok he of þat smerl a-wei,
And smerled þar-wid his aeiþer ei.
And said till him, "mi leue freind,
To natatori sal þu nu wend,
At natatori silole,
þar sal þin eien wassen be."
He went and weisse his eien þare,
And gat his sight in þat siquare.
Fra nu thar him namare be ledd,
He come again þan to þat stedd.
Quen men him sau, þat kneu him are,
Fast þai gan on him stare,
Sum þai said, "es þu noght he,
þis ender dai might noght se?"
Sum said nai, and sum said þat ilk,
And sum said anoþer þat semes suilk.
þe sotht tuix þaim cuth þai noght find,
þan ansuerd þaim, he þat was blind,
"þis ilk am i, forsoth i sai."
"Hu gat þu þan þi sight?" said þai,
"Mi sight," he said, "þan gat i þus,
þar es a man þat hatt iesus,
wid lame he smerd mi eien tua,
And badd me siþen forth to ga
To natatori sylole,
'Ga wasse þin eien þar,' said he.
Quen i had done als he bad me,
Als sone eftir might i se."
Said þai, "quar es he, þat iesu?"
"I ne wat quar he es nu."
þai hint him þan, þir felun juus,
And led him þan to þe phariseus,
þat maistris of þe lau war þan,
And frained at þis helid man, [lf 92, col. 1]
To telle þaim hu he gatt his sight,
And he said, "þus þat man me dight."

GÖTTINGEN

13546 13551 13557 13564 13569 13573 13578

He toke þe wafte of hem away also
And smered boþe his eȝen two
He seide to him my leue frende
To natatori þou shalt wende
At natatòri siloe
þere shul þine eȝen wasshen be
He wesshe his eȝen þere ful riȝt
And anoon he had his siȝt
For þenne was he no more led [lf 84, bk]
He coom aȝein in to þat sted
whenne þei him say þat knew him are
Fast gon þei on him stare
Sone þei seide art þou not he
þat ȝondir day miȝtes not se
Somme seide nay & somme so
Somme seide anoþer in his stud is go
þe soþe hem self coude not fynde
He vnswered þat had ben blynde
I am he forsoþe to say
How gat þou þi siȝt seide þai
My siȝt he seide gat I þus
þer is a mon þat het Ihesus
with lame he anoynt myne eyen two
And bad me siþen forþ to go
To natatori siloe
And wasshe þine eyen þere seide he
whenne I hadde his biddyng done
Anoon I say also soone
Where is he þei seide þon
I noot he seide where he is goon
þei him toke þese false iewes
And lad him to þe pharisewes
þat maistris of lawe were þon
And asked at þis heled mon
How þat he had geten his siȝt
He seide þus ihesus me diȝt

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Sum Iuus said þat stode þam bi,
" O godd him semes ha na perti
þat haldes of hali-dai na stat,"—
For þis was don on þair sabbat.
And oþer said, " bot hugat moght
Sli werck o sinful man be wroght?"
þaa phariseus þat war ful fell,
Quen þai had striued þam emel
And groigned, cuth na resun find,
þai did þan bring again þat blind;
" Quat haldes þou þat man?" said þai.
" A prophet," said he, " be mi lai."
þe maisters Iuus þan bigan
To mistru o þis sinful seli man,
Quere-for wit blind he had ai bine,
þai said þat he had alwai sene.
þe neist men of his oxspring
Did þai þan be-for þam bring,
" þis es yur sun," þai said, " and yee
Sai þat blind man born was he;
Sais hus nu, be yur leute,
Hu es it sua þat he mai se?"
His freindes said, " our sun he es,
And blind was born, wit-vten les."
" Hu es it sua þat he seis nu?"
" We ne wat, bot ask him-seluen hu.
Yee ask him-seluen, for best he wat
Giue ansuar of his aun stat."
þus gaf þaa seli men answar
For-qui þai dred þe Iuus sar,
For þai had made, þat wel men wist,
A statut agains Iesum crist,
If ani wald him leue or lute
þair synagoges suld be put vte;
For-þi þai badd þam him-self frain,
þai wald ha ben awai ful fain,

COTTON

¶ Sum Iewes saide þat stode þer-by.
of god him semis haue na party.
þat haldes hali of na state.
for þis was done on our sabate
& oþer saide how-gate moȝt
suche werk of sinful man be wroȝt.
¶ þer phareseus þat ware sa felle.
quen þai ware angred for-soþ to tel.
& gronid & cowde na resoun finde
þen did þai bring agayne þe blinde
quat haldes þou þat man quod þai.
a prophete saide he be my lay.
¶ þe maistre Iewes þen be-gan.
to mistrowne queþer þis sely man.
queþer be-fore blinde had he bene
þai saide atte he had al-wayes sene
ne neyste men of his ospring
dide þai be-for ham to bring
þis is ȝoure sone & quat say ȝe.
he sais borne blinde was he.
says vs now be ȝour lewte
how hit is squa þat he may se.
¶ his frendes saide our sone he is.
& blinde was borne wiþ-outen les.
how is hit squa þat he sese now.
we ne wate quod þai bot aske him how.
aske him-self for best he wate.
gif ansquare of his awen state.
þus gaue þa cely men onsquare
for þai dred þe iewes sare.
for þai ware made wele men wiste.
wiþ statute agayne Ihesu criste.
if any walde him loue & loute.
out of þe synagoge sulde þai oute.
for-þi him-self þat bad him fraine.
þai walde haue bene a-way ful fayne

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Sum Iuus said, þat stod him bi,
"Of gode him semes haue na parti
þat haldis of halidai na state,"—
For þis was done on þar sabate.
And oþer said, "bot hugat moght
Sli werk of sinful man be wroght?"
þa pharaseus þat ai war felle,
Quen þai had striued þaim emell,
þai groined and cuth no resun find,
þan did þai bring again þat blind.
"Quat haldes þu þat man?" said þai.
"A prophete," said he, "bi mi fay."
Þe maistre Iuus þan bigan
To mistrouu of þis seli man,
Quaþer forwid blind al had he bene,
þai said þat he had alwais sene.
þe neist men of his ospring
Did þai forwid þaim to bring,
"þis es ȝur sun," þai said, "and ȝe
Sai þat blind-born man was he;
Sais vs nu, bi ȝur laute,
Hu es it sua þat he mai se?"
His freindes said, "vr sune he es,
And blind was born, widvten les."
"Hu þat it es sua þat he seis nu?"
"we ne wate, bot aske himself hu.
Aske him-self, for best he wat
Gif ansuer of his auen state."
þus gaue þaa seli men ansuer,
For-þi þai dred þe Iuus sare,
þai had mad, þat men wele wist,
A statute again iesus crist,
If ani wold him leue or loute,
þair synagoge suld be put vte;
For-þi him-self badd þai farine.
[. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

GÖTTINGEN

Somme iewes seide þat stode him by
Of god him semeþ haue no party
þat holdeþ of haliday no state
For þis was done on oure sabate
Anoþer seide how euer mouȝt
Suche werke of synful mon be wrouȝt
þese phariseus þat euer were felle
Whenne þei had stryuen as I telle
þei groped & coude no cause fynde
þenne dude þei to bringe aȝeyn þe blynde
what haldestou þat mon seide þei
A prophete seide he bi my fei
þe maistir of iewes bigon þan
To mistrowe of þat sely man
wheþer he biforn blynde had bene
þei seide alwey he had sene
þe nexte men of his ospringe
þei dud anoon bifore hem bringe
Saye ȝe þe blinde born mon was he
Say vs now bi ȝoure lewte
How hit is þat se he may
He is oure son þei seide in fay
Wiþouten doute oure son he es
And was blynde born wiþouten les
How þat he siȝte haþ now
we ne woot aske him how
Aske him for best he wate
ȝyue vnswere of his owne astate
þus ȝaf þese men vnswere þore
þat dred þo iewes wondir sore
þei had made þat men wel wist
A statute aȝein ihesu crist
If any wolde him leue or loute
Of her synagoge shulde be put oute
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Yeit þai cald þe thrid time [1 col. 2]
þis blind and badd him luue drightin.
[1] "Blisce him," þai said, "þat wons on
For þis man es a sinful wight." [hight,
He said, "i wat noght of his plight,
Bot to me, blind, he gaf þe sight."
"Hu," coth þai, "gert he þe se, 13624
Tell vs hu he did wit þe?"
"Wi, quar-to suld i tell yow mare?
Ne haf i noght tell yow ar.
Quar-for spir yee o þat gom? 13628
Wil yee disciþls his bicum?"
"We," coth þai, and þai began
Ful felunli þis man to ban. 13631
"Hald þe til him," coth þai, "caitif,
Sal we be neuer his vr lijf,
þou mot his disciple be,
Disciple moyses ar we,
þar was a man wit-vten sak, 13636
We wat godd self wit him spak;
O þis man knaulage nan ha we."
To þaa Iues þan ansuard he,
"Her-of thinc me al selcuth, 13640
Qui yee hald him sua vncuth,
And sais yee wat noght quepen he be
þat þus has giuen mi sight to me.
I wat, and it o soth be soght, 13644
þat sinful man godd heres noght,
Bot he allan þat dos his will,
And halds him fra dedis ill.
þis es aman þat drightin heres, 13648
And helpes oþer for his praieres;
Ne it i-wiss was neuer herd
Sin þe biginning o þe werld, [2 MS. gett]
Blind born man to get his sight[2]
Wit-vten grace o godds might." 13653

COTTON

¶ þe þrid time 3et þai calde.
þis blindeman to be-halde. [hight
[3]Blesse hym they seid that wonnyþ on
ffor this man is a synfull wyght
Of his synne seid he wote I nogt
But to me blynd. sight he brogt]
how quoþ þai gert he þe se [3 from Land MS. 416]
telle vs how he dide wiþ þe.
quy quarto sulde I. tel 3ou mare.
twy or thry I. talde 3ou are.
quar-fore spire 3e of þat gome
wil 3e his disciplis be-come.
¶ 3e. 3e quoþ þai & þus be-gan.
to mys-say þis cely man.
halde þe til him quoþ þai caytiue
for þink we neuer on him to liue.
þou may his disciple be.
disciples moises for-soþ ar we
we wate god wiþ him spak
he was a man wiþ-outen lak.
of þis man knawing nane haue we.
to þa iewes þen ansquared he.
here-of þink me al selcouþ.
quy 3e halde him squa vncouþ.
& sais 3e wate no3t queyþen he be
atte þus has giuen si3t to me.
3e wate al & þe soþ be so3t
þat sinful man god heris no3t.
bot he allane dos his wille
& haldis him fra didis ille.
þis is þe man atte god heris. [leaf 68, back]
& helpis oþer for his prayeris.
ne hit was neuer 3et herde
syn þe be-gynnyng of þis werde.
blinde-borne man to gete his si3t.
wiþ-outen grace of goddis mi3t

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

3eit þai cald þe thrid time [col. 2] 13618
þis blind and bad *him* loue drightin.
þai said, "blisce him *þat* wones on hight,
For þis man es a sinful wight." 13621
He said, "i wate noght of his plight,
Bot to me, blind, gaf he þe sight."
"Hu," said þai, "gart he þe se?
Tell vs hu he did wit þe." 13625
"Qui quar-to suld i tell 3u mare,
Ne haue i noght all tald 3u are?
Quarfor spir 3e sua of þat gome?
wil 3e his disciplis bicum?"
"we!" said þai, and þai bigan 13630
Ful felunli þis man to ban.
"Hald 3e to him," said þai, "þu caitiue,
His sal we be neu*er* our liue,
þu mot his disciple be,
For disciplis moyses er we, 13635
þat was a man widvten sake,
we wat *þat* godd self wid *him* spake,
Of þis man knauyng nan haue we."
To þaa Iuus þan ansuerd he,
"Of 3u think me selcuth, 13640
Qui 3e hald him sua uncuth?
And sais 3e wat noght queþen he be
þat þus has giuen mi sight to me.
I wate, and it of soth es soght, 13644
þat sinful man god heris noght,
Bot he allane *þat* dos his will,
And haldes him fra dedis ille.
þis es þe man *þat* drightin heris,
And helpis oþir for his praieris. 13649
Ne it, i-wis, was neu*er* herd
Siþen þe bigining of þis werld,
Blind-born man to gett his sight
widvten gras of godes might." 13653

GÖTTINGEN

3itt þei called þe þridde tyme
þis blynde & bad *him* þonke appoline
Blesse *him* þei seide *þat* woneþ on hi3t
For þis mon is a synful wi3t
Of his synne seide he woot I nou3t
But to me blynde si3t he brou3t
How made he þe. þei seide to se
Telle vs how he dud wiþ þe
Wherto shulde I telle more
I haue al tolde 3ou ore
Wherfore aske 3e of him bi-dene
wol 3e his disciples bene
we þe[i] seide & þo bigan
Felou*n*ly þis mon to ban
Holde þe to *him* þei seide caityue
His wol we be neu*er* oure lyue
þou mot his disciple be
For moises disciples are we
þat was a mon wiþouten sake [leaf 85]
We woot *þat* god *with* him spake
Of þis mon no knowyng haue we
To þo iewes þen*n*e vnswered he
wondir me þinke of 3oure mouþ
whi he holde him so vncouþ
And seyn 3e woot not wheþen is he
þat haþ 3yuen my si3t to me
I woot & hit of soþ be sou3t
A synful mon god hereþ nou3t
But he allone *þat* doþ his wille
he holdeþ *him* fro dedes ille
þis is þe mon *þat* god heres
And clepeþ o*þer*e bi his pr*a*yeres
Ne hit I-wis was neu*er* herd
Siþ þe bigynnyng of þe werd
Blynde born mon gete si3t
Wiþouten greet grace of goddes mi3t

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þan said þai, "þou caitif for-lorn
In sin was all to-gedir born,
Queþer þou wenis vs nu here
O þine vn-wittes for to lere."
Wit þis þai scott him als a dog
Right vte o þair synagog,
"Herd yee þis lurdan," coth þai,
"Hu he wald lere vs nu vr lai,
þat beggar *þat* in sin was goten!"
Quen iesus wist him þus for-scotten,
þair strijf he wist bath less and mare,
And þat þai had him wrethed sare.
For-þi he thoght him do solace,
And mare to sceu him of his *grace*.
Quen þat iesus and he war mette
Ful derworthli his lau*erd* he grett,
Til him spak *iesus*, "sai me nu, sai,
Traus þou in godd sun or nai?"
"Quar es he," said he, "wist i q*uar*,
To trou in him ful leif me war."
Ihesus said þan, "þou has him sene,
And spoken wit þe wit-vten wene."
þan said *iesus*, "mi to-cumming
In erth es jugement to bring,
þat þai *þat* noght seis suld se,
And þat þe seant blind suld be."
þan said sum o þat semble,
"Sais þou vs þan *þat* blind er we?"
"War yee," he said, "wit-vten sight,
þan war yee soth wit-vten plight,
Bot nu yee sai *þat* yee mai se,
In sin þar-for be-left er yee."
¶ Yeit forþermar sal i tel yow
Sum gestes[1] o þat suet *iesu*,
Als telles þis ilk ewangelist
þat he sagh foluand *iesu* crist.

[leaf 75, bk, col. 1]

[1 MS. geftes]

COTTON

þen saide þai þou caytiue lorne
in syn was al to-geder borne.
que*þer* þou wenis þus now here.
of þine vn-wittes vs to lere.
wiþ þis þai shotte him as a dogge
ri3t out of þaire synagog'.
¶ herde 3e þis lurdan quoþ þai.
how he walde lere vs a new lay.
þat begg*er* þat in syn was gotyn.
ihesus wiste how he was shotin.
þaire strife he wiste lesse & mare.
& how þai him had wraþþed sare.
for-þi he þo3t him to solace.
& mare to shew him of his grace.
¶ for-þi to ihesus þe way he sette.
ful derþ-worþli his lorde he grette.
Til him spac ihesus say me now say.
trawes þou in goddissone or nay.
quare is he saide he wiste I. quare
to traw in him ful lefe me ware
ihesus saide þen þou has him sene.
& spokin wiþ him wiþ-outen wene.
þen saide ihesus my to-commyng'
in erþ is iuggement to bring'.
þat þai þat no3t sese sulde se.
& atte þe seande blinde sulde be.
þen saide sum of þat semble.
says þou vs atte blinde ar we.
ware 3e he saide wiþ-outen si3t
þen ware 3e soþ wiþ-outen pli3t.
for 3e con loke 3e wene 3e se
In syn þar-fore be-left ar 3e
Now forþermare I. wille tel 3ou.
sum gestis of þat squete ihesu.
als tellis þis ilk euangelist.
þat he sagh folowande ihesu criste.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þan said þai, "þu caitif lorn
In sine was alle to-gedir lorn,
Queþer þu wenis vs nu here [leaf 92, bk, col. 1]
Of þine vnwittes for to lere."
wid þis þai scott him als a dog
Right vte of þair synagog,
"Herd ȝe nu þis lurdane," said þai,
"Hu he wald lere vs her vr lai,
þat ebber þat in sine was gotin!"
Quen iesus wist him þus forschotin,
þair strīf he wist, bath les and mare,
And þat þai had him wrethed sare.
Forþi he thoght him do solace,
And mor to scheu him of his grace.
Quen þat iesus and he was mett,
Ful derworthili his lauerd he gret,
Till him spac iesus, "sai me nu sai,
Trous þu in goddes sun or nai?"
"Quar es he?" he said, "wist i quare,
To trou in him ful lef me ware."
Iesus said þan, "þu has him sene,
And spokin wid, widuten wene,"
þen said iesus, "mi to-coming[1]
In erd es iugement to bring, [1 MS. coinng]
þat þai þat noght seis suld se,
And þat þe seand blind suld be."
þan said sum of þat semble,
"Sais þu vs þan þat blinde ee[2] we?"
"war ȝe," he said, "widvten sight,
þan war ȝe blind widvten plight.
Bot nu ȝe sai þat ȝe mai se, [2 read er]
In sine þarfor bileft er ȝe."

Forþermar ȝeit sal i tell ȝu
Sum gestes of þat suete iesu.
Als tellis þis ilk ewangelist
þat he sau foluand iesu crist.

þenne seide þei þou caitif lorn
In synne was alle togider born
Wheþer þou wenest vs now here
Of þine vnwittes for to lere
With þis þei huntid him as a dogge
Riȝt out of her synagogge
Herde ȝe þis lurdan now seide þai
How he wolde lere vs of oure lay
þat ebber shrewe in synne gete
Whenne ihesus wist him haue þis hete
her strif he wist lasse & more
And þat þei had him wraþþed sore
þerfore he þouȝte him do solace
And more to shewe him of his grace
Whenne ihesu & he were met
Ful derworþely his lord he gret
To him spak ihesus & bad him say
Leuestou in goddes son or nay
What is he: he seide & where
To trowe in him leof me were
Ihesu seide þou hast him sene
And wiþ him spoken wiþouten wene
þenne seide ihesus my to comyng
In erþe is iuggement to bring
þat þei þat not sene shulden se
And þat þe seynge blynde shulde be
þenne seide somme of þat semble
Seistou þenne þat blynde be we
were ȝe he seide wiþouten siȝt
þenne were ȝe blynde wiþouten pliȝt
But now ȝe say þat ȝe may se
In synne þerfore laste are ȝe
¶ Forþermore shal I telle ȝow
Somme dedes of ihesu now
As telleþ þe euangelist
þat was folwynge ihesu crist

Digitized by Google

Mont oliuet it es an hill
þat ie*sus* hanted mikel till,
For yede he ai vmstunt,
For þar to p*rai* oft was he wont.
Apon a dai q*uen* him thoght god,
Fra þeþen he to þe temple yode,
For to teche and for to lere
þe men þat gladli wald h*im* here.
þe phariseus, þat luued ai strijf,
Vnto þat kirk þai broght a wijf
þat þai in hordam had ou*er*tan,
þair lagh wald man suld hir stan,
In to midward þis temple wide,
þar mani man war stad þat tide.
Abute hir hefd hir har hingand;
All wonder on hir in þat th*rang*.
þan spak an o þaim for alle,
Be-for ih*esus* þus made his call,
All þai gaf him list ilkan,
"Maist*er*," said he, "þis wo*m*man
þe band has broken of hir sposail,
And þar-wit tan, wit-vten fail.
Moyses wil we stan all slike,
Queþer þai pouer be or rike;
þou gif us nu þe Iugement."
Bot þis was noght þof þair entent,
For þai had suorn ilkan þar-till,
þis wreche wo*m*man for to spill,
In wrangwis dede or word þai soght
To tak him þat þai neu*er* moght.
þai thoght if he wald bid hir stan,
Man o merci was he nan;
And if he badd at latt hir gang,
þan moght þai sai he did þam wrang;
To brek þair lagh þai soght him sua
Him for to tak bituix þem tua.

COTTON

¶ Mount oliuete is a hille.
þat ih*esu* haunted mykil til.
for þidder 3ode he ay vmbstont
& þ*er*-to pray oft was he wont.
a-pon a day quen him þo3t gode
fra þeiþen to þe temple he 3ode.
for to teyche & for to lere
þe men atte glad walde him here
þe pharaseus þat loued ay strife
vn-to þe temple þai bro3t a wife.
þat þai in horedome had ou*er*-tane
for-þi þe lagh walde ho ware slayne
þai bro3t hir in þat temple wide.
þ*er* many a man stode be-side.
aboute hir heued hir hare hingand
alle wondred on hir in þat lande.
¶ þen spac an of ham for alle
be-for ih*esus* made his calle.
alle þai gaf him liste ilkan
maister saide he: þis wo*m*man.
þe bande has brokin of hir spousail.
þar-fore we say wiþ-outen faile.
[1 Moyses wille we all suche stone
whethir they be pou*ere* or riche of wone]
þou sal hir gif iuggement.
bot þis is no3t þaire entent.
for þai had squorne ilkan þ*er*-tille
þis wrecche wo*m*man for to spille.
in wrangewys dede or worde or þo3t
to take ih*esus* as þai neu*er* mo3t.
þai þo3t if he walde bid hir stane
mon of mercy was he nane.
& if he bad to lete hir gange
þen mu3t þai say he did ham wr*ange*
to breke þaire lagh þen so3t þai squa
him for to take be-twix þa twa.

[col. 2]

[1 from Laud MS. 416]

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Mont oliuete þan es an hill
þat *iesus* haunted mekil till;
For þiþer 3ode he ai vmstunt,
þar to prai ofte was his wont.
Apon a dai quen hi*m* thoght gode, [col. 2]
Fra þeþin to þe temple 3ode,
For to teche and for to lere
þe men þat gladli wald him here.
þe pharaseus, þat luued ai strijf,
vnto þat kirc þai broght a wijf
þat þai in hordam had ou*er*tane,
þair lau wold men suld hir stane,
In midward of þis temple wide,
þar mani ma*n* was stad þ*a*t tide.
Abute hir heued hir har hingand;
All wondrid on hir *in* þ*a*t thrang.
þan spac an of þaim for alle,
Bifor *iesus* þus made his call,
And þai gan him list ilk-ane,
"Maister," he said, "þis wo*mm*ane
Has brokin þe band of hir sposaile,
And þarwid tan, widute*n* faile.
Moises will we stane alle slike,
Queþer þai pou*er* be or rike;
þu giue vs nu þi iugement."
Bot þis was noght þair entent,
For þai had suorn ilkan þar-till,
þis wreche wo*mm*a*n* for to spill,
In wrangwisdede or word þai soght
To take him þ*a*t þai neu*er* moght.
þai thoght if he bid hir stane,
Man of merci was he nane;
And if he bad to let hir gang,
þan might þai sai he did wra*n*g;
To breke þair laue þai soght sua
Him forto take bituix þa tua.

GÖTTINGEN

þe mou*n*t oliuete is an hille
þat ihe*s*us hau*n*tide muchel tille
þidur 3ede he ofte we sey
For þe*r*e was he wont to prey
On a day whenne hi*m* þou3te gode
Fro þenne to þe temple he 3ode
For to teche & hem to lere [1 MS. lere]
þen men þat gladly wolden here[1]
þese phariseus þat loued ay strif
To þe chirche brou3ten a wif
þat wiþ horedome was ou*er*gon
Her lawe wolde hir to ston
Amidwarde þat temple wyde
þe*r*e mony mon was þat tide
Aboute hir heed hir heer honge
Alle wondride on hir in þat þronge
þenne spak oon of hem for alle
Bifore ihe*s*us he made his calle
þei 3af hering to hi*m* vchone
Maistir he seide þis womm*o*ne
haþ broken þe bond of hir spousaile
And þ*er*wiþ taken wiþouten faile
Moises wol we alle suche stone
Whe*þer* þei be pore or riche of wone
þou 3yue vs now þi iuggement
But þis was not her entent [2 leaf 85, back]
[2]For þei had sworn vchone þ*er* tille
þat wrecche womm*o*n for to spille
In wrong wisdome her dede þei sou3t
To take him þat þei mi3t nou3t
þei þou3te if he bidde hir stone
Mon of mercy is he none
And if he bidde lete hir go quite
Wronge he doþ here & dispite
To breke her lawe þei sou3t hi*m* þus
Hi*m* to take good Ihesus

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Quen þai þis wais on iesu soght,
Well he wist all quat þai thoght,
He stuped dun, and wit his hand
He wrat a quil in to þe sand.
Alle þai cried þan þat þar was,
"Giue vs þi dome, and lat vs pas,
Vs thinc to lang we duell," said þai.
"Qua warns yow to wend a-wai?
Bot qua þar es wit-vten last
At hir þe first stan he cast,
Hir staning mai he wel begin
þe man þat es wit-vten sin."
Wit þis he luted dun eft-sith,
þai wex dumb all þan als suith,
Ne wist þai neuer quat to sai;
Bot ilkan sculked þaim awai.
þai left þis temple þan all allan,
Bot iesu crist and þis womman.
Quen iesus lifted vp his heued,
And sagh nan in þat temple leued,
Biheld þis womman standand þar,
þat caitiue carked in hir care,
"Womman," he said, "quar ar þai cumþin wiþerwins þat þe had nummen?"
Quackand sco loked hir a-bute,
Iesus badd hir þan haue na dute;
"Lauerd," sco said, "all þai er a-wai."
"For-þi, womman, to þe i sai,
Ga þe nu forth, mi lef freind,
For þou has leue nu for to wend;
I damp þe not quar-so þou far,
Bot ga nu forth and sin na mar."
[1] He said noght allan, "namar þou sin,"
Bot "lok þi will bi noght þar-in."
¶ A water þar es wit-in þair thede,
þat es cald piscene in þair lede,

COTTON

¶ quen þai on ihesus þus had soȝt
wele he wiste alle þat þai þoȝt
he stouped doun & wiþ his hande
he wrate a quile in-to þe sande
alle þai cried þen at þer was
gif hir þi dome & lete us pas.
¶ vs þink to lange we dwelle saide þai
qua warnis ȝou to wende a-way.
bot qua-sim is wiþ-outen last
atte hir þe first stane he caste
certis I. wil nane oþer be-gynne.
bot anli he wiþ-outen synne.
wiþ þis he louted doun eft siþe.
þai wex doumbe as stane al squiþe
ne wiste þai neuer quat to say.
ilkan shuldered oþer a-way.
þai left þis temple euerilkane
bot ihesu & þis womman ane
¶ quen ihesus lifted vp his heued
& sagh̄ nane in þat temple leued
[2] he be-helded þis womman standand
þat caytef carked in hir care.
womman he saide quere ar þer men.
atte þe to me con be ken.
quakande ho loked hir a-boute
& ihesus bad ho sulde noȝt doute
lorde ho saide þai ar a-way.
for-þi womman to þe I. say.
ga now forþ & be my frende.
for þou has leue for to wende.
I dampne þe noȝt ga quere þou fare
bot ga now forþ & syn na mare.
he saide noȝt allane na mare þou syn.
bot loke þi wille be noȝt þer-in.

A water þer is wiþ-in þat thede
þat þai calde piscine in þaire lede

FAIRFAX

[1 leaf 76, col. 1]
[2 Fairfax MS., leaf 52]
[men
[þare

Digitized by Google

Quen þai þis wise on *iesus* soght,
wele he wist quat þai thoght,
He stoupid dune, *a*nd wid his hand
He wrat a quile in þe sand.
Alle þai crid þan þat þar was,
"Giue vs þi dome, *a*nd lat vs pas,
Ful lange we duell nu," said þai. [f 93, col. 1]
"Qua warnis 3u to wend 3ur wai?
Bot qua *þat* es widuten last
At hir þe first stane he cast,
Hir staning mai he wele bigine,
þe man *þat* es widvten sine."
wid þis he loutid dune eft sith,
All wex þai dumb þan all suith,
Ne wist þai neu*er* quat forto sai;
Ilkan skulked þaim a-wai.
þai left þis temple þan allane,
Bot *iesus crist* and þis wo*m*mane.
Quen *iesus* lifted vp his heued,
And sau nane in *þat* temple leued,
Biheld þis wo*m*man standand þare,
þat caitef carked in hir kare,
"wo*m*man," he said, "quar es bicome*n*
þi witherwines *þat* he[1] had nome*n*?"
Quakand scho loked hir abute,
And *iesus* bad hir haue na doute;
"Lau*erd*," scho said, "þai er a-wai."
"For-þi, wo*m*man, to þe i sai, [1 *read* þe]
Ga nu forth, mi leue freind,
For þu has leue nu forto wend;
I dampne þe noght far q*uar* þu far,
Bot ga nu forth and sin no mare."
He said noght alane, "na mar þu sin,"
Bot "loke þi will be noght þar-in."

A wat*er* þar es widin *þat* thede,
þat þai cald piscine in þar lede,

GÖTTINGEN

¶ when*ne* þei þus on Iesus sou3t
Wel wiste he what þei þou3t
He stouped dou*n* & wiþ his honde
He wroot a while in þe sonde
Alle þei cryed þat *þer*e was
3yue vs þi doom & lete vs pas
Ful longe wé dwelle now seide þai
Who warneþ 3ou to wende 3oure wai
But who so is wiþouten last
At hir þe furst stoon he cast
hir stonyng may he wel bigynne
þe mon *þat* is wiþouten synne
þo louted he dou*n* ano*þer* siþe
Alle wex þei dou*m*be also swiþe
Wiste þei neu*er* what to sey
Vchone for shame stale awey
In þe temple lafte none
But ihesu crist & *þat* wo*m*mone
Ihesu liftud vp his heued
And say noon in þe te*m*pul leued
Bihelde *þat* wo*m*mon stondynge þare
þat caitif carked al wiþ care
Wo*m*mon he seide where beþ bicomen
þine enemyes *þat* þe had nomen
Quakyng she loked hir aboute
And ih*esus* bad hir haue no doute
Lord she seide þei are awey
*þer*fore wo*m*mon to þe I sey
Go now forþ my leue frende
For þou hast leue now to wende
I dampne þe not þi synne fore
But go & synne þou no more
He seide not only no more þou synne
But loke þi wille be not *þer*ynne
¶ A watir is *þer*e in þat þede
þat þei calle piscine in her lede

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þis ilk wat*er* als þe stori sais,
Was mikel renumed *in* þaa dais,
Als it war a gode vinere;
þar-bi lai mani vn-fere,
þar-in was won for to descend,
Angels þe wat*er* for to blend,
And tid it sua in þ*at* siqu*ar*,
Qu*en* þis wat*er* all droue war,
þe first seke man þ*at* moght win
In to þ*at* wel to wassche him in,
þ*at* q*uat* sekenes þar was on him,
He suld be heled, fra þ*at* tim.
I*esus* wit his was þan walcand,
Com be þe well, gret folk he faand
þat þar [war] liggand for to bide,
Qu*en* þair hele þam suld bi-tide.
þar fand i*esus* a man vnfere,
þat had ben aght and thritte yeire,
Sua herd him was his limes þan
þat he o þaim had weldnes nan.
I*esus* be-heild þis caitif þar,
And reud him selcuth sare,
"Godman," he said, "wit me þou mele,
ȝerns þou nu to haf þi hele?"
"Ya, sir," he said, "na thing sa gladd,
Bot sua wit seckenes am i stadd
þ*at* i ne mai to wat*er* win,
For oþer me gas bi-for þar-in,
Ne þar es naman, soth to sai,
þat wil me bere vnto þe welle.
Lang haf i lede in langur lijf,
Es nan wil reu on me, caitef."
"And godman, i þe truli sai,
þou sal be hale nu fra þis dai.
Rise, þar þe lij na langer,
Do þe to ga, wit all þi ger."

COTTON

þis wat*er* als þe story says.
was mykil rynnande in þa dayes
als hit ware a gode vinere.
þ*er*-bi lay many man vn-fere.
þ*er*-in was angels wont to liȝt.
and þat ilk water diȝt.
ofter þe angel com*m*yn was þare
and þe wat*er* blende ware
þe first sekeman atte muȝt wyn.
in-to þat wat*er* to wesshe him in.
þat quat sekenes þat was on him.
he sulde be heled fra þat time.
¶ ih*es*us wiþ his was þen walcande
come bi þe wat*er* grete folk he fand*e*
at þ*er* ware lyande for to bide.
quen þaire hele sulde ham be-tide
þ*er* fande ih*es*us a man vnfere
þat squa was xxviij. ȝere.
squa harde was his lymys þan.
þat of ham had he weldenes nane
Ih*es*us be-held þis caytiue þare.
and rewed of him selcouþ sare.
godeman he saide wiþ me þou mele.
ȝernis þou oȝt to haue þi hele.
¶ ȝa sir he saide na-þing sa glad.
bot squa wiþ sekenes am .I. stad.
at I. ne may me to wat*er* wyn.
for oþ*er* me gas be-fore þ*er*-in.
þ*er* nys naman soþ to telle
þat wil me bere vn-to þat welle.
lange haue I. led in sekenes life.
is nane wille rew of me caytiue.
¶ our[1] lorde saide godeman I. þe say.
þou sal be hale fra þis day. [1 MS. ōu]
Rise thar þe lye na langer
and ga þi way wiþ-out anger.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þis ilk wat*er*, als þe stori sais,
was mekil renouned in þa dais,
Als it war a gode vinere;
þarbi lai mani man vnfere,
þar-in was won forto descend,
Angelis forto þe wat*er* to blend,
And tid it sua in þ*at* sequar,
Quen þis wat*er* droued war,
þe first seke man þ*at* might win [col. 2]
To þat welle to wasse him in,
þat quat sekenes was als on him,
He suld be helid, ilk a lim.
I*esus* þan was þare walkand,
Come bi þe welle, gret folk he fand
þ*at* þar war liggand forto bide,
Quen þair hele þai*m* suld betide.
þar fand i*esus* a man vnfere,
þ*at* had bene aght and thretti ȝere,
Sua was his limmes hi*m* wit-tane,
þ*at* of þaim weildnes had he nane;
I*esus* biheld þis caitiue þare,
And of him reud selcuthli sare,
And said, "god man, me wid þu mele,
Gernis þu to haue þi hele?"
"ȝa, sir," he said, "na thing sua gladd,
Bot sua wid seknes am i stadd,
þ*at* i ne mai to þe wat*er* win,
For oþer me gas bifor þar-in,[1] [1 MS. þai in]
Ne þar es na man, soth to tell,
þ*at* will me bere into þe well.
Lang haue i ledd in langur lijf,
Es nane will reu on me, caitif."
"And godman, i þe treuli sai,
þu sal be hal nou fra þis dai.
Rise, thar þe lij no langir,
Do þe to ga wid all þi ger."

GÖTTINGEN

þis ilke watir stori sayes
was muche honoured in þo dayes
As hit were a good ryuere
þ*er*by lay mony vnfere
þ*er*ynne were wont to descende
Aungels þ*at* from heuen wende
þ*at* tyme bifel hit so þer
Whenne þe watir droued wer
þe furst seke mon þ*at* miȝt wyn
To þ*at* welle to wasshe him In
Of what sekenes so was on him
He shulde be heled vche a lym
Ih*esus* þo was þ*er*e walkonde
And coom þ*er* by mychel folk he fonde
þ*at* were þ*er*e liggyng for to abide
Whenne her hele shulde bi-tyde
þ*er*e fond ih*esus* a mon vnfere
And had ben eiȝte & þritty ȝere
His lymmes had he so forgone
þ*at* of hem weldyng had he none
Ih*esu* bihelde þis caitif þore
And of hi*m* rewed selcouþe sore
He seide gode mon *with* me þou mele
Desires þou to haue þin hele
ȝe sir he seide no þing so glad
For so in sekenes am I-lad
þ*at* I ne may to þ*at* watir wynne
For op*er*e goon bifore me Inne
Nor no mon wol soþ to telle
Bere me in to þe welle
Longe haue I led in langur lif
Is noon wol rewe on me caitif
Now good mon I þe trewly say
þou shal be hool fro þis day
Rise & lye no lenger þ*er*e [leaf 86]
Do þe to go wiþ al þi gere

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Vp he ras wit-vten mar,
And on his bak his bedd he bar.
þe dai þat þis man was made fere,
þe[1] Iues heild it for hali dere, [1 MS. Ie]
Quen þai sagh him þe birthin vnder,
Fast þai can on him to wonder. [2 col. 2]
[2] "Quat cursed man es yon," coth þai,
"Wirckand gains godd and his lai?
It semes o godd has he nan au."
þai said als mani felun sau,
"þou carl, qui brekes þou vr lau,
þi bedd noiþer aght þou ber ne drau,
þou ber again suith þat birthin,
þar weried wortht þou wit drightin."
"Godmen," he said, "for godds might,
Qui wite yee me wit-vten plight,
A blisced man me gaf heliand; 13814
At þe well o syloe me fand,
Quen he had made me hale and fere,
'Rise vp,' he said, 'wit þi litere
And do þe forth,' he said, 'to ga.'
And als he badd, right did i sua.
Aght and thritte yeir in band,
þat i moght stir ne fot ne hand,
þe angel lightand ai i bade,
Ai til þis man me hale has made.
He þat me nu mi hele has broght,
Wit-stand his biding agh i noght."
þai lete him pass fra þam emell,
And tuix þam spak þaa Iues fell,
"þis man es noght wit godd," coth þai,
"þat wirckes þus on hali dai,
þe lijf he ledes mai nan lede,
And þar-on he es again vr lede;
He hates to cum to vr bewist,
Ne till vr laghes will he noght list,

13798 13807 13810 13820 13826 13829 13832

COTTON

¶ vp he ras wiþ-outen mare
and on his bak his bed he bare
þat day þat þis man was made fere
þe iewes helde hit for haly dere
quen þai sagħ him þat birþin vnder
fast þai con on him to wonder
¶ quat cursed man is yon *quod* þai.
þat þus wirkis agayne our lay.
we wende for-soþ quen he here lay.
he had bene seke for many a day.
quen þou art hale wiþ-out agħ.
þi bed is oures bi þe lagħ.
bere agayne squiþe þat birþine
wa worþ þe *and* al þine.
godemen he saide for god*dus* miȝt
quy wyte ȝe me wiþ-outen pliȝt
atte syloe welle a man me fande
& has me laused out of bande.
quen he had hale me made & fere
he bad me ga wiþ al my gere.
& do þe forþ he saide to ga
& als he bad riȝt dide I. squa.
xxviij. ȝere in bande
I. lay no*mme* baþ fote & hande
þe angel liȝting' ay I. bade.
ay til þis man he hale me made.
he þat me in my hele me broȝt.
wiþ-stande hys bidding' agħ me noȝt
¶ þai lete him pas as I. ȝou telle
be-twene ham spac þa iewes fel.
þis man is noȝt wiþ god *quod* þai.
þat wirkis þus on haly-day.
þe life he ledis may nane lede
þer-of he dos agayne our lede.
he hatis to come til our be-wiste
ne til our lagħ wil he noȝt liste.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Up he ras widvten mare,
And on his bac his bed he bar.
þe dai þat þis man was made fere,
þe Iuus it held for hali dere,
Quen þai sau him þat birþen vnder,
Fast þai gun on him to wonder.
"Quat cursed man es yone," said þai,
"wirkand again godd and his lai?
It semes he has of god nan awe;"
And said allsua mani fele sawe,
"þu carl, qui brekes þu our lau, [lf 93, bk, col. 1]
þi bedd suld þu nouþer bere ne drau,
Suith þu bere again þi birthin,
þar waried worth þu wid drithin."
"God men," he said, "for godes might,
Qui wite ȝe me widvten plight,
A blisced man me gaue hailand;
At þe well of sylole he me fand,
Quen he had made me hal a[n]d fere,
'Ris vp,' he said, 'wid þi litere
And do þe suith heþen to ga,'
And als he badd, right did i sua.
Aght and thretti ȝere in band,
I lai widvten might of fot or hand;
þe angel lighting ai i bade,
Ai till þis man has hale me made.
He þat me hal has wroght,
widstand his bidding aght [I] noght."
þai lete him passe fra þaim emell,
And tuix þaim spac þe iuus fell,
"þis man es noght wid godd," said þai,
"þat brekes þus þe hali-dai,
þe liuf he ledes nane mai lede,
And all es he again vr lede;
He hates till cum to vr bewist,
Ne till vr lau wil he noght list,

GÖTTINGEN

Vp he roos hool wiþouten care
And on his bak his bed he bare
þat day þat he was made so fere
þe iewes helde holy & dere
whenne þei him sey þat burþen vndir
Fast gon þei on him wondir
What cursed mon is þis seide þay
Worchyng aȝeyn god & his lay
hit semeþ he haþ of god no drede
And seiden him to mony fel dede
þou churle whi brekestou oure lawe
þi bed shuldestou nouþer bere ny drawe
Bere þi burþen aȝeyn in hiȝe
Waried be þou of almiȝtie
Gode men he seide for goddes miȝt
Whi wite ȝe me wiþouten pliȝt
A blessed mon ȝaf hele to me
At þe welle of siloe
Whenne he had made me hool & fere
Ris vp he seide wiþ þi litere
Do þe soone hennes to go
And as he bad þenne dud I so
Eiȝte & þritty ȝeer in bonde
Haue I not welden foot ny honde
þe aungels liȝtyng þere bood I
Til he me heled sikurly
He þat me þis hele haþ wrouȝt
wiþstonde his bidding ow I nouȝt
þei let him passe fro hem to telle
And spak to gider þo iewes felle
þis mon is not with god seide þay
þat brekeþ þus þe hali day
þe lif þat he ledeþ in dede
Hit is aȝeyn oure lede
He hateþ oure counseles so dere
And of oure lawe wol he not lere

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Vr halidai noght he for-beres,
Bot mani dedes o þaim he geres
Be don vs alle for to pair;
And þou can naman speke sa fair.
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
Oft he dos vs sa*m*men sank,[1] [1 MS. snak]
And þar-for haf he neue*r* thank.
He dos vs mani geddering mak,
And mani sancking for his sak,
þat we mai drei it nu namar,
For-þi we most consail ta þar
þat he be tan, and don in band,
Q*ua* first on him mai lai his handes;
And qua þis couenand haldes noght
þ*at* it be dere apon him boght."
Wit þis þai scaild þair semble,
Bot *Iesus* went fra þat cite,
And in apon an-oþer side, [lf 76, bk, col. 1]
Vte o þair sight him for to hide,
For yeit was noght his time cu*m*men
To be wit-in þair handes nu*m*men.
Ne moght þai neue*r* lai hand him on,
Til þ*at* he self it wald war don;
Q*ue*n time com he him-seluen bedd,
And noght a fote fra þaim he fledd
Til þai his suete bodi had schedd,
And gin him self for vs in wedd.
I*esus* went to þe temple þan,
þar spak he wit þis heeld man,
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
He sagh him al for soru biten,
For Iues sua wit him had fliten;
He suaged him wit wordes heind,
"Fra nu," he said, "þe behoues freind

COTTON

our haly dayes he no3t for-beris.
bot þen to make his dides he gers
& eu*er* our lagh̄ he dos to paire.
& siþen can na man speke sa faire
we haue grete meruayl soþ to tel.
þat nane has hap him to quel.
oft he dos vs samyn sank
& þar-of haue he neu*er* þank. [2 lf 52, bk]
[2]he dos us many geddering[1] make.
and many sanking[1] for his sake.
þat we may drey hit now na mare.
gode consail to take nede hit ware.
þat he be tane & done in bandis.
qua first on him may lay þaire hand*is*
& qua þis comande haldis no3t.
in same plite atte he be bro3t.
¶ of þis þai made a grete se*m*ble
bot ih*es*us went out of þat cite
& in a-pon a-noþ*er* side.
for sumkin þing him to hide.
for 3et was no3t his time comme.
wiþ-in þaire handis to be no*m*me.
ne mu3t þai neu*er* him hand lay on.
til atte him-self hit walde haue done
quen time come he him bedde
& no3t a fote fra ham he fled
til þai his squete blode had shed
& giuen him-self[1] for us in wed.
¶ Ih*es*us went to þe temple þan
þ*er* spac he wiþ þis alde man.
þat heled of his sare
I. talde 3ou how lange are
he sagh̄ him alle for sorow bityn.
squa had þe iewes wiþ him flityn.
& he him hailsed wiþ wordes hende
fra now be-houis þe lefe frende.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

vr halidais noght he for-beris,
Bot mani dedis on þaim he geris
To be done, vs forto paire;
And syden can na man spec so faire.
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Ofte he dos vs samen sanck,
And þarfor haue he neuer thank;
He dos vs mani gadring make,
And mani sanking for vs sake,
þat we mai drei it nu na mare,
For-þi we most vs consale þare
þat he be tane, and done in bandis,
Qua first on him mai lai þair handis,
[1]And qua þis comandment haldis noght
þat it be dere apon him boght." [1 col. 1]
wid þis þai partid þair semble,
Bot iesus went of þat cite,
And in apon anoþer side,
vte of þair sight him forto hide,
For 3eit was noght his time commin
To be widin þair handes nomin.
Might þai neuer lai hand him on,
Til þat he-self wald it war don;
Quen time come he him-seluen bedd,
And noght a fote fra þaim fledd
Till þai his suete blodde had schedd,
And giuen him-self for vs in wedd.
Iesus went vnto þe temple þan,
þar spac he wid þis helid man,
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
He sau him all for soru bittin,
For iuus sua wid him had fletin;
He suaged him wid wordes heind,
"Fra nu," he said, "bi-houes þe freind

GÖTTINGEN

Oure hali dayes halt he not soþ
But mony dedes on hem doþ
þo dedes to vs be not faire
Oure lawes alle þei appaire
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
He doþ vs mony gederynge make
And muchel to þenke for his sake
þat we may suffer hit no more
we mot counsel now þerfore
þat he be taken & done in bondes
who so furst on him may laye hondes
And who þis counsel holdeþ nou3t
þat hit be dere vp on him bou3t
Wiþ þis þei parted her semble
But ihesus went of þat cite
And toke him to anoþer syde
Out of her si3t him to hide
For 3itt was not his tyme comen
To be of her hondes nomen
Mi3te þei neuer take him so
Til him self wolde hit were do
Whenne tyme coom forþ he him bed
And not a fote fro him fled
Til he had shed his swete blode
And 3yuen him self for oure gode
Ihesus went to temple þon
þere spake he wiþ þis heled mon
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
He say him al mournyng bi-tid
For iewes so had him chid
he esed him wiþ wordes hende
Fro now he seide þou most frende

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Tent to mi teching and mi tale,
For o þi seknes er þou al hale."
¶ I*esus* went him forth here and þar,
And did meracles euer-ai-quar,
Til it come a solempnite,
He com a-gain in þat cite;
Wit him com his disciples lele,
And oþer folk als foluand fele.
In-to þe temple þai wit him yede,
And he began þaim for to rede,
For to redde and to sermon,
And tald þam mani god reson.
All þai said þam þaim emell,
"Qua herd eu*er* man sua spell,
Man vnlerd o boken lar*e*!"
All wondred on him, less and mar*e*.
I*esus* þat þair talking herd,
Suetli he þaim sun ansuard,
"Mi lare es noght mine," said he,
"Bot his þ*at* it haues giuen to me,
þ*at* neu*er* leigh, ne neuer sale,
For wijt and treuth he has ai hale;
He and his lare will lasten ai,
þis will he self wittnes and sai.
þe man þat spekes he-self o roos
Wat yee, godmen q*uat* he dos?
Q*uen* he his aun roos has soght,
In his muth sothfast es noght;
Bot sothfastnes es in his word
þat sais of oþer man loueword.
Moyses þur lagh þaim broght,
Yee wat it bot yee hald it noght,
Selcut me thinc yee hatte me sua,
And, saccles, me sekes to sla."
þan said þaa Iues, "selcut her we,
þou missais, deuel es in þe;

COTTON

tent to my teyching[1] & my tale.
for now of sekenes artow al hale.
Ihesus went forþ here *and* þare.
and miraclis dide ay quare
til hit come a solempnite.
he come agayne to þat cite.
wiþ him come his disciplis hale
and oþer folk wiþ-outen tale.
In-to þe temple þai wiþ him 3ede.
and he be-gan ham to rede.
for to rede a gode sarmoun
and talde ham alle wiþ gode resoun.
alle þai saide for-soþ to telle
qua herde euer man squa spelle.
man vnlered of boke or lare.
alle wondered on him lesse & mare
¶ Ihesus atte þaire talking herde.
squetely þen he ham onsquerde
my lare is no3t myne saide he
bot his þat hit has giuen to me.
þat neuer legh̄. ne neu*er* sale.
for witte & treuþ he has ay hale.
he & his lare wille laste for ay.
þis wille him-self witnes say.
¶ þe man þat spekis him-self of ros
wate 3e godemen quat he dos
quen he his aghen ros has so3t
in his mouþ soþfast is no3t.
bot soþfastnes is in his worde
þat to godenes wille accorde
of me moises 3ou worde bro3t.
3e wate hit wele bot hald*es* h*it* no3t
selcouþ me þink 3e hate me squa
and sacles sekis me to sla.
¶ þen saide þe iewes selcouþ þink we
þou missais vs quat deuil is þe

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Tent to mi teching and mi tale,
For of þi ſekenes es þu all hale."
Iesus went fort here and þare,
And did miraclis euerai quare,
Till it come a ſolempnite,
He come againe in þat cite;
wid him come his desciplis lele,
And oþer folk foluand fele.
Into þe temple þai wid him ȝede,[1]
And he bigan þaim forto rede, [1 MS. ȝode]
Forto rede and forto sarmone,
And tald þaim mani god resune.
All said þai þaim þan emelle,
"Qua herd euer man sua spelle,
Man vnlerd on boken lare!"
All wondrid on him, lesse and mare.
Iesus þat þair talking herd, [2 leaf 94, col. 1]
Sueteli he þaim sone ansuerd,
[2]"Mi lare es noght mine," said he,
"Bot his þat it has giuen me,
þat neuer ligh, ne neuer salle,
Forwit and treuth he has ai hale;
He and his lare will last for ai,
þis will him-self wittenes and sai.
þe man þat spekes of him-self ros
wat ȝe, god men, quat he dos?
Quen he his auen ros has soght,
In his muth sothfast es noght;
Bi[3] sothfastnes es in his worthd
þat sais of oþer man loueword.
Moyses ȝur lau ȝu broght, [3 read But]
ȝe wat it, bot ȝe hald it noght,
Selcuth me thinc ȝe hate me sua,
And, sackeles, sekes me to sla."
þan said þa iuues, "selcuth here we,
þu missais, þe deuil es in þe;

GÖTTINGEN

Tente to my tale & my techynge
For of sekenes hastou helynge
¶ Ihesus went forþ here & þere
And dud myracles euery where
Til hit coom to a solempnite
He coom aȝeyn in to þat cite
wiþ him coom his disciples lele
And oþere folke folewynge fele
Into þe temple wiþ him þei ȝede
And he bigan hem for to rede
To preche to hem & sarmoun
And tolde hem mony good resoun
Alle bigan þei þus to telle [leaf 86, back]
who herde euer þus mon spelle
Mon vnlered of boke lore
Alle wondride on him lasse & more
Ihesus þat her talkynge herde
Swetely he hem vnswerde
My lore is not myn seide he
But his þat hit haþ ȝyuen to me
þat neuer endeþ ne neuer shal
For witt & trouþe he is al
He & his lore wol laste for ay
þis wol him self witenes & say
þe mon þat spekeþ of him self ros
wite ȝe gode men what he dos
whenne he his owne preysing haþ souȝt
þenne is his mouþ soþfaste nouȝt
But soþfastenes is in him þon̄
þat seiþ loue worde of oþere mon
¶ Moises ȝoure lawe ȝou brouȝt
ȝe knowe hit but ȝe holde hit nouȝt
Selcouþe I haue ȝe hate me so
And gultles seke ȝe me to slo
þenne seide þe iewes wondir here we
þou mis seist þe deuel is in þe

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Qua will þe sla? qui sais þou wrang?"
"I haf you don," he said, "o-mang
Werkes suilk als yee ha sene,
þat yee wonder on oft for tene.
Moyses yow gaf in þe ald
Lagh circumcision to hald,
Yee circumcise on hali dai,
Noght yee waand will for þe lai.
And quar-for sua hate yee me þan,
For i mad hale a sek man
Apon þe dai o yur sabaot?
Bot demes me right in mi state,
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
Sua suld yee do, wald yee me tru,
And well i wat it war for yow."
Mani man war þar-bi and stode
Bi þis folk, wrath and wode,
þat war cummen to þat tun,
And herd o þair disputisun;
Ful mani wordes spak þaa fell,
þat it war tor all her to tell.
Sum said, "quer crist him-seluen sal scau,
Queþen he sal cum sal naman knau,
Ne o quat kin, ne quat contre;
Bot þis man kinred wel knau we,
O þis thede bath es he and his,
þe contre was, and sotht it es."
¶ þan said iesus a word to min,
"Yee wat quat i am, and mi kin,
O yur vn-witt quine wald yee blin,
And seke noght sakles sua wit sin,
And herken seil and hald resun?
Yee kneu me and mi nacion.

COTTON

qua wil þe sla quy says þou wrange
I haue done he saide 3ou a-mange
werkis suche as 3e haue sene.
þat 3e wonder of for tene.
moises gaf 3ou in þe alde.
lagh of circumcision to halde.
and 3e circumcise on haliday.
and no3t 3e wande in 3oure lay.
and quar-for hate 3e me þan.
for I. made hale a seke man.
a-pon þe day of 3oure sabat
demys me ofter 3oure awen state
gode is to wirke euerilk day.
þinge þat prophetis to þe lay.
squa sulde 3e do walde 3e me tray
and wele I. wate hit were 3our way
¶ Many man was by & stode.
and herde þes folk wraþ & wode.
þat ware commyn to þat toun
for tille þat disputesoun here.
sa many wordes spac þa felle
hit ware ouer lange in boke to tel
¶ Sum saide quen criste him-self sal shaw
queyþen he comis sal na mon knaw
ne of quat kyn ne quat cuntree
bot þis man kiþ ful wel knaw we
of þis lande is he & al . . . . s
þe cuntree wate at soþ hit is
¶ þen saide ihesus a worde to Myn
3e wate quat I am & al my kyn
of 3oure vn-witte quy ne wil 3e blin
& seke no3t sacles squa wiþ sin
& herkin skille & halde resoun. [leaf 64]
3e knaw me & myne nacioun.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Qua will þe sla? qui sais þu wrang?"
He said, "i haue done 3u emang
Werkis suilk als 3e haue sene,
þat 3e on wondrid ofte for tene.
Moises þu gaue in þe ald
Lau of circum*cision* to hald,
And 3e circum*sise* on hali dai,
And noght ne lett 3e for þe lai.
And quarfor hate 3e me so þan,
For i made hale a seke man
Apon þe dai of 3ur sabate?
Bot demis me noght in mi state,
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Sua suld 3e do, wolde 3e me tru,
And wele i wat it war for 3u."
Mani man war bi and stod,
And herd þis folk, sua wrath and wod,
þat war comen into þat tune,
And herd all þair dispotisiun;
Ful mani wordis spac þai fell, [2 col. 2]
þat it war tore all here to telle.
[1]Sum said, "quen *christ* him-self sal schau,
Queþen he sal cum, sal no man knau,
Ne of quat kin, na quat contre;
Bot þis man kin[2] wele knau we,
Of þis thede es bath he and his,
þe contre quate þat soth es þis."
Þan said iesus a word to min,
"3e wate quat i am, and mi kin,
Of 3ur vnwitt qui ne wald 3e blin,
And seke noght sacles sua wid sin?
And herken skil and hald resune?
3e knau me and mi naciune.

GÖTTINGEN [2 MS. kim]

who wol þe sle why seistou wrong
He seide I haue don 3ou among
Werkes suche as 3e haue sene
þat 3e on wondride ofte for tene
3af 3ou not to moyses þe olde
Lawe of circum*cisioun* to holde
And 3e circum*cise* on haliday
And not 3e letten for þe lay
wherfore hate 3e me þon
For I made hool a seke mon
Vpon þe day of 3oure sabate
But demeþ me not in my state
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
So shulde 3e do wolde 3e me trow
And wel I woot hit were for 3ow
Mony folke were by & stoode
And herde þis folke so wroþe & wode
þat were comen in to þat toun
And herde al her disputesoun
Mony wordes þei spake & felle
þat longe were here to telle
Summe seide whenne crist shal him showe
Whenne he shal com shal noon knowe
Ny of what kyn ny of whiche cuntre
But þis monnes kyn wel knowe we
Of þis lond boþe is he & his
þe cuntre woot þat sooþ hit is
þenne seide ihesu a word or two
3e woot what I am my kyn also
Of 3oure foly why ne wole 3e blynne
And seke not sakles so wiþ synne
Bereþ skil & holdeþ resoun
Siþ 3e knowe me & my nacioun

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Quat-sum yee knau wite yee for soth,
Sal yee na leis here o mi toth, 13941
For he þat me mang yow send,
Es sothfastnes wit-vten end.
He þat me sent, i wat quat es, 13944
Bot yee knau him noght i-wiss;
If i said þat i him ne kneu,
þan war i leier and vn-treu, 13947
Bath i war fals and als lier, [leaf 77, col. 1]
And right suilk als þat yee nu er.
I knau him, and has knaun him euer,
Fra him sal i sundre neuer." 13951
þan soght þai iesu for to slan,
Bot þai moght hand lai on him nan.
Fain þai wald him þan had numen,
Bot yeit his time was noght cummen.
Mani man bigan to tru 13956
Forth fra þat time in iesu;
Ai fra þis dai forther ward,
þe Iues, wit þair fals forward,
And wit þair mani tressunful red,
þai soght ihesu at do to ded. 13961
¶ Siþen sal yee here quat wise
Ihesu did lazar to rise,
Bot ar þat i sua ferr sal ga, 13964
I sal spek of his sisters tua,
þat was martha, wit-vten lain,
And als sua mari magdalain.
þis lazar, als sais vs vr stori, 13968
Was of a stede hight bethani;
He had þis forsaid sisters tuin,
þe tan a womman ful o sin.
A seli sin-ful sco was an, 13972
And first als a comun womman;
O þis womman gret fairhede
Did mani man a wai to wide. 13975

COTTON

wate sa ȝe knaw wete ȝe for-soþ
salle na lesing come of my toþ.
for he þat me hidder ȝou sende.
is soþ-fastenes wiþ-outen ende.
he þat me sende I. wate qua is.
ȝe knaw him noȝt ne is blisse.
if I say þat I. him noȝt knew.
þen ware I. lither & vn-trew.
[1 Bothe were I fals & here how
Right suche as ye are now] [1 from Laud MS. 416]
I. haue him knawen & sal do euer.
fra him salle I. sundre neuer
¶ þen soȝt þai ihesu for to be slane
bot þai muȝt hande lay on him nane
fayne þai walde him haue nommyn
bot ȝet his time was noȝt commyn.
many man be-gan to trow.
fra þat time forþ in ihesu.
al fra þat day forþerward
þe Iewes wiþ þaire fals forþward.
þen wiþ þaire fals tresoun & rede.
þai soȝt ihesu to þe dede.
¶ siþen sal ȝe here quat wise.
ihesus dide laȝer for to rise.
bot or I. any ferþer ga.
I. wille speke of his sistres twa.
þat was martha wiþ-outen layne
& al-squa mary Magdalayne.
þis lazar als sais our story
was of stede hiȝt bethany.
he had þer forsaide sisters twyn.
þat an a womman ful of syn.
a celly sinful was ho an.
first als a commyn womman.
of þis maddalane þe grete fairehede
dide many man of way to wede.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

quat-sum ȝe knau witt ȝe forsoth,
ȝe sal na lese here of mi toth,
For he þat me mang ȝu has send,
Es sothfastnes widvten end.
He þat me send, i wat quat es,
Bot ȝe ne knau him noght i-wis;
If i sai þat i him ne kneu,
þan war i leier and vntru,
Bath war i fals & als leier,
And right suilk als þat ȝe nu er.
I knau him, and has knauen euer,
Fra him sal i sunder neuer."

Siþen soghut þai iesus for to slane,
Bot þai might hand lai on him
Fain þai wolde him haue nomin, [nane.
Bot ȝeit his time was noght comin.
Mani man bi-gan to trou
Fra þat time forth in iesu;
Ai fra þat dai for-warde,
þe Iuus, wid þair fals forward,
And wid þair mani tresun ful rede,
þai soght iesu to do to dede.

Nou sal ȝe here on quat-kin wise
Iesu did lazar rise,
Bot ar þat i sua fer will ga,
I sal speke of his sistres tua,
þat was martha, widvten lain, [lf 94, bk, col. 1]
And alsua mari magdalain.
þis lazar, als sais vr stori,
was of a sted hight bethani,
He had þir forsaid sistris tuin,
þe tane a womman ful of sine.
A seli sinful was scho ane,
And first als a commen wommane;
Of þis womman þe grete fairede,
Did mani man of witt to wede.

[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]
For he þat me among ȝou sende
Is soþfastenes wiþouten ende
He þat me sende I woot what he is
But ȝe knowe him not I-wis
If I seide þat I not him knew
þennne were I. liere & vntrew
Boþe were I fals & lyere how
Riȝt suche as ȝe are now
I knowe him & haue done euer
Fro him shal I sundre neuer
þo souȝte þei ihesus to slone
But honde myȝte þei laye on him none
For þei wolde him haue nomen
But his tyme was not comen
Mony fro þat trowed trew
In þe werkes of good Ihesu
And fro þat day wiþouten faile
þe iewes wiþ her fals counsaile
Bi her tresoun & her reede
Souȝte ihesu to do to dede

Now shul ȝe here on what wise
Ihesu dud lazar to rise
But ar þat we furþer go
Speke we of his sistres two

Þe toon was martha to seyn [leaf 87]
And þat oþere Maudeleyn
þis lazar as seiþ oure story
was of a stude het bethany
þese þen were his sistres twynne
þe ton a wommon ful of synne
A wondir synful was she one
And furste was she comyn wommone
Of þis wommon þe muchel feirhede
Made mony mon of witt to wede

Digitized by Google

Seuen feindes vte of hir cast *crist*,
Als telles lucas eu*an*gelist.
A seli sinful was sco þis,
For alle hir sin turnd to blis.
For sco was liuand þ*at* siquar
þ*at* ie*sus* pr*e*ched hir and þar,
And mani a-pert meracle did,
Quar wit to man kind he hi*m* kid,
And mani seke he gaf þair hele.
And als he com be a castel,
A man þ*at* hight symon leprus,
At ete he pr*a*id him til his hus;
I*esus* grant him his praier,
For he him praid wit ful god cher,
Ful fair seruis symon him dight,
Als was to suilk a lau*er*ding right.
¶ Q*uen* ie*sus* in his sete was sett,
Wit his disciplis at þe met,
þis sinful wo*m*m*an* and for-lain, [col. 2]
þis forsaid mari magdalain,
Wit-in þis castel i of tald,
Moght sco do all q*uat* sco wald.
þe man þ*at* godd will þ*at* be bett,
Yee wat, lau*er*dings, mai nathing lett.
þe word o ihe*su* was risen brade,
And o meracles þat he made.
Q*uen* mari wist ie*sus* þar cu*m*men,
A bost sco has o smerles nu*m*men;
A smerl þ*at* was o pris ful dere,
þis vñtement wit hir sco bere.
Bot for mi tale scortli to tell,
Be-for ie*su* on knes sco fell,
þar-wit sco fell on suilk a grete,
þ*at* al sco was vr lau*er*d fete;
On þaim sco wepe hir sinnes sare,
And þan þam dries wit hir hare;

COTTON

vij. feyndis out of hir kest *crist*
as tellis luca þe eu*an*gelist.
a cely sinful was ho þis.
for alle hir syn hir turned to blis.
for ho was liuande nere hand quare
ihe*sus* preyched here & þare.
& many apert miraclis did.
quar-wiþ to mankinde he him kid.
¶ & many a seke he gaf þe hele.
& als he come be a castele.
a man þat hiȝt simond leprus
praied ihe*sus* til his hous. [chere
he made him sembelaund with gode
& Ihesus gr*an*ted him his prayer
ful faire se*r*uise simonde ham diȝt
as felle to a lording riȝt
Quen ihe*sus* in his sete was sette
wiþ his disciplis atte þe mette.
þis sinful wo*m*man in syn for-layne
þis forsaide mary magdalayn.
wiþ-in þis castel I. of talde
muȝt ho do alle atte ho walde
þe man þat god wil gr*an*te his griþ
may na man stande aȝayne þ*er*-wiþ
þe worde of ihe*su* hit ras ful brade
& of þe miraclis þat he made.
¶ quen mary wiste ihe*sus* was co*m*myn.
a boiste ho has of oynement*us* no*m*myn.
of diu*er*se þingis þat was dere.
þis oynement wiþ hir ho bere.
& for my tale shortly to telle
be-for ihe*su* fete ho sone felle
þ*er*-wiþ ho felle on squilk a grete
þat wiþ þe teris ho wisshed his fete
on ham ho wepped hir synnes sare
& siþen dried wiþ hir hare.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Seuen fendes vte of hir cast he,
Als tellis luca þe wangeliste.
A seli sinful was scho þis,
For all hir sine turned hir al to blis.
Scho was liuand þat siquar
þat iesus prechid here and þar,
And mani apert miracle did,
Quarwid to mankin he him kid;
And mani seke he gaue þair hele.
And als he come bi a castele,
A man þat hight symon leprous,
At ete he praid him till hous;
Iesus him granted his praier,
For he him praid wid god cher,
Fulfair seruis symond him dight,
Als was to slik a lauerd right.
Quen iesus in his sete was sett,
wid his desciplis at þe mett,
þis sinful womman and forlaine,
þis forsaid mari magdalaine,
widin þis castel þat i of talde,
Might scho do all quat scho walde.
þe man þat godd will be bett,
ȝe wat, lauerdinges, mai no þing lett.
þe word of iesus rase ful brade,
And of þe miraclis þat he made.
Quen mari wist iesus þar comen,
A boist of smerles has scho nomin;
A smerl þat was of pris ful dere,
þis oygnement wid hir scho bere.
For mi tale schortli to tell,
Bi-for iesus fete sone scho felle,
þar-wid scho fel in suilk a grete,
þat wid þe teris scho wesse his fete;
On þaim scho wepe hir sinnes sare,
And siþen scho drei þaim wid hir hare;

GÖTTINGEN

Seuen fendes oute of hir caste he
As telleþ luke þe euangele
A sely synful was she þis
For al hir synne turned in to blis
She was lyuynge in cuntre þere
Whenne ihesus preched vche where
And mony a pert myracle did
Wher wiþ to men he him kid
And mony seke he ȝaf her hele
And as he coom bi o castele
A mon þat hett symond leprous
To ete preyed him to his hous
Ihesus grauntide his preyere
For he him preyed wiþ good chere
Feire seruyse symond him diȝt
As was to suche a lord riȝt
¶ whenne ihesus was sett in his sete
wiþ his disciples at þe mete
þis synful wommon þat we of seyn
þat we calle Mary maudeleyn
wiþynne þe castel þat I of tolde
She myȝte do what she wolde
þe mon þat god wol be bett
We wite wel may no þing lett
þe worde of ihesus sprong ful wyde
Of myracles þat he dud þat tyde
Whenne Mary wiste ihesus was comen
A boiste of oynement haþ she nomen
A þing þat was of pris ful dere
þis oynement wiþ hir she bere
And my tale shortly to telle
Bifore ihesus feet she felle
þere she fel in suche a grete
þat wiþ þe teres she wesshe his fete
On him she weped hir synnes sare
And dryed hem wiþ hir here þare

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þar sco fand ani breck or sare,
Wit hir smerl sco smerd þare,
Wit all wirschip *þat* sco him did,
Euer sco kist his fete e-mid.
All þai wondrid on þis mari,
þai sagh hir neu*er* sa sari,
Sco left hir dede for na scam.
Simond *þat* sir was o *þat* ham,
Wondre[d], and said in his thoght
(Bot þou wit muth he said it noght),
"If þis man war right pr*o*phet,
þis wo*m*man wepand on his fete
He aght to wijt al q*uat* sco were,
To lat hir negh him not sa nere,
For sco es wo*m*man o sinful stat,
Als *m*en ou*er* al þis contre wat."
¶ þan ansuard him sun *iesus crist*,
Q*uat* simon thoght, ful wel he wist,
"Here to me," he said, "a stund."
"Gladli, maist*er*," said symond.
"It was a man quilu*m* was wont
Penis for to lene vm-stunt,
þis man he was an okerer,
And tua men com *þat* had mist*er*,
And asked him penis to lan;
þis riche man lent to *þat* tan
An hundreth penis, suilk als ran,
And fifti to þe toþer man.
Q*uen* it com to þe term dai, [lf 77, bk, col. 1]
þai had noght q*uar*-of for to pai;
For he þam sagh no catell haf,
All þair dett he þam for-gaf,
For-gaf it þam and badd þ*am* fare.
Queþer o þir tua aght luue hi*m* mare?"
"Sir, me thinc, wit-vten lett,
þe man *þat* he for-gaf mast dett,

COTTON

þer ho fande any touche of sare
wiþ hir þing*us* anoynt hit þare
& euer on knes ho con fall
& kissed his faire fete wiþ-alle.
¶ al þai wondred on þis mary
þai sagh hir neu*er* squa sary.
ho left hir dede for na shame.
Simonde þat sir was of *þat* hamè.
wondred & saide in his þo3t.
bot wiþ his mouþ he mynt hit no3t
if þis man ware a ri3t pr*o*phete
þis wo*m*man wepande on his fete
him a3t to wete quat ho were
to lete hir negħ him no3t sa nere
for ho is wo*m*man of sinful state.
als men ouer alle þis cuntre wate.
Þen ansquerd him ihes*u* cr*iste*
quat Simonđ þo3t ful wele he wist
herkyn to me he saide a stounde
gladly maist*er* saide Simonđ.
hit was a man þat we of rime
penis to lene was wont sum time
þis man was an okrure
& ij. men come atte had mistere.
& askid him penis for to lane [leaf 64, back]
þis riche man lent to þe tane.
an hundreþ penis squilk as ran.
& fifti to þe to*þer* man.
¶ quen hit come to þe ter*me*-day.
þai had no3t quar-of for to pay.
for he ham sagħ na catel haue
alle þaire dette he ham for-gaue
for-gaue hit ham & bad ham fare
queþ*er* of *þer* ij. a3t loue him mare.
¶ Sir he saide wiþ-outen lette
þe man þat he for-gaue þe mare det.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Quar scho fand ani brek or sare,
wid hir smerl scho smerld it þare,
wid all worschip þat scho hi*m* did,
Quer scho kist his fete emid.
Alle þai wondrid on þis mari,
þai sau hir neuer sua sari,
Ne left scho noght hir dede for schame.
Simon þat sir was of þat hame,
wondrid, and said in his þoght
(Bot wid mouth he said it noght),
"war þis man a right pr*o*phete,
þis wo*m*man wepand on his fete
He aght to witt q*uat* scho ware,
And lat hir negh hi*m* noght sua nere,
For scho es wom*man* of sinful state,
Als men ou*er* all þis contre wate."
Þan ansuerd him ie*s*u crist,
Quat symon thoght, wele he wist,
And said, "herk to me a stund."
"Gladli, maistir," said simond.
"I[t] was a man quilu*m* was wont
Penis forto lene vmstount,
þis man him was an okerer,
And tua men come þat had mister,
And askid him penis to lane;
þis riche man lente to þe tane
A hundred penis, suilk als ran,
And fifti to þ*at* o þ*er* man.
Quen it come to þe terme dai,
þai had noght quarof to pai;
For he þaim sau no catel haue,
All þair dett he þaim forgaue,
For-gaf it þaim and bad þ*aim* fare.
Que þ*er* of þaim bird luue hi*m* mare?"
"Sir, me tinck, widvten lett,
þe man þat he forgaf mast dett,

GÖTTINGEN

where she fonde chyn or soore
Wiþ oynement she anoynt þore
Al þis worshipe she him did
And also cussed his feet amyd
Alle wondride on hir & had ferly
þei say hir neuer so sory
þat dede lafte she not for shome
Symond maistir of þat home
Wondride & seide in his þou3t
But wiþ mouþ he spake hit nou3t
Were þis mon pr*o*phete so good
þis wepynge wom*m*on on hi*m* wood
He au3te to witen what she were
And lete hir touche hi*m* not so nere
For synful wom*m*on is she þis
þ*at* al þis cuntre woot I wis
Ihe*s*u crist þo vnswerde
What symond þou3te wel he herde
He seide herken to me a stou*n*de
Gladly Meistir seide symou*n*de
In cuntre som tyme was a man
þ*at* lante penyes of þat he wan
þis man he was an okerere
Two men coom þ*at* hadden mistere
And asked him penyes to lone
þis riche man lent to þat one
An hundride pens suche as ran
And fifty to þat o þ*er*e man
When*ne* hit coom to her day
þei hadde not wher of to pay
And he hem say no catel haue
Al þat dette he hem for3aue
Hem he for3af & bad hem go
Whe þ*er* owed to loue hi*m* bett*ur* þo
Sir me þinke wiþouten let
þe mon þ*at* he for3af moost det

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

He þat was mast for-giuen till
Mast aght to luue him wit skill."
"Wel ansuard," he said, "symon,
þou has giuen dom wit resun."
Alwais sco wepe a-pon his fete,
And iesus hir bi-held and lete;
And to symon he said onan,
"Sais þou," he said, "now þis womman?
To mi fete [þu] gaf water nan,
To was þaim siþen sco ne fan,
þou wat þat it was soth i-wiss,
þat þou me bedd for to kiss,
Nu siþen i com al to þin in
To kiss mi fete wald sco not blin.
Vñgnement þou gaf me noght,
And sco hir vnttement me broght
And smerd has me fote and schank,
Quar-for i can hir mikel thank.
And for sco has me luued mikel,
O mi luue mai sco be seker,
Sco es made of hir sinnes clene,
þai er forgiuen hir al bi-dene."
"Mikel þou luued," he said, "mari,
Mikel es þe forgiuen for-þi,
Ga quar þou ga, þi mikel treuth
Has þe saued, alsua þi reuth;
Nu er þou sauf al thoru þi fai,
I sal þe kepe forth fra þis dai."
¶ Iesus efterward in hij
Com precheand into bethani,
Giueand mani seke þair hele,
þe folk him foluand was ful fell.
Martha and mari broþer he fand,
Lazaruin þar was wonnand,
He gestind wit þir sisters tua
I neuend ar, mari and martha.

COTTON

he þat mast was giuen tille.
a3t to loue him maste wiþ skille.
¶ wele ansquered he saide simoun.
þou has giuen dome with ri3t resoun.
al-wayes ho wepped on his fete.
& iheşus hir be-helde & lete.
& to simond he saide anane
sese þou he saide þis womman.
to my fete gaue þou me water nane.
& ho to wasshe ham neuer blan.
þou wate atte hit is soþ I.-wis.
atte þou bed me no3t to kis.
now syn I. come to þine in.
to kis my fete walde ho no3t blyn.
oynement þou me gaue no3t.
& ho hir oynement me bo3t.
& di3t þar-wiþ my fote & shank
quar-fore I. con hir mikil þank.
& for ho me has loued mykil.
of my loue ho may be sekir.
ho is made of hir synnys clene
for þai ar hir for-giuen be-dene.
mykil þou loued he said mary
mykil is for-giuen þe for-þi.
ga quere þou ga þi mikil treuþ
has þe saued for þi reuþe
now artow saued alle þorou þi fay.
I. salle þe kepe forþ fra þis day.
Iheşus efterwarde in hy.
come preychande in-to bethany.
giuand many seke þaire hele
þe folk him folowed was ful fele.
martha & mary broþer he fande.
lazaron þer was wonande.
he gestened wiþ þer sistres twa.
In hous wiþ mary & martha.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

He þat mast was forgiuen till
Ma[s]t au to loue him wid skill."
He said, "we be ansuerd symon,
þu giues dome wid right resun."
Alwais scho wepe apon his fete,
And iesus crist biheld and lete,
And to symond he said on-ane,
"Ses þu nu þis ilk wommane?
To mi fete gaue þu water nanę,
To wasse þam siþen scho ne fane,
þu wat þat it es soth i-wis,
þat þu me bedd noght forto kiss,
Nu siþen i come in-to þin in
To kisse mi fete wald scho noght blin.
Oygnement þu gaf me noght,
And scho hir oygment me broght
And smerld has mi fete and schank,
Quarfor i cun hir mekil thank.
And for þat scho loues me mekil,
Of mi loue scho mai be secir.
Of hir sinnes es scho mad clene,
þai er for-giuen hir all bidene."
He said, "mekil þu loued, mari,
Mekil es forgiuen þe for-þi,
Ga quar þu ga, þi mekil treuth
Has þe sauid, and þi reuth;
Nu es þu sauf thoru þi fai;
I sal þe kepe forth fra þis dai."
Iesus efterward in hij
Come prechand into betani,
Giuand mani seke þair hele;
þe folk him foluand was ful fele.
Martha and mari broþer he fand,
Lazarun þar was wonand,
He gestind wid þir sistris tua,
I neuend ȝu, mari and martha.

GÖTTINGEN

To whom he forȝaf moost tille
Owe moost to loue him bi skille
He seide we ben vnswered symeoun
þenne demestou bi riȝt resoun
Alwey she wepte on his fete
And ihesu þo bihelde hir lete
And to symond he seide anone
Sestou þis ilke wommone
To my feet watir ȝaf þou none me
To wasshe haþ she greet plente
þou woost þat is sooþ I-wis
ȝitt bed þou me not for to kis
Siþ I coom in to þin In
To kus my feet con she not blyn
Oynement ȝaf þou me nouȝt
She haþ hiren to me brouȝt
She haþ anoynt me foot & shanke
Wherfore I con hir mychel þanke
And for she loueþ me out of biker
Of my loue she may be siker
Of hir synnes is she clene
þei are forȝyuen alle bi-dene
He seide muchel hastou loued marye
Muche is forȝyuen þe þi folye
Go in pees þi muchel treuþe
Haþ þe saued & þi reuþe
Now art þou saued þourȝe þi fay
I shal be þi kepere fro þis day
Ihesus aftir warde in hy
Coom prechyng in to betany
ȝyuynge mony seke her hele
þe folke him folewed was ful fele
Martha & maryes broþer he fond
Laȝar þere he was wonond
He gestened wiþ þo sistres two
Marie and martha also

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Quen þai wist he suld wit þam duell,
O þair gladnes war tor to tell,
And na selcut, for suilk a gest [col. 2]
Com neuer vn-to þair hus to rest.
Martha was huswijf o þat hus,
Abute þe seruis was sco fus,
Bot mari serue allan hir lete,
And sett hir forwit iesu fete,
For-wit his fete sco sett hir dun,
For to here his suete sermon;
Naþer sco tent to mete ne bord,
Bot for to herken godds word.
Martha thoght sco helpe ne wald,
A spitus plaint to crist sco tald;
"Sir," sco said, "se yee noght hu
I am left an to serue yow?
Mi sister sittes, als yee see,
And leuis allan þe suinc on me.
Sir, yee bidd hir for to rise,
And helpe us now in vr seruise."
"Martha, martha," þan said iesu,
"In mikel bisenes ert þou,
Bise ert þou bot mani dede,
Bot mast of an þou-queþer es nede;
þe better lott has mari chosen,
þat hir mai nagat be wit losin."
Blisced was þat affliccion
þat mari broght to sli pardon,
Alle thinges hali sco for-soke,
Bot an of al thing sco hir tok,
O mani thing sco tok til an,
Wit-vten quam es beute nan.
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
Es naman can tell þe teind
Part þis lauerd dos til his friend,

COTTON

¶ quen þai wiste atte he walde dwel.
of þaire gladnes con. I. noȝt telle.
& na selcouþ for suche a geste
come neuer vn-to þaire hous to rest
martha was houswif of þat in.
a-boute seruise dide ho neuer blyn.
& mary serue allane hir lete.
& sette hir doun atte ihesus fete.
be-for his fete ho sette hir doun.
for til here his squete sarmoun.
nauþer ho tent to mete ne borde.
bot al hally to cristis worde.
martha þuȝt il ho ne help hir walde
a pitous plaint to criste ho talde.
¶ Sir ho saide se ȝe noȝt how.
I. am lefe to serue ȝou.
my sister as ȝe may se.
lays allane þe squink on me.
I. pray ȝou sir ȝe bid hir rise
& help us now in our seruise
Martha martha saide ihesu
in myche besynes artow.
besy þou art in many dede.
þe best do first is maste nede.
þe better seruise mary chese.
hit saued hir wiþ-outen lese.
blessed was þe affliccioun
þat broȝt mary to suche pardoun.
alkin þingꝰ ho for-soke.
bot an of alle oþer ho toke.
of al þingꝰ ho toke bot an.
wiþ-outen wane til god allane
& he hir broȝt til ioy of heyuen
þer angels singyn wiþ muri steyuen.
þer is na man may telle þe tende
þe ioy he ordenes for his frende

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Quen þai wist he suld wid þaim duel,
Of þair ioi was tore to tell,
And na selcuth, for suilk a gest
Come neuer to þair hus to rest.
Martha was e husewijf of þat huse,
Abut þe seruis was scho fuse,
Bot mari serue al ane hir lete,
And set hir forwid iesus fete,
Bifor his fete scho set hir dune,
Forto here his suete sarmune;
Nouþer scho tent to mete ne bord,
Bot forto herkin goddes word.
Martha thoght all scho helpe ne wold,
A pituse plaint to crist scho talde;
"Sir," scho said, "se ȝe noght hu
I am left ane to serue ȝu?
Mi sister sittes, als ȝe se,
And leues all-ane þe suink on me.
Biddis hir, sir, forto rise
And help me nu in ȝur seruis."
"Martha, martha," þan said iesu,
"In mekil besines es þu,
Bisi es þu a-bute mani dede,
Bot mast of ane a queþer es nede;
þe better part has mari chosin,
þat hir mai neuer be widlosin."
Blisced was þat afflicciun
þat mari broght to sli pardun,
Alkin thing scho for-soke,
Bot ane of alle scho hir toke,
Of all thing scho tok till ane,
widvten quam es buute nane.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Es na man þat can telle þe teind
Part þis lauerd dos tille his freind,

GÖTTINGEN

Whenne þei wiste he wolde dwelle
Of her ioye myȝte no mon telle
No wondir was for suche a gest
Coom neuer eer wiþ hem to rest
Martha was hosewif sikerly
Aboute her seruyse ful bisy
Marye alone Martha lete
And sett hir tofore ihesu fete
Bifore his feete she set hir doun
For to here his sermoun
Nouþer she tent to mete ny bord
But for to here goddes word
Martha say she not helpe wolde
A pitous pleynt to crist she tolde
Sir she seide recche ȝe not how
I am lafte one to serue ȝow
My sister sitteþ as ȝe may se
And leueþ al þe swynke on me
Bidde hir sir þat she rise
And helpe me now in ȝoure seruyse
Martha martha seide ihesu þis
In muchel bisynes þou is
Bisy art þou aboute mony dede
But of oon is moost nede
þe bettur party haþ mary chosen
þat neuer may be fro hir losen
Blessed was þat afflictioun
þat mary brouȝte to suche pardoun
Alle oþere þinge she forsoke
Saue to one she hir toke
Of alle þinges she toke to one
Wiþouten whom is godenes none
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Of godenes no mon con telle þe tendes
þat þis lorde doþ to his frendes

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Bot es naman wit hert mai thinc,
Ne na clerc þat mai writ wit inc,
Ne ei mai se, ne ere mai here,
Ne mans wijt þar mai cum nere,
Hu mikel mede þat vs es dight,
If we wil serue þat lauerd right.
Leue we nu o þis sisters þus,
Al for to tell o lazarus.
¶ þis lazarus o betani
Had sisters martha and mari,
Mikel he luued his sisters bath,
Ne soght he neuer man wit lath,
A castel was bath his and þairs,
Thoru eldres þar-of war þai airs.
To þis castel was iesus cald [leaf 78, col. 1]
Til herberi, als i for-wit tald,
Soth it es, þis lazarus
Was seke, als stori telles vs,
In his sekenes he languist sua,
þat he na fote had might to ga;
Martha and mari þan was ful wa,
For his vnhele and oþer maa,
His sisters serued him to hand
þat bunden lai in godds band,
Bot bute til him þat sua was bunden,
Mikel ha þai soght, nan haf þai funden,
þof þai him soght fand na bott,
þe sare him sekes fra hede to fote.
Quen þai sagh þat þar was nanoþer
Stat o couering o þair broþer,
Consail þai tok iesum biseke,
For þair broþer þat was sa seke,
O þair broþer þai suld him sai
He luued sa wele, in langur lai,
To prai him, if his will it were,
Cum se lazar þat was vn-fere;

COTTON

ne na man wiþ hert may þink'
ne na clerk may write wiþ Ink'.
ne eye mai se ne ere may here.
ne alle mannys witte infere.
may tel þe mede þat vs is diȝt
if we wil serue þat lorde riȝt
leue we now þer sisteres þus
& telle we forþ of lazarus.
Þis lazarus of bethani.
had sisteres ij. martha & mary.
mykil he loued his sisteres baþ.
I traw wiþ him was neuer man wraþ.
a castel was baþ his & þairis [leaf 65]
þorou auncestri ware þai ayris
to þis castel was ihesus calde.
as I be-fore ȝou has talde.
soþ hit is þis lazarus.
was seke þis stori telles vs.
In þis sekenes he languist squa.
he had na fote ne miȝt to ga.
martha & mary was ful wa.
for his vn-hele & oþer ma.
his sisters seruid him til hande
þat prisoun lay in goddis bande.
& bote til him þat squa was bunden
mikil haue þai soȝt & nane is funden
al if þai soȝt fande þai na bote
þe sare him soȝt fra heued to fote
quen þai sagh̄ þer was na noþer
state of couerynge of þaire broþer.
consaile þai toke ihesus to seke.
for þaire broþer þat was seke.
al þe soþ him to say
how þaire broþer in langour lay.
to pray him if is wil hit were
come se lazar þat lay vn-fere.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

[1]For es na man wid herte mai thinck,
Ne clerk nane mai write wid ink,
Ne eie mai se, ne ere mai here, [1 lf 96, bk, col. 1]
Ne manes witt mai nan cum nere,
Hu mekil mede þat vs es dight, 14124
If we will se[r]ue þat lauerd right.
Leue we nu þir sistris þus,
Forto speke of lazarus.
Þis lazarus of bethani 14128
Had sistris martha & mari,
Mekil he loued his sistris bath,
Ne soght he man neuer wid lath,
A castel was bath his and þairis,
Eftir þar eldris þarof was airis. 14133
To þis castel was iesus cald
To herberi, als i forwid tald,
Soth it es, þis lazarus 14136
was seke, als þe stori tellis vs,
In his sekenes he languist sua,
He had no might a fote to ga; 14139
Martha and mari þan was ful wa,
For his vnhele and oþer ma,
His sistris serued him to hand
þat bunden lai in godes band, 14143
Bot till him þat sua was bunden,
Fer haue þai soght and nan funden,
Al if þai soght fand þai na bote,
þe seke him saris fra heued to fote.
Quen þai sau þar was nanoþer 14148
State of couering of þari broþer,
Consaile þai toke iesu biseke,
For þaire broþer þat was sua seke,
Of þair broþer þai suld him sai 14152
He loued sua wele, in langur lai,
To prai him, if his will it ware,
Cum se lazar þat was unfere; 14155

GÖTTINGEN

For is noon þat in herte may þinke
Ny clerke write nouþer wiþ ynke
Nor eze may se ny herte lere
No monnes witt may hit com nere
How mychel mede to vs is dizt
If we wol serue þat lord rizt
Leue we now þese sistres þus
For to speke of lazarus
¶ þis lazarus of bethany [leaf 86]
had sistres martha & mary
Muche loued he his sistres boþe
Souzte he neuer noon wiþ loþe
A castel was his & þeires
Aftir her eldres þerof heires
To þis castel was ihesus calde
To herborwe as bifore I talde
Soþ hit is þis lazarus
was seke þe story telleþ vs
In his sekenes he lenged so
þat he had no fote to go
Mary & martha were sory
For his sekenes & oþer mony
His sistres serued him to honde
þat bounden lay in goddes bonde
But to him þat so was bounden
Fer þei souzte & noon founden
Longe þei souzte & fonde no bote
þat sekenes crepte to heed & fote
Whenne þei say hit was noon oþere
State of couerynge of her broþere
Counsel þei toke to ihesu to go
For her broþere ful of woo
Of her broþere þei wolde him say
þat he wel loued in langure lay
And preye him if his wille were
Com se lazar þat was vnfere

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

For wel þai trud þat he moght 14156
þair broþer sauue of al his soght.
þe sandes soght ouer all Iude,[1]
Faand þai him noght in þat contre,
[*No gap in Cotton and Laud MSS.*]
[1 *Laud MS. has* ynde, *which rimes with* tynde.]
And wat yee qui? for þis resun, 14162
þai soght him sla wit fals tresun.
þof þai him faand noght in þat land,
þai fined noght til þai him faand,
þir messagers þair errand said 14166
Hendli,[2] þat was on þam laid; [2 MS. hundli]
þai praid him als lauerd dere,
For his freind þat was vn-fere, 14169
þat he til him a turn wald mak,
For him, and his tua sisters sak.
"He lijs to dei, þe lel and tru, 14172
Lauerd!" þai said, "of him þou reu!"
¶ To þaa men þat bodd-word bar
Iesus þam gaf suilk ansuar, 14175
"Gais a-gain," he said, "your wai,
To þam þat yow sent sal yee sai
þat þai noght for þair broþer murn,
To ded sal noght his langur turn,
Bot sal mi blis þar-wit be sene, 14180
Wel forþermar þan yeitt has bene."
Again þai went wit þair ansuar, [col. 2]
Tua dais vr lauerd was lengand þar,
þan did he his disciplis call, 14184
"Buskus yow," he said, "yee sal
Vnto Iude weind wit me nu."
And þai said, "sir, quat thinckes þou?
Ne was þou noght bot littel gan
Almast þar-wit þe juus slan? 14189
It es, sir, na consail o freind,
þat þou þider-ward nu weind."

COTTON

in sicure hope þai ware balde.
he muȝt him help if he walde
¶ þe sandis soȝt ouer alle Iude.
fande þai him noȝt in þat cuntre.
þe fals Iewes atte him soȝt.
for lazar sake al was hit noȝt
& wate ȝe quy for þis resoun
þai soȝt him to sla wiþ tresoun.
alle if þai fande him noȝt in þat lande
þai fined noȝt til þai him fande.
þer messagers þaire erande saide.
hendeli þat was on ham layde.
þai prayed him as lorde dere
for his freinde þat was vn-fere
þat he til him a turne walde make
for him & his ij. sisters sake.
he lyes to dey þi lele & trew.
lorde þai saide on him þou rew.
¶ to þa men atte þe message bare
ihesus gaf ham suche onsquare
gas a-gayne he saide ȝour way.
to haue þus-gatis sal ȝe say.
þat lazar langour to hele sal torne
& bid ham for þaire self mourne
my blis to him salle be sene.
wele mare þen hit has bene.
agayne þai went wiþ þar onsquare
ij. dayes our lorde was lengande þare
¶ þen he did his disciplis calle.
buskis ȝou he saide ȝe salle.
vn-to Iude wende wiþ me now.
& þai saide sir quat þinkis þou.
ne was þou noȝt bot litel gane
al-maste wiþ þe iewes slane
hit is na conseil sir of freinde.
atte ȝe þidder a-gayne wende.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Ful wele þai troud þat he moght
þair broþer hale of all his soght.
þe saandes soght ouer all iude, [col. 2]
And fand him noght in þat cuntre,
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
And quat ȝe qui? for þis resun, 14162
Men soght him sla wid fals tresun.
Quen þai him fand noght in þat land,
þai fined noght till þai him fand,
þir messageris heindli said 14166
þe erand þat was on þaim laid;
þai praid him als a lauerd dere,
For his freind þat was vnfere, 14169
A turn till him þat he wald make,
For him, and for his frendes sake.
"He lijs to die, þi lele and tru, 14172
Lauerd," þai said, "on him þu reu!"
To þa men þe bodwor[d] bare
Iesu gaue þaim suilk ansuare,
He said, "gas again ȝur wai, 14176
To þaim þat sent ȝu sal ȝe sai
þat þai noght for þair broþer murn,
To dede sal noght his langur turn,
Bot sal mi blis þar-wid bi sene, 14180
wele forþermar þam ȝeit has bene."
Again þai went wid þair ansuer,
Tua dais vr lauerd duelled þar, 14183
þan did he his desciplis call,
"Buskes ȝu," he said, "ȝe sall
vnto iude weind wid me nu." 14186
And þai said, "sir, quat thinkes þu?
Ne was þu noght bot littel gane
Almast þar wid iuus slane?
Sir, it es na consail of freind, 14190
þat ȝe deþerward nu wend."

GÖTTINGEN

Ful wel leued þei þat he
Miȝte make him hool to be
þei sende sondes ouer al Iude
And fonde him not in þat cuntre
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
And wite ȝe wel for þis resoun
Men souȝte to sle him wiþ tresoun
For þei him fonde not in þat londe
þei fined not til þei him fonde
þo messangeres hendely seide
þe eronde þat was on hem leide
þei preyed him as lord dere
For his frende þat was vnfere
Trauaile to him þat he wolde make
For him & his frendes sake
He liþ to deȝe þat lele & trewe
Lord þei seide on him þou rewe
To þo men þat bodeword bare
Iheȝu ȝaf him þis vnsware
He seide go aȝeyn ȝoure wey
To hem ȝou sende shal ȝe sey
þat þei not for her broþere mourne
To deþ shal not his langure tourne
But my blis shal bi him be sene
Furþer þen hit ȝitt haþ bene
Aȝeyn þei went wiþ her vnswere
Two dayes oure lord dwelled þere
þenne dud he his disciples calle
Make ȝou redy he seide alle
Vnto Iude goþ wiþ me now
þei seide sir what þenkestou
Wasþou not but litil gone
Almest þere wiþ iewes slone
Counsel is hit noon of frende
þat ȝe þiderwarde sir wende

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ I*esus* þan said, "qui sai yee sua?
Ten tides has þe dai and tua,
Qua has to wenden ani wai,
God es to go bi light o dai,
For qua walkes on nightertale
O drecching oft he findes duale.
Bot þat i sai, ta yee god kepe,
Lazar vr freind es laid on-slepe,
þat i til him weind it es time
For to wacken him of his suime.
I haf him luued well oftsiþe,
And þat es right nu i him kiþe."
¶ "Sir," þai said, "if he slepe oght,
Dute o ded yeit has he noght,
If he mai slepe hele es at hand."
I*esus* said, "miss yee vnderstand,
For yee sal here noght lang þer-till
Tiþand þat yow sal like wel il.
For he es ded, þat i of sai,
Nu es it gan þe firth dai,
Ded and doluen bath es he.
Es he noght quik, þat sal yee se;
For þan es i nu gladd and blithe
þat i was noght wit þaim þat sithe.
Bot nu þan am i after send,
þiderward nu will i wend."
¶ Q*uen* thomas, þat hight didim*us*,
Hard þat ded was lazar*us*,
Als his maist*er* him tald, i*esus*,
He sighed sar, and said þan þus,
Til his felaus soruful said he,
"Lau*er*dings," he said, "þis here yee,
Lazar*us* es noght o liue,
Go we dei wit-him biliue;
Neu*er* list me lang*er* liue nu,
Bot if we help haf o i*esu*.

COTTON

¶ ihesus saide quy say ȝe squa.
x. oures has þe day & twa.
qua has to ga any way.
gode is to ga on liȝt of day.
for qua-sim walkis on niȝt*er*tale.
of drecching oft he findis dwale.
iche man til o*þer* take gode kepe.
lazar our freinde is laide on-slepe.
to walke til him now is time
for to wakkin him of his squyme
I. haue him loued alle his siþe.
& in his nede is riȝt to kiþe.
sir þai saide if he slepe oȝt.
doute of dede is hit noȝt.
if he slepe his hele is atte hande.
ihesus saide ȝe mys-vnderstande.
for ȝe sal here noȝt lange vn-tille.
tiþande atte ȝe sal like ful ille.
now is hit gane þe firþ day
syn he was dede for-soþ to say.
dede & dollyn baþ is he
is he noȝt quik þat sal ȝe se.
for-þi I. am baþ glad & bliþe.
I. was noȝt wiþ ham þat siþe.
bot now I. am efter sende.
þidder-warde dar I. noȝt wende.
¶ quen thomas þat hiȝt didim*us*
herd þat dede was lazarus.
as ham talde squete ihesus
he sighed sare & þen saide þus.
til his felawes sorouful saide he
lording*us* he saide now here ȝe.
lazarus is noȝt on-liue.
go we deye wiþ him be-liue.
I. ne kepe liue na lang*er* þen now.
bot if we help haue of ihesu.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Iesus said, " qui sai ȝe sua ?
Ten tides has þe dai and tua,
Qua has to weind on ani wai,
Gode es þai ga bi þe light of dai,
For quasum walkes on nighter-tale
Of drigthing ofte he feindes duale.
Bot þat i sai, tak ȝe god kepe, [leaf 96, col. 1]
Lazar vr freind es laid on-slepe,
þat i tell him weind it es time
Forto wakin him of his suime.
I haue him luued wele al his sith,
And þat es righ[t] i nu him kith."
" Sir," þai said, " if he slepe oght,
Doute of dede ȝeit has he noght,
If he mai slepe hele es at hand."
Iesus said, " ȝe mis-vnderstand,
For ȝe sal noght lang þar-tille
Tiþand þat þu sal like ful ille.
For he es dede, þat i of sai,
Nu es it gane þe feird dai,
Ded and doluen bath es he.
Es he noght quik, þat sal ȝe se ;
For nu þan es i glad and blith
þat i was noght wid þaim þat sith.
Bot nu þan am i efter send,
Diþir-ward nu will i wend."
Quen thomas, þat hight didimus,
Herd þat dede was lazarus,
Als his maistir him tald, iesus,
He sight sare, and said þus,
Tille his felaus sor-ful said he,
" Lauerdinges," he said, " nu here ȝe,
Lazarus es noght in liue,
Go we deie wid him bliue ;
List me liue na langer þan nu,
Bot if we help haue of iesu.

GÖTTINGEN

Ihesus seide whi saye ȝe so
Ten tides haþ þe day & two
Who so haþ to wende any way
Good is he go bi liȝt of day
For who so walkeþ bi nyȝter tale
Of disese he fyndeþ bale
To þat I saye takeþ good kepe
Lazar oure frend is leide to slepe
To him to wende hit is tyme
For to wake him of his swyme
I haue him loued wel ofte siþe
Now is tyme I sum him kiþe
Sir þei seide if he slepe ouȝt
Doute of deeþ ȝit is hit nouȝt
If he may slepe hele is at honde
Ihesus þo seide ȝe mys vndirstonde
For ȝe shal not longe tille
Tiþinge here to like ille
He is deed þat I of say [leaf 88, back]
Now is goon þe ferþe day
Deed & doluen boþe is he
He is not quyke þat shul ȝè se
Now am I boþe glad & bliþe
þat I was not wiþ hem þat siþe
Now am I aftir sende
þiderwarde wol I wende
¶ whenne Thomas þat hette didimus
Herde þat dede was lazarus
As ihesus hadde tolde þore
He seide þus & siked sore
To his felowes seide he
Lordyngis he seide now here ȝee
Lazarus is not in lyue
Go we deȝe wiþ him blyue
Me lust no lenger lyue in place
But ihesu helpe of his grace

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

We sal find missing witerli [leaf 78, back, col. 1]
Of vr god freind o bethani." 14229
Tuix ierusalem and þis castell
þat yee me herd of forwit mel,
þare mare wond magdalene, 14232
War noght o miles bot fiftene,
þar lazarus was doluen and ded.
Iesus þan þider-ward him yede.
Lazar was a heie-born man, 14236
His kin war yeit abute him þan,
At þat castel his frendes bade,
And for þair frend gret murning made;
Wit mari and martha, it sais, 14240
þai had ben wepand þar four dais.
þar was fele boden, als i tru,
And mani als-sua vnbonden Iuu
þider com, bath an an oþer, 14244
To comforth mari for hir broþer.
Bi þis was cummen grait tiþand
þat iesus cummen was nerhand,
þat he was cummen into þat sted,
Wit his felauscip þat he ledd. 14249
Martha was neuer half sua fain,
Sco went þan wepand him again,
To fete sco fele him sarili,
Reuli on him þan can sco cri.
"Leif lauerd," sco said, "quat rede?
Mi broþer nu es fra me ded. 14255
Allas, had þou her wit vs bene,
Mi broþer had noght ben ded, i wen.
O quatkin thing þou mas praier,
I wat þat drightin wil þe here." 14259
¶ "Bi still," he said, "þi broþer sal rise."
"Ya sal," sco said, "on sumkin wis,
On domes-dai, wel wat i quen,
Rise sal he þan wit oþer men." 14263

COTTON

we salle finde misliking sicurely [leaf 65, back]
of our gode frende of bethany.
be-twix ierusalem & þis castel.
þat ȝe herde me of telle.
per mary woned Magdalene
is mylis nane bot bare xv.
¶ per lazarus was dollin & dede.
ihesus þen þid[er]warde ȝede.
lazar was of hey kyn a man.
his kin ware ȝette a-boute him þan.
atte þat castel his frendis bade.
& for his dede grete mourning made
mary & martha þis boke says
þai wepped a-boute him þa iiij. dayes
per was many a man I. traw.
& many a Iew stode per on raw.
¶ þidder come baþ an & oþer.
to conforte mary for hir broþer.
be þis was commyn grete tiþande
þat ihesus was commyn ful nere hande
þat he was commyn in-to þat sted
per he his felawshepe wiþ him led.
martha was neuer half sa fayne
ho went wepand him a-gayne
to fote ho felle him sarily
& reufulli be-gan to cry.
leue lorde ho saide quat to rede
my broþer is now fra me dede.
allas had ȝe here wiþ vs bene.
my broþer had noȝt bene dede I. wene.
of quatkin þing þou makis praier.
I. wate god wille þe here.
¶ be stille he saide þi broþer sal rise.
& ho saide on sumkin wise.
atte domes-day wele wate I. quen.
þat he salle rise wiþ oþer men.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

we sal find missing witterli
Of ur gode freind of bethani."
Tuix ierusalem *and* þis castel
þat ȝe me herd of forwid mele,
þar mari woned magdalane,
war of milis ful fiftene,
þar lazarus was doluen *and* dede.
I*esus* sone diderward he ȝode.
Lazar was a heiborn man,
His kin was ȝeite about hi*m* þan,
At þ*at* castel his freindes bade,
And for lazar gret murni*n*g made;
witt mari and martha, it sais,
þai had bene wepand þar fur dais.
þas was fele boden, als i tru,
And mani alsua vnboden iu
diþer come, both ane and oþ*er*,
To cumforte mari for hir broþ*er*.
Bi þis come þaim tiþand
þ*at* i*esus* comand was nere hand,
þ*at* he was comen into þat stede,
wid his felauschip þ*at* he ledd.
Martha was neuer so faine,
þan weint scho wepand hi*m* againe,
To fote scho felle him soruful-li,
And reuli on him gan scho cri.
"Leue laue*r*d," scho said, "quat rede?
Nu es mi broþ*er* fra me dede.
Allas, said þu here wid vs bene,
Had he noght bene dede, i wene.
Of quatkin þing þu mas praie[re],
I wat þ*at* drightin wil þe here."
"Be still," he said, "þi broþir sal rise."
"ȝa," scho said, "on sumkin wise,
On domes-dai, wele wat i quen,
þen sal he rise wid oþer men."

We shul haue mys sikerly
Of oure good frend of bethany
Bitwene Ierusalem & þis castel
þ*at* ȝe herde me bifore of spel
þ*ere* marye woned magdalene
Were of myles ful fiftene
þ*ere* lazarus was doluen & ded
I*hesus* coom soone to þat stede
Lazar was an heȝe boren mon
His kyn was ȝitt aboute hi*m* þon
At þ*at* castel his frendes bade
And mychel mournyng for hi*m* made
Mary & martha þe story sayes
Had ben wepynge þo foure dayes
þ*ere* were fele hem to rewe
And also mony vnbeden iewe
þider coom boþe oon and oþ*ere*
To cou*m*forte mary for hir broþ*ere*
¶ Bi þis coom hem tiþonde
þat ih*esus* comyng was neȝe honde
þat he was comen as þei bad
Wiþ felowshepe þat he lad
was neu*er* eer martha so fayn
þenne went she wepyng him aȝayn
To fete she fel him sorwefuly
And rewly on him gon to cry
lord she seide what to rede
Now is my broþ*er* fro me dede
Allas haddestou here wiþ vs bene
He had not ben dede I wene
For what þing þ*ou* makest p*re*yere
I woot þ*at* god wol þe here
¶ Be stille he seide þi broþ*er* shal rise
I woot wel she seide in som wise
On domes day wel woot I whenne
He shal rise wiþ oþ*ere* men

Digitized by Google

Iesus said, "i am vpris and lijf,
Qua trous in me, or man or wijf,
þof þai war ded yeit sal þai lijf,
þat gift for-soth i sal þam gif.
And all þat liues and troues *in* me,
Ded ne sal þai neu*er* be.
Trous þou þis?" sco said, "sir ya,
I trou þis, and i trou alsua
þat þou ert godds aun sun,
Cu*m*men amang vs for to won."
Martha, ful soruful and sari, [col. 2]
Til hir sister sco tald mari,
And in hir ere sco can to run,
"Crist," sco said, "es cu*m*men to tun,
Do þe to speke wit him in hi:"
Wit-vten mare vp ras mari,
Til-ward hir maist*er* ran sco fast,
Men wen[d]all sco had bene a-gast!
Qu*en* men hir sagh, þat bi hir stod,
Rennand forth als sco war wod,
Wijt yee for-soth o mani man
þe teres o þair chekes ran.
Til hir broþer graue sco gas,
Oft sith for soru sco said "allas!"
Bot mari was in a-noþer tent,
Wit hir lau*er*d to speke sco went,
For crist þat had his grace hir lent,
Wit hir sist*er* hir efter sent.
Til him sco ran and fell on knes,
"Lau*er*d," sco said, "als þou nu seis,
Ded es þi freind, my broþer lazar,
And þar-for es mi hert ful sare."
"Had þou," sco said, "ben here wit vs
Had noght mi broþer deied þus."
¶ Iesus biheild þan hir a-stert,
And had gret reuthnes *in* his hert.

COTTON

ihesus saide I. am deþ & life.
qua trowes in me man or wife.
if þai be dede ȝet sal þi liue
þat gift for-soþ I. salle ham giue.
& alle þat liues & trawes in me.
dede ne sal þai neuer be.
trawes þou þis & ho saide ȝa
I. traw þis & I. traw al-squa.
atte þou art goddis awen sone.
art co*m*myn amang us for to wone.
¶ martha sorouful and sary
til hir sister ho talde mary.
and in hir ere ho con to rime
c*r*iste ho saide is co*m*min in time.
do þe to speke wiþ him in hye.
wiþ-outen mare vp ras mary.
tille hir maist*er* ran ho fast
men wende ho had bene a-gaste
quen men hir sagh þat bi hir stode
rynnande forþ as ho ware wode.
witnes for-soþ of many man.
þe teris on þaire chekis ran.
til hir broþ*er* gra*u*e þai saide ho gas
for til squoen þ*er* allas.
¶ bot mary was in oþ*er* entent.
wiþ hir lorde to speke ho went.
for c*r*iste þat had hir grace lent
wiþ hir sister hir efter sent.
til him ho ran & fel on knes
lorde ho saide as þou me ses.
dede is þi frende my broþ*er* lazare
& þar-for is myne hert ful sare.
had þou bene here ho saide wiþ us.
had noȝt my broþ*er* deyed þus.
ihesus be-helde hir þen a-stert
& had grete reuþ in his hert.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Iesus said, "i am vpras and lijf,
Qua trous in me, man or wijf,
þou þai war dede ȝeit sal þai liue,
þat gift for soth i sal þaim giue.
And all þat liue and trous *in* me,
Dede ne sal þai neuer be.
Trous þu þis?" "sir," scho said, "ȝa,
I trou þis, and nu trou i alsua
þat þu ert godes auen sune,
Comen emang vs forto wone."
MArtha, wel sorful and sari, [leaf 96, blk, col. 2]
Scho tald till hir sistir mari,
And in hir ere gan scho roune,
"And crist es comen to toune,
Do þe to spec wid him in hij:"
widvten mar vp ras mari,
Tilward hir maistr ran scho fast,
Men wenid scho had bene a-gast!
Quen men hir sau, þat bi hir stod,
Renand forth als scho war wod,
witt ȝe forsoth of mani man
þe teres bi þair chekes þon ran.
"Till hir broþer graue scho gas,
þar forto suoun," þai said, "allas!"
Bot mari was in anoþer tent,
wid hir lauerd to spec scho went,
For crist þat has his grace hir sent,
wid hir sistir hir efter sent.
Till him scho ran and fell on knes,
"Lauerd," scho said, "als þu nu seis,
Dede es þi freind, mi broþer lazar,
And þarfor es mi hert ful sare."
Scho said, "had þu bene here wid vs
Had noght mi broþer deieid þus."
Iesus biheld hir a stert,
And had gret reuthe at his hert.

GÖTTINGEN

Ihesus seide I am vpriste & lif
Who so leueþ in me mon or wif
Þouȝe þei were dede ȝitt shul þei lyue
Suche ȝiftis may I hem ȝyue
And alle þat lyuen & trowen me
Deed shul þei neuer be
Trowestou þis she seide ȝee þo
I trowe þis & more also
þat þou art goddes owne sone
Comen among vs for to wone
Martha sorweful & sory
Tolde to hir sister mary
And in hir ere gon she rowne
And seide crist is comen to towne
Do þe to speke wiþ him anoon
Vp roos mary stille as stoon
Towarde hir maistir ran she fast
Men wende she hadde ben a gast
Whenne men say hir þat bi stood
Rennonde as she were wood
Witeþ hit of mony mon
þe teres bi hir chekes ron
To hir broþer graue she gas
þere for to swowne þei seide alas
But Mary was in oþere entent
Wiþ hir lord to speke she went
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]
To him she ran on knees she fel [leaf 89]
Lord she seide I wol þe tel
My broþer lazer þi frend is deed
And þat is to me a colde reed
hadestou lord ben þere wiþ vs
Had not my broþer deȝed þus
Ihesus bihelde hir a sterte
And had greet reuþe at his hert

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Lazar freindes þat þar were,
þai cried and mad a reuful chere.
To mari *iesus* in hir care
Mikel luue he hir sceud þar,
*Que*n he him-self of hir misfare,
A parti on him-seluen bare,
For he wepe sarer þan þas oþer
Wit þar tua sisters for þar broþer.
Tenderli he wep, and said,
"And q*uar* haf yee his bode laid?"
"Sir," said mari, "cu*m* forth and se,
Ful mikel, laue*r*d, luued he þe.
Laue*r*d, o selcut þ*at* es slei,
þi lufand þus, qui let þou dei?"
¶ I*esus* þair waining[1] vnderstod,
Wit þaim sun to þe graue he yod,
*Que*n he come þar, wit-vten hon,
He bad þe graf suld be vndon,
Of þe tumb tak of þe lidd,
And son his co*m*mament þai did.
þan said martha, "laue*r*d, i tru
Wormes bigi*n*nes at ete him nu.
He stinkes, for thre dais es gan
Sin he was loken vnder þis stan."
þan said ie*sus*, "martha, do wai,
It es na wijt i here þe sai,
Forgeten has þou son þi lare
þat i þe said a littel are.
If þou wald tru, ar said i þe
þ*at* son þou suld a selcut se,
Q*uar*-of suld rise a gret luue-word."
þe folk all gedird wit þis word,
þe lid o tumbe awai þai lift,
I*esus* he loked vnto þe lift,
Til fader his he made a bon.
þe fader of heuen it herd ful son;

[leaf 79, col. 1]

lazar frendes atte þar were.
cried & made sary chere.
mary shewed ih*es*us in hir care.
mykil loue he kid hir þare.
wete ȝe wele wiþ-outen mare.
for þes ij. sister his hert was sare.
for he wepped sarer þan any o*þer*
wiþ *þer* ij. sister for þaire bro*þer*.
tenderly he weped & saide.
quare haue ȝe þis bodi laide
sir saide mary come forþ & se
ful mykil lorde þen loued he þe.
lorde of selcouþ þou art sley.
quy lete þou þus þi *ser*uande dey.
¶ ih*es*us þaire mening[1] vnderstode.
wiþ ham vn-to þe graf he ȝode.
quen he come þare wiþ-outen hone
he bad þe graf sulde be vndone
of þe toumbe take of þe lid.
& sone his comaundement þai did.
þen saide martha as I. trow.
wormys has eten of him now.
he smellis for iiij. dayes ar gane
syn he was lokin vnder a stane
þen saide ih*es*us martha do way
hit is na witte I. here þe say.
fo[r]-ȝeten has þou sone þe lare.
þat I. saide þe riȝt lange are.
if þou walde þus saide I. þe.
þat sone þou sulde a selcouþ se.
suche dedis as comis of a grete lorde
þe folk alle geddered wiþ þis worde
¶ þe lid of þat toumbe a-way he lift
ih*es*us him loked vn-to þe lift.
vn-til his fader he made a bone.
& he hit herde squiþe sone

[leaf 66]

COTTON [1 MS. wamming]

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Lazar freindes þat þar ware,
þai crid and made a reuful chere.
Iesus to mari in hir care
Mekil luue he scheued þare,
Quen he him-self of hir misfare
A parti on him-seluen bare,
For he wepe sarer þan þas oþer
wid þir tua sistris for þair broþer.
Tendirli he wepe, and said,
"Quare haue ȝe nu his bodi laid?"
"Sir," said mari, "cum forth and se,
Ful mekil, lauerd, loued he þe.
Lauerd, of selcuth þat es sley,
þi luuand þus, qui lete þu him dey?"
Iesus þair waining vnþerstude,
wid þam to þe graue he ȝode.
Quen he come þar, widvten hone,
He bad þe graue suld be vndone,
Of þe tumbe take of þe lidd,
And sone his comandment þai did.
þan said martha, "lauerd, i trou,
wormes bigines at ete him nou.
He stinkes, for thre dais er gane
Siþen he was loke here vnder stane."
Þan said iesus, "martha, do wai,
It es na witt i here þe sai,
Forgetin has þu sone þi lare
þat i þe said a littel ere.
If þu wold trou, are said i þe
þat sone þu suld a selcuth se,
Quarof suld rise a gret leue-word."
þe folk all gadrid wid þis word,
þe lidd of tumb a-wai þai lifte,
And iesus loked vnto þe kiste,
And tille his faþer he made a bone.
þe fader of heuen it herd ful sone,

GÖTTINGEN

Lazares frendes þat þere were
Cryed & made reuþeful chere
Ihesus to mary in hir wo
Muchel loue shewed he þo
Whenne he wolde of his misfare
A party on him self he bare
He wepte sorer þen any oþere
Wiþ þo two sistres for her broþere
Tenderly he wepte & seide
Where haue ȝe his body leide
Sir seide Marye com and se
Ful muchel lord loued he þe
Lord of selcouþes so sleȝe
þi louer þus why letestou deȝe
Ihesus he weyment vndirstode
Wiþ hem to þat graue he ȝode
Whenne he þere coom also soone
He bad þe graue to ben vndone
Of þe toumbe take of þe lid
Soone his commaundement þei did
Martha seide lord I trow
wormes bigynne to ete him now
He stynkeþ for þre dayes is gone
þat he was leide vndir stone
Ihesus seide Martha dowey
Hit is no witt I here þe sey
Forȝeten hastou soone þi lore
þat I þe tauȝte a litil to fore
If þou wolt leue I seide þe
Soone shuldestou selcouþe se
Wherof shal greet loue word bene
þe folke to gider gedered to sene
þe graue lid awey þei kist
And ihesus loked into þe chest
To his fadir he made a bone
And he him herde also soone

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

"Honurd be þou, fader, eu*er* and oft,
Wit angels þine þar vp olof[t],
þi sun þe thankes þou dun has send
Of þe an haligast es kend.
Fader, i wat i am o þe,
And an ar we þou all thre;
I haf tan flexs emang mine aun,
And þof i am noght wit þam knaun.
I will all wijt for q*uat* resun
þ*at* þou has sent me hider dun,
And has thoru me þi mightes spred,
Q*uar*-wit þ*at* i am luued and dred
I will all wijt þ*at* here ar stade."
"Lazar," wit þis, "cu*m* forth!" he badd,
On lazaro he gaf a cri,
þ*at* all it herd þ*at* stod him bi.
At his bidding he ras on-nan,
He þ*at* ligand þar war in stan,
In windingclath als he was wonden,
Bath fete and hand þar was he bu*n*den.
"Louses him nu," he said, "for-qui
I wat he liues nu witterli."
þe folk said, þ*at* þare stode e-mid,
"Mikel frenscip has þou him kidd."
Fra þ*at* dai forth tor war to tell
þe folk þ*at* foluand to ie*s*u fell.
¶ Son ou*er*al þis tiþand ras
O lazar þ*at* vpraisid was,
I hop ferrer þ*at* it was rijf
þan it was forwit of his lijf.
þir signes þ*at* yee haf herd her, [col. 2]
Yee aght, lauerdings, in hert to bere;
Yee herd neu*er* nan slic, i wene,
For q*uat* þat selli suilk has sene,
Do crepels gan, þe blind haf sight,
Mesels þ*at* war drerili dight,

COTTON

honoured be þou fader euer & oft
wiþ þine angels vp a-loft.
wiþ þis an angel doun he sende.
þe hali gaste wiþ him he kende.
fader þou wate I. am of þe
& ȝet an ar we alle þre
we haue tane flesshe a-mo*n*g my awe*n*
& ȝet wiþ ham am I. noȝt knawen.
I wille alle wite for quat resoun.
þat þou has sende me hidd*er* dou*n*.
þou has in me þi miȝtis spred.
quar-wiþ þat I. am loued & dred.
¶ I. wille al wete þat here ar stad
lazar wiþ þis come forþ he bad.
on lazarou*n* he gaf a cry.
þat alle herde atte stode him by.
& wiþ þat he ras on-nane.
he þat liand was in stane.
In winding' claþ he was wondyn.
baþ fete & hende þen was he bundi*n*.
¶ louses him he saide for-quy.
I. wate he liuis now wit*er*li.
þe folk' sagħ al ware þai noȝt hid
saide mikil loue has he him kid.
[1ffro that forthħ for muche wele
There folowid' Ihesu folk' fuħ fele]
Sone ou*er*al þis tiþande ras. [1 from Laud MS. 416]
of lazar þat rescowed was.
now was hit mare knawen & rife
þen hit was be-fore of his life.
þ*er* signes þat ȝe haue herde here.
ȝou agħ alle to halde ham dere.
ne herde ȝe neu*er* nane suche I. wene
sa many miraclis be-fore haue bene
criplis ga and blinde haue siȝt.
mesels þat ware dreri diȝt.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

"Honurd be þu, fad*er*, euer and ofte,
wid angelis þine vp on-lofte,
þi sun þe thankes þu dune has send
Of þe and hali gast es kend.
Fa*þer* i wat i am of þe,
And ane þan er we all thre;
I haue tane fless here em*ange* mine aue*n*,
And i am noght wid þaim knaue*n*.
I will all witt for quat resune
þat þu has sent me hider dune,
And thoru me þi mightes spred,
Quar-wid i am luued and dred
I will all witt þat here er stadd."
wid "lazar, come forth!" he badd,
On lazarim he gaue a cri, [leaf 97, col. 1]
þat all it herd þat stod him bi.
At þis bidding he ras on-nane,
He þat liggand was in stane,
In wind*ing* clath als he was wonde*n*,
Heued and fete bath was bunde*n*.
"Lous him nu," he said, "forqui,
I wate he liues nu witterli."
þe folk said, þat þar stod emidd,
"Mekil treuth has þu him kidd."
Fra þat dai forth tore was to tell
þe folk þat foluand i*esus* fell.
Sone oue*r*all þis tiþand ras
Of lazar þat resusced was,
I hope þat ferrer was it rijf
þan it was forwid of his lijf.
þe signes þat 3e haff herd here,
3e au, laue*r*[d]inges, hertli to here;
Herd 3e neue*r* nane suilk, i wene,
For qua þat selli suilk has sene,
Do creplis gang, þe blind haue sight;
[. . . . . .

GÖTTINGEN

Honoured be þou fadir ofte
Wiþ þine au*n*gels vp on lofte
þi son þe þonkeþ þou dou*n* hast sende
Of þe holy goost is kende
Fadir I woot I am of þe
And oon are we alle þre
Flesshe haue I take among myne owen
And 3itt am I not wiþ hem knowen
I wol alle wite for what resou*n*
þat þou hast sende me hidur dou*n*
þour3e me þi my3tes to be spred
Wherfore I am loued & dred
I wol þat alle witen þat here ben stad
Lazar wiþ þat com forþ he bad
On lazar he 3af suche a cry
þat alle herde þat stood him by
At his biddyng he roos a none
He þat liggynge was in stone
In wyndyng clooþ as he was wou*n*den
Heed & feet boþe bounden
Louse him now he seide for-why
I woot he lyueþ witterly
þe folke seide þat stood amydde
Muchel trouþe hastou him kidde
Fro þat day forþ for mychel wele
þe*re* folewed ihe*s*u folke ful fele
¶ Soone oue*r* al þis tiþing ras
þat lazar þus areysed was
I trowe hit were furþ*er* rif
þen was bifore of his lif
þe signes þat 3e haue herde in fere
3e owe lordynges hertly to here
Suche o þe*re* herde 3e neuer I wene
For who shulde suche wondres sene
Make crupeles goo & blynde haue si3t
[. . . . . .

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

To hele sua mani a reuful wight;
Qua dred ne troud noght his might,
Ne heild noght wel þe reuel o right,
I sai þat þai war maledight,
And namli þaa þat has ben bun
Quen he vpraised lazarum.
Bot Iuus þat war fell and fals,
þat aght him mensk and wirscip als,
Als he þat born was o þair kin,
And mast for þaim he com to win.
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]

to hele sa many a reuful wi3t
qua truly trawes no3t his mi3t
*cer*tauli me þink' in si3t
if he be dampned is nane vn-ri3t.
& nameli þa þat *þer* was bou*n*.
quen he vpraised lazarou*n*.
bot iewes þat ware fikil & fals
þat a3t him mensk & worshepe als.
for he was borne of þaire kyn.
& maste for ham he come to wyn.
heyuen blis if þai wele did.
& liste frenshepe til him þai kid.

[*The Obstinacy and Contrariousness of the Jews.*]

¶ þir werkes þat he wroght o gode
þe Iues menged in þair mode,
þar-for þai consail þam omang
O*þer* him for to hefd or hang.
His gode werkes ai to þaim war
O soru bot kindling and care,
A soruful red fra þan tok þai,
Wath it was to do or sai.
Ful deueli war þai Iuus thra,
þair blisced laue*r*d for to sla,
þair aun laue*r*d sua ful o blis,
And þat sua helpand was til his,
Sa mighti meke, sa mild o mode,
Sua fre giuer of all-kin gode.
¶ It es, laue*r*ding*es*, als we wat,
Vr for-eldres þe bible wrat,
God luued þe Iuus lang beforn
þat his suet sun was born,
And mikel luue to þaim has don,
And liuerd þaim fra pharaon,
Fra pharaon þat was sa strang
þat þam in seruage held lang.

COTTON

þer werkis þat he wro3t sa gode.
þe iewes menked in þaire mode.
& toke a counsaile ham amange.
au*þer* him to heued or hange.
his gode werkis ay til ham ware
for doute of dede walde þai no3t spare
a sorouful rede fra þen toke þai
my hert is sare hit for to say.
ful wikked ware *þer* iewes & þra.
þaire blessed lorde þai þo3t to sla.
þaire awen lorde sa ful of blis.
& atte sa helpand was til his
sa mi3ti meke sa milde of mode.
squa fre giuer of alkin fode.
Hit is lording*us* wele 3e wate.
our for-eldres þe bible wrate
god loued þe iewes lange be-forne
þat his squete sone was borne.
& mikil loue til ham was done
how he deliuered ham fra pharaon.
he was a wikked man & str*a*nge
& in bondage helde ham lange

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

GÖTTINGEN	TRINITY
. . *no gap in Göttingen & Laud MSS.*]	. . . . .
Qua dred ne trus noght his might,	. . . . .
Ne þair trouth wold hald right,	. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
I sai *þat* þai war maledight,	Who so loueþ *him* not is maledi3t
And namli þas *þat* has bene bune	And namely þat were *þere* nere [leaf 89, back]
Quen he vpraisid lazarune.	whenne he vp roos sir lazere
Bot Iuus, *þat* war bath fell and fals,	þese iewes þat ben felle & fals
þat au him menske and worschip als,	þei owe him worshepe & mekenes als
Als he *þat* born was of þair kin,	As he *þat* borñ was of her kyn
And mast he come for *þaim* to win.	And moost coom he hem to wyn
[.	[. . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]	. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

[*The Obstinacy and Contrariousness of the Jews.*]

Þir werkes *þat* crist wroght gode	þese werkes *þat* crist wrou3te gode
Menged þe Iuus in þair mode,	Menged þo iewes in her mode
þar-for þa consailed *þaim* emang	*þer*fore þei counseled hem amonge
Him ou*þer* forto heued or hang.	Him for to hede or honge
His gode werkes ai to *þaim* ware	His gode werkes to hem not ware
Bot soru and kindling of care,	But sorwe & kyndelyng of care
A sorful rede fra þan tok þay,	A sorweful reed fro þenne toke þey
wat it was to do or say.	What hit was I wol 3ou sey
Ful deueli war þa iuus thra, [col. 2]	Ful deuelly were þo iewes þro
þair blisced lau*er*d forto sla,	Her blessed lord for to slo
þair auen lau*er*d sua ful of blis,	Her owne lord ful of blis
And *þat* sua helpand was till his,	*þat* so helpful was to his
Sua mighti meke, sua mild of mode,	So my3ty meke & mylde of mode
Sua fre giuer of ilkin god.	So fre 3yuere of alle gode
It es, lauerdinges, als we wate,	¶ Lordyngis alle wel we wote
vr for-eldris þe bibel wrate,	Oure eldres þe bibel wrote
God luued þe iuus lang biforn	God loued þe iewes longe biforn
þat his suete sun was born,	*þat* his swete son was born
And mekil luue to *þaim* had done,	Muche loue had he to hem done
And liured *þaim* fra pharaon,	Delyuered hem fro pharaone
Fra pharaon *þat* was sua strang	Fro pharao *þat* was so stronge
þat *þaim* in seruage held sua lang.	*þat* helde hem in seruage so longe

Digitized by Google

He sent a man þam for to ledd,
Fra amang þat cursed ledd,
Moyses þe ald it was his nam,
He led þaim thoru þe see fame;
þis moyses was þair for-leder,
And drund þe king, wit all his her.
In wildirnes wit-vten suinc
Bath he fand þam mete and drinc,
þar he þam fedd wit angel mete, [lf 79, bk, col. 1]
And o mani bale þam bete.
Mikel luue can he þam scau,
Wit moyses he sent þam lau,
And liuerd þam o mikel wa,
For þai had mani felun faa.
And heled þar bath dumb and def,
And did þe wand bere flur and lef,
þat aaron him-self bar,
Als i haf teld yow forwit ar.
And openli þaim forwit hete,
Thoru þe muth o sere prophete,
þat he suld flexs take o þair kin,
For to ranscun wit adam sin.
And quen þai asked saul to king,
He gaf þaim freli þair asking.
And siþen king dauid thoro chesing,
þat slogh golias wit his sling;
And efter him king salamon;
And þe land of his promission
Hight he þam in to won.
And þar a-pon he sent his sun
In erth be born, þe soth to tell,
To ranscun all þat yode to hell;
And troud noght yeit þaa felun
þat þam tald rightwis sy[m]eon,
Of him þat he in handes bare,
Bot euer mistrud mar and mar,

COTTON

he sende moises ham to lede
fra amang' þat cursed thede
moyses was man of gode name.
he led ham þorou þe see fame.
þis moises was þaire leder þen
& drounned þe king' wiþ al his men.
¶ In wildernes wiþ-outen squink'
baþ he fande ham mete & drink'
of many bale he did ham bete.
& fande ham wiþ angel mete..
he loued ham wele þat many sagħ.
& wiþ moises he sende ham lagħ.
& deliuered ham of mikil wa.
for þai had many a felou*n* fa.
& heled ham baþ doumbe & defe
& made þe wande bere flour & lefe
þat aaron him-seluen bare. [leaf 66, back]
als in þis boke I. talde ȝou are.
& openli he dide ham hete.
þorou þe mouþ of sere prophete.
þat he sulde flesshe take of þaire kin
for til raunsou*n* adam syn.
& quen þai asked saule to king'
he graunted ham freli þaire asking'
& siþin king' dauid þorou chesing'
slogħ golias wiþ his sling'.
& efter him his sone salamon.
& þe lande of promiscion.
heȝt he ham in for to wone.
& þer-a-pon he sette his sone.
in erþ be borne þe soþ to telle.
to ransou*m* alle atte ȝode to helle.
& ȝet trawed noȝt þa fals felou*n*.
on him quen he was sende dou*n*.
alle if he woned amang' ham þare.
nauþer liued þai him ne his lare.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

He sent a man þaim forto lede,	He sende a mon hem to lede
Fra emang þat cursed lede,	Fro þat ilke cursed sede
Moyses it was his name,	Moyses was þe monnes nome
He ledd þaim thoru þe se fame;	He ladde hem þourȝe þe see fome
þis moyses was þair leder, 14410	Whil moyses was her ledere
And drouned þe king wid al his here.	þe kyng was drowned & al his gere
In wildrenes widvten suink	In wildernes wiþouten swynk
Bath he fand þaim mete and drinck,	Boþe god fonde hem mete & drynk
þat he þaim fedd wid angel mete,	Of aungels fode had þei greet met
And of mani bale he þaim bett. 14415	And of mony bales hem bet
Mekil luue gan he þaim schau,	Muche loue gon he hem shawe
wid moyses he sent þaim lau,	And by moyses sende hem lawe
And liurd þaim of mekil wa,	He delyuered hem of muchel wo
For þai had mani felun fa. 14419	For þei had mony felouⁿ foo
And helid bath dumb and deff,	He heled boþe doumbe & deef
And did þe wand bere bath flour and lef,	And dude þe ȝerde bere boþe floure & leef
þat aron him-seluen bare;	þat aaron him self bere
Als i haue tald ȝu forwid are. 14423	As I tolde ȝou biforn here
And opinli þaim for-wid hete,	And openly to hem bihete
Thoru þe might of sir prophete,	By mony a noble prophete
þat he suld flesse take of þair kin,	He wolde take flesshe of her kyn
Forto ransun adam sin. 14427	For to raumson Adames syn
And quen þa asked saul to king,	Whenne þei asked saul to kyng
He gaue þaim freli þair asking.	Frely he ȝaf hem her askyng
And als king dauid wid chesing, [leaf 97, back, col. 1]	And aftir dauid wiþ chesyng
þat sclou golias wid his scling;	þat golias slowȝe wiþ his slyng
And efter him king salamon; 14432	Aftir salomon kyng of toun
And þe land of pr[o]mission	And aftir þe lond of promissioun
Hight he þaim in forto won.	He hette hem inne for to wone
And þar-apon he sent his sun	And þenne sent to hem his sone
In erd be born, þe soth to tell, 14436	On erþe to be born we telle
To ranson all þat ȝode to hell;	To raumsoun alle þat ȝede to helle
And ȝeit troud noght þaa felun	ȝit leued not þo felouns
þat þaim tald rightwis symioun,	þat symeon tolde in his sarmouns
Of him þat he in handes bare, 14440	Of him þat he in hondes bare
Bot eur mistroud mar and mare,	But euer mys trowyng þei ware
GÖTTINGEN	TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Quen he him-self emang þam kidd,		quen he him-self amang' ham kid
And mani fair meracles did;	14443	& many faire miraclis did.
Als was be-for þe architricline,		als was be-for þe architridin.
Quen he þe water turnd in-to wine:		he turned þe water in-to wine.
And o ten men þat war mesell,	14446	& of x. men þat ware mesel.
þat he gaf til ilkan þair hele;		how he gaf ilk-a man his hele.
O lazar þat ded was alsua,		of lazar þat was dede al-squa.
þat he raisid, and oþer maa;		how he him raised & oþer ma.
And of a man þat was vnfere	14450	& of a man þat was vnfere
Mar forsoth þan thritti yere;		mare þen viij. & xxx. 3ere.
And als of oþer mani sere,		& als of oþer many sere
þe teind i mai not recken here.		þe tende I. may no3t rekkin here.
Ne he þam gaf na noþer task	14454	& he ham gaf nane oþer taske.
Bot al at haf þat þai wald ask,		bot alle to haue atte þai wald' ask'
þe mar to þaim þat he him bedd		& ay þe mare he til ham bed.
þe faster ai þai fra him fledd,	14457	ay þe faster fra him þai fled.
Bot al þat he wit luue þam soght,		bot alle þat he wiþ loue ham so3t
Enentis þe Iuus al was for noght.		alle þe iewes sette atte no3t.
¶ Ai quar þai war ful enwius, [col. 2]		¶ A quat þai ware en-vius.
And to þaim-self contraius,	14461	& til þaire self contrarius
And again þair aun writt,		& agayne þaire awen writte.
þat þai wald noght trou on it.		3et walde þai no3t traw on hitte.
þai said þat crist suld ta manhede		þat saide atte criste sulde take manhede
Of a maiden and of þair sede,	14465	of a mayden wiþ-out mannys sede.
Ne yeitt wald þai not vnderstand		ne 3et walde þai no3t vnderstande
Quen him baptis Ion wit his hand,		quen Iohn baptist wiþ his hande.
[.		baptist crist in flume iordan.
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]		3et saide þai siþen þat he was nane
And said "your sauueur es yon."		3et þai trawed no3t saint Iohn.
Bot yeit þai troud noght sant Ihon,		quen he saide our sauiour is Ione
Ne for noght he cuth do or sai,	14472	for no3t atte he cowde do or say.
Moght he þam bring to right way.		mu3t he bring' ham in-to way.
Ne for na signe þat did ihesu,		ne for na signe mu3t do ihesu
Moght þam bring right trouth to tru.		walde þai no3t a-pon him trow.
Bot for his god dedis ilkan,		for his gode dedis þat he did ham
Oft þai ou him soght to scam,	14477	oft þai so3t him wiþ shame.
COTTON		FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Quen he him-self ema*ng* þai*m* kidd,
And mani a fair miracle did; 14443
Als was bifor þe architricline,
Quen he turned þe wat*er* in-to wine:
And of ten men þat war mesele,
þat he gaue ilkane þair hele; 14447
Of lazar þat was dede alsua,
þat he raised, and oþer tua;
And of a man þat was nu fere
Mar for-soth þan thretti 3ere; 14451
And als of oþer mani sere,
þe tend i mai noght recken here.
Ne he þaim gaf nan oþ*er* task 14454
Bot all to haue þat þai wold ask,
þe mar to þaim þat he him bedd
þe faster ai þai fra him fledd, 14457
Bot all þat he wid loue þaim soght,
Entent þe iuus was for noght.
A! quat þai war ful envius,
And to þaim-self ful contrarius, 14461
Again þair auen weritt,
þat þai wald noght tru on itt.
þat said þat crist suld take manhede,
Of a maid*e*ne and of þair sede, 14465
Ne 3eit wold þai noght vnþ*er*stande
Que*n* iohn hi*m* baptist wid his hand,
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
And said, "3our sarmun es 3one." [col. 2]
And 3eit þai troud noght sa*i*nt iohn,
Ne for noght he cuth do or sai, 14472
Might he þai*m* bring to right wai.
Ne 3eit na signe þat wroght ie*s*u,
Might þai bring right trouth to trou.
Bot for his dedis gode ilkane, 14476
Ofte þai soght him forto slane,

GÖTTINGEN

Whenne he him self among hem kud
And mony faire myracle dud
As oon biforn architriclyne
He turned watir in to wyne
And als ten men þat were mesele
To vchone he 3af her hele
Of lazar þat was deed also
þat he reised & o*þer*e mo
Of a mon þat was vnfere
More for so*þ*e þen þritty 3ere
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]
þe more he to þe iewes hi*m* bedde
þe faster awey þei fledde
Alle þat he wi*þ* loue hem sou3t
þe iewes entent was euer nou3t
þei were ful of enuye
To god & mon mych*e* cont*r*arye
A3eyn her owne holy writt [leaf 90]
Wolde þei not 3itt leue on hit
þat seide cr*i*st shulde take monhede
Of a mayden of her sede
3itt wolde þei not vndirstonde
How Ion hi*m* baptized wi*þ* his honde
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
And seide 3oure saueour is þis
3itt leued þei hi*m* not Iwis
For nou3t þat he coude do or say
Wolde þei not of þe ri3te way
Noon o*þ*ere signe þat dud ih*e*su
Mi3te hem bringe to trou*þ*e trew
But for his gode dedes vchone
Ofte sou3ten him to slone

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

And namlikest for þat resun
þat he vp-raised lazarum.
Fra þat time forth þai did þair pain
þat he and lazar war bath slain.
Him for þe folk þat til him fell,
Lazar for he can on him spell.
¶ þis cursud folk wit þair mistru
Thoght ihesu sla, bot þai ne wist how,
Ne þai ne wist how to bi-gin,
þai said, "we most now find sum gin,
How þat he mai danpned be."
Wit þis þai mad a gret semble,
Wit-in a hus was in þe tun,
Of þair aun dampnaciun,
Hu þai might mak þat tresun,
For him wald þai tak na ranscun.
"He es," þai said, "sa selcut wijs,
All þe werld mon wit him rijs.
All þis werld til him sal buu,
And if he liue in him sal tru;
All men o rome sal cum, mai fall,
Tak vr folk and sted wit-all,
And first fra vs vr lagh vs reue,
And siþen in þair seruis bileue."
At þis gedring a man þar was,
His nam was haten caifas,
þair biscop was he þat si-quar;
Better had him ben he neuer war.
Biscops war þai þan a-bute, [1 lf 80, col. 1]
Ilkan bot his tueluemoth v[te].
[1]Caiphas þan said, "godmen we wat
In gastlines i hald your stat,
Trous me and mi consail,
I hope þat it sal yow auail;
Yee vnderstand noght þat i
Wat, als thoru þe propheci,

COTTON

& maste I traw for þat resoun.
þat he vpraised lazaroun.
fra þat time forþ þai did þaire paine
þat he & lazar sulde be slayne.
him for þe folk þat til him felle
lazar for he con of him spelle.
Þis cursid folk wiþ þaire mistrow
þoȝt ihesu sla bot þai ne wist how.
ne þai ne wiste how to be-gyn.
bot faine þai walde finde sum gin.
how þat he muȝt dampned be.
wiþ þis þai made a grete semble
wiþ-in a hous of þat toun.
þai made þaire awen dampnacioun
how þai muȝt make þat tresoun.
for him walde þai take na raunsoun
he is þai saide sa selcouþ wise.
alle þe werlde wiþ him wil rise.
al þis werlde til him wille bowe
& he liue & on him trow.
& men of rome wille come may fal.
& take our lande & putte vs out al.
& first fra us our lagh reue.
& siþen in þaire seruise be-leue.
¶ Atte þis geddering a man þer was
his name was calde sir caiphas
bisshop he was of þat cuntre
better him had vnborne be. [2 from Laud MS. 416]
[2Busshoppes were they tho alowte
Eche oon but his xij monyþ owte]
cayphas saide godemen ȝe wate
in gasteli þingus I halde ȝoure state
trawes me & my consaile.
wele I. wate hit wille a-vaile.
ȝe vnderstande noȝt alle þat I.
wate þorou þe prophecy.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

And namlikest for þat resun
þat he vpraisid lazarun.
Fra þat time forth þai did þair paine
þat he and lazar bath war slaine.
Iesus for þe folk þat till him felle,
Lazar for he gun of him spelle.
Þir cursed folk wid þair mist[r]ou
Thoght iesu sla, bot þai ne wist hu,
Ne þai ne wist hu to begin,
þai said, "we most nu find sum gin,
Hu þat he mai dampned be."
wid þis þai made a gret semble,
wid-in a hus was in þat tune,
Of þair auen dampnaciune,
Hu þai might make þat tresun
For him þat wald take na ransoun.
þai said, "he es sua selcuth, i-wisse,
All þe world mon wid him rise.
All þis world till him sal bue,
And if he liue in him sal true;
And men of rome sal cum, mai fall,
And tak vr sted and folk wid-all,
And first fra vs vr land vs reue,
And siþen in þair seruis bileue."
At þis gedring a man þar was,
His name was haten cayphas,
þair biscop was þat siquar;
Bettir had him bene he neuer ware.
Bischopis war þai þan a-boute,
Ilkane bot his twelmu[n]th vte.
Caiphas said, "gode men, ȝe wite
In gastlines i hald ȝur state,
Folus me and mi consaile,
I hope þat it sal ȝu a-vaile;
ȝe vnderstand noght all þat i
wat als thoru þe propheci,

14478 14483 14486 14490 14496 14500 14504 14507 [If 98, col. 1] 14510 14513

GÖTTINGEN

And moost ende for þat resoun
þat he vp reised lazaroun
Fro þat day þei dud hem payne
þat he & lazer bo̧þe were slayne
Ihesus for folke þat to him felle
Lazer for he dud of him spelle
¶ þis cursed folk wiþ þis mis trow
Wolde ihesus sle but þei nust how
þei wiste not how to bigynne
þei seide we most fynde sum gynne
How þat he may dampned be
Anoon þei made a greet semble
Wiþinne an hous of þat toun
Of her owne dampnacioun
How þei miȝte þat tresoun make
Raumsoun wolde þei noon take
He is þei seide wondir wyse
Al þe world wol wiþ him rise
Al þe world to him wol bowe
And if he lyue in him trowe
And men of rome shul com may falle
And take oure place & folke wiþ alle
Furst oure lond from vs reue
And we in her seruyse to leue
At þis gederynge a mon þere was
His name was calde cayphas
Bisshop he was of þat cuntre
Bettur him were he neuer had be
Bisshopes were þei þo aboute
Vchone but his twelue mone̊þe oute
Cayphas seide gode men aboute ȝe wate
In goostlynes I holde ȝoure state
Folwe̊þ me & my counsaile
And I hope hit shal avayle
ȝe vndirstonde not al þat I
Woot & knowe bi prophecy

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þat a man sal in hand bitan,
And dempt for þe folk, and slan.
Soth it es þat sua sal be,
þis ilk ihesu soth þan es he.
Dei allan for-soth he sal,
Ar þat þe folk be perist all."
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
To sla iesu ilkan þai hight,
And þar-to þair trouthes plight.
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
¶ Cayphas spak þus in his spa,
Wordes suilk and oþer maa
O þe dede o iesu crist,
And said wel sother þan he wist,
For he com for to dei wit wil,
And sua þe prophecis to fill.
Fra þan þai soght, wit-vten auu,
Iesum for to bring on dau.
Iesus will duell nu na langer
þar þai mai him se or here,
A quil in effrem dueld he es,—
A cite bi a wildernes,—
He duelles wit his disciplis þar,
He wat þe Iuus wil him for-far,
If þai moght hand a-pon him lai,
Bot yeit was noght commen þat dai
þat he him wald to ded be don,
þof it was cummand efter son.
þir Iues þat him hild in strijf,
þai hatted na man mare on lijf,
His disciplis þan war ful waa,
þat þair maister was hated sua,
Namlik o þaim þat he
Suld serued mast and luued be.

COTTON

þat a man sal be tane
& dampned for þe folk & slane.
like hit is als mote I. the.
þis ilk ihesu to be he.
dey allane for-soþ he sal.
or þe folk[1] be perist alle
þai saide cayphas be noȝt a-gayne [leaf 67]
for certanli he salle be slayne.
& þer-to gode couenande þai hiȝt.
& iche an tille þaire trauþis pliȝt
& ȝe þat wil of sorou here.
halde ȝou stille & drawes nere.
Cayphas saide[1] in þat.time.
wordes many we may noȝt rime
of þe dede of ihesu crist [1 MS. þus orig.]
& saide wele soþer þen he wiste.
þat he sulde come to deye with wil
& squa þe prophecy fulfille.
ȝet walde þai lette for nane agñ
ihesus for til seche & dragñ.
ihesus wil dwelle na langer þere
as þai mai him se or here.
a quile in effrem dwelled he is
in a cite bi a wildernes
he dwelled wiþ his disciplis þare
he wate þe iewes wil him for-fare
if þai muȝt hand a-pon him lay.
bot ȝet was commyn noȝt day.
þat he walde to dede be done
bot hit is comande ofter sone.
wiþ iewus þat him hated in strife
þai loued na man les on life.
¶ his disciplis was þan ful wa.
þat he sulde be hated squa.
nameli of ham þat he.
sulde serued maste & loued be.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þat a man sal in hand be tane,
And dampned for þe folk, and slane.
Soth it es þat sua sal be,
þis ilk iesu þan es he.
Dei allane for-soth he sall,
Are þat þe folk be perist all."
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
To sla iesu ilkane þai hight,
And þar-to þai þair trouthes plight.
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Caiphas spac þus his spa,
wordis suilk and oþer ma
Of þe dede of iesu crist,
And said wel sothyer þan he wist,
For he come to dei wid will,
And sua þe prophecijs to fulfill.
Fra þan þai soght, widvten aw,
Icsu forto bring of daw.
Iesu will duell nu na langer
þar þai mai him se oþer here,
A quile in effrem duelland he es,—
A cite bi a wildrenes,—
He duellis wid his disciplis þare,
He wate þe Iuus wile him for-fare,
If þai might hand apon him lai,
Bot ȝeit was noght comen þat dai
þat he him wold to dede be done,
Bot it wa comand aftir sone.
þir iuus þat him held in strijf,
þai na man mar in lijf,
His desciplis þai war ful wa,
þat þair maistir was hated sua,
Namli of þaim þat he
Suld serued mast and luued be.

A mon shal in honde be take
Dampned & deed for pepul sake
Soþ hit is þus shal hit be
þis ilke ihesus þis is he
Deȝe alone for soþe he shalle
Ar þe folke shulde perisshe alle
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
To sle ihesu alle þei hiȝt
And þerto þere trouþes pliȝt
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ Cayphas spake þere þo
þese wordes and oþere mo
Of ihesus deþ as I ȝou tel
And seide þat he wiste wel
þat he coom to deye wiþ wille
And so prophecies to fulfille
Fro penne þei souȝte wiþouten awe
Ihesu for to brynge of dawe
Ihesu wolde no lenger be
þere þei myȝte him here or se
In effrem he dwelt þat tide
A cite a wildernes bisyde
Wiþ his disciples dwelt he þare
He wiste þe iewes wolde him forfare
If þei myȝte hond on him lay
But ȝit was not comen þe day
þat he wolde to deþe be done
But hit was comynge aftir soone
þese iewes dud euer wiþ him stryue
No men more þat were in lyue
His disciples were ful wo
þat her maystir was hated so
Namely of hem þat he [leaf 90, back]
Shulde moost serued & loued haue be

Digitized by Google

"I haue," he said, "yow chosen tuelue,
þe tuelfd it es þe find him-selfe."
þis was bi him he þaim for-tald 14552
Thoru q*uam* he wist he suld be sald,
þ*at* was sir Iudas scarioth,
Of alle him fell þe werst lot.
In effraym dueld he a stunde, 14556
And þeþen-ward son can he funde;
Lang dueld he noght in þ*at* contre, [col. 2]
Bot went him in-to galilee;
þe land o Iude he has for-born, 14560
For þar þai hafe his ded forsuorn.
þan heild þe Iuus in þair cite
A fest man clepes cenophe,
Disciplis said þan to ie*su* 14564
þir wordes i sal tell yow;
"Sir, do þe heþen into Iude,
þar men þi werc mai open se;
To iurselem rede we þou wende, 14568
For þar es co*mmun*li þi freind,
þe freindes þou has our-q*uar*,
We wat mast q*uat* er þai þar
þair fest es nu, gan we sir þan, 14572
For þider gas ful mani man.
It es na skil þ*at* þou wit-drau,
Bot bedd þe forth þe men to knau,
If þou will haf þi werckes kydd,
þou agh þe drau þe folk emid, 14577
þat þai þe bath mai se and here,
And luue þe for þi signes sere.
þe man wil luue-word haf in nede
Baldli forth he most him bede." 14581
¶ I*esus* said, "freindes, yee wat it noght,
Anoþer thing es in mi thoght,
þe werld i wat hates noght yow,
It hates me, forsoth, yee tru, 14585

COTTON

I haue he saide chosin 3ou xij.
& an of 3ou is þe deuel hi*m*-selue
þis bi him for-soþ he talde
þorou q*uam* he was bo3t & salde.
þat was sir Iudas scariot.
quar-fore he felle in hel-potte
In effrem dwelled c*rist* a stounde
& siþen toke his way to founde
he went him out of þat cuntree
in-to þe lande of galilee.
In þe lande of Iude was he borne
& þ*er* þai haue his dede squorne.
þen helde þe iewes in þaire cite
a feste men callis cenophe.
his disciplis saide to ih*es*u
þes wordes þat I. salle telle 3ou.
¶ Sir do 3ou now in-to Iude
þat men 3our werkis m[a]y opynli se
to ier*usal*em I. rede þou wende.
for þai ar co*mmun*eli þi frende.
þe freudis þou has aure-quare
wele wate we qua þai are.
þaire feste is now go we sir þan.
for þidder gas sa many a man.
hit is na skil þou þe wiþ-draw.
bot bede þe forþ þe men to knaw.
if þou wil haue þi werkis kid
dragh̄ þe to þe folk amyd.
atte þai may þe se & here.
& loue þe for þi signes sere.
þe mon þat loue wil haue in nede.
baldeli moste he him forþ bede.
I*hes*us saide frendis wate 3e no3t
a-noþ*er* þing' is in my þo3t.
þe werlde I. wate hatis no3t 3ou.
hit hatis me for-soþ 3e trow.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

[1 col. 2]

1 "I haue," he said, "ȝu chosin tuelue,
þe tuelf it es þe feind him-self."
þis bi him he þaim for-tald
Thoru quam he wist he suld be sald,
þat was sir iudas scarioth,
Of all him fell þe werst loth.
In effrem duellid he a stound,
And þeþen sone gan he found;
Lang duellid he noght in þat cuntre,
Bot went him into galile;
þe land of iude he has forborn,
For þar þai had his dede al suorn.
þan held þe iuus in þair cite
A fest me clepes cenophe,
Desciplis said þan to iesu
þir wordis þat i sal tell ȝuu;
"Sir, do þe heþen into iude,
þar men þi werke mai opin se;
To ierusalem rede we ȝu wend,
For þar es comuneli ȝur freind,
þe freindes þat we haue ouþerquar,
we quat mast quat þai er þar.
þair fest es nu, sir, go we þan,
For didir gas sua mani man.
It es na skil þu þe wid-drau,
Bot bede þe forth þe men to knau,
If þu wil haue þi werkis kidd,
þu suld þe drau þe flolk emidd,
þat þai ma bath þe se and here,
And luue þe for þi signes sere.
þe man þat will loue-word haue in nede
Baldly forth he suld him bede."
Iesus said, "freindes, ȝe wat it noght,
Anoþer þing es in mi thoght,
þe world i wate hates noght ȝu,
It hatis me, for-soth, ȝe trou,

GÖTTINGEN

¶ I haue seide crist chosen ȝou twelue
þe twelþe is þe deuel him selue
þis bi him þenne he hit tolde
By whom he wiste to be solde
þat was Iudas Scarioth
Of alle fel him worst lot
In effrem he dwelte a stounde
þennes soone gon he founde
He dwelt not longe in þat cuntre
But went him in to galile
þe londe of Iude he had forborn
For þere þei hadde his deþ sworn
þenne helde þe iewes in her cuntre
A feest men clepeþ cenophe
þe disciples seide ihesu dere
þese wordes þat ȝe shul here
Sir do þe hennes in to Iude
þere men þi werkes may open se
To ierusalem we rede ȝe wende
For þere ben comynly ȝoure frende
Of any frenshepe elles where
We woot moost are þei þere
Her feest is now go we þon
For þider gooþ mony mon
Hit is not skil þou þe wiþdrawe
But bide þe forþ to men to knawe
If þou wolt haue þi werkes kidde
þou most þe drawe þe folke amydde
þat þei may þe se and here
And loue þe for þi signes sere
He þat loue word wol haue in nede
Bodily forþ he mot him bede
Frendes seide ihesu ȝe woot nouȝt
Anoþer þing is in my þouȝt
þe world I woot hateþ not ȝou
Hit hateþ me forsoþe now

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Me and alsua mi werckes all,
And all þat to mi trouth will fall.
It can noght hate yow witerli,
Bot me it hates na selli,
For it wat neuer quat i am,
And of it spec me mikel scam,
I of it and it o me,
Ne mai na luue bi-tuix vs be.
Ga yee to fest, for sua yee do,
Haf i na tome at ga þar-to,
Haf i na tome þider to fare,
For quom me luuand haue i þar."
¶ þai went allan, þai left him þus,
And priueli þam folud iesus,
He folud þam priueli vn-sene,
For wald he noght haf knaun bene
Noþer wit þe Iuus ne wit his aun,
Wald he noght þat [1]sith be knaun.
He wist forwit þe Iues suar [1f80, bk, col. 1]
þat þai suld him na langar spar, [1 MS. ath]
þaa feluns þat wald he war slain
3ern efter iesum can þai frain.
Als witteles men sli lare þai lete,
"Quar es nu," said þai, "þis prophete?
Quider es he cummen, nu, he þat wis,
Nu sal he sceu vs his maistris."
At þe port o salamon
Cum vr lauerd in-to þe tun,
þar he fand forwit him bun
Mani Iuus þat war felun,
Wit þaa vn-meke þar was he mett,
And son wit þam he was vmsett,
þar bigan þai for to rute
And for to gadir him a-bute,
Allan iesus þaim stod emid,
Keneli to him þai resun did

COTTON

me & alsqua my werkis alle.
& alle þat to ani trauþ wil falle
hit hatis 3ou no3t weterli
bot me hit hatis & na selly.
for hit wate neuer quat I. am.
& of hit speke I. mykil shame.
I. of hit & hit of me.
ne may na loue be-twix vs be.
ga 3e to þe feste & squa 3e do.
haue I. na tome to ga þer-to.
haue I. na tome þidder to fare
for na wele louande haue I. þare
Þai went ham forþ & laft him þus
& priuely folowed ihesus
he folowed ham priuali vnsene
ne walde he no3t knawen bene
nauþer wiþ iewes ne wiþ his awen.
kepped he no3t for to be knawen.
he wiste be-fore þe iewes square
þai walde him na langer spare
þa felouns þat walde haue him slain.
3orne ofter ihesu con þai frayne.
als witles men madli þai lete
& quat is ihesus þis prophete.
quidder is he commyn now he þat wise
now salle he shaw his maistrise
¶ atte þe porte of salamoun
come our lorde in-to þe toun
quat he fande be-for him boun
many iewes ful of feloun. [2 leaf 67, back]
[2]¶ wiþ þa vnmeke sone was he mette.
& sone wiþ ham he was vmbesette.
þar be-gan þai for to route.
& for to geddir him a-boute.
allane ihesus ham stode amid.
kindeli to resoun þai him did.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Me and mine werkes all,
And all þat to mi trouth will fall.
I can noght hate 3u witerli, [leaf 98, back, col. 1]
Bot me it hates na selli,
For it wat neuer quat i am,
And of it spec i mekil scham,
I of it and it of me,
Mai na luue bituix vs be.
Ga 3e to fest, for sua 3e do,
Haue i na tome at ga þar-to,
Haue i na tome nu deþir fare,
For quone me louand haf i þare."
Þai went allane, and left him þus,
And priveli þaim folud iesus,
He folud þaim prïueli vnsene,
wold he noght haue knauen bene
Nouþer wid iuus ne wid his auen,
wold he noght þat sith be knauen.
He wist forwid þe iuus suare,
þat þai suld him no langer spare,
þa feluns þat wald he war slaine
Fast efter iesus gan þai fraine.
Als wittles men sli late þai lete,
And said, "quar es iesus þe prophete?
Queþer es he bicomen, þat wiss,
Nu suld he schau his maistris."
At þe porte of salamon
Come vr lauerd into þe tun,
þar he fand forwid him boune
Mani iuus þat war felune,
wid þa vnmeke þar was he mett,
And sone wid þaim he was vmsett,
þar bigan þai forto route
And for to gader him abute,
Allane iesus þaim stod emid,
Keneli þai him to resun did.

Me & myne werkes alle
And alle þat to my troupe wol falle
Hit connot hate 3ou witterly
But me hit hateþ & no ferly
For hit woot neuer what I ame
And I speke of hit mychel shame
I of hit and hit of me
May no loue bitwixe vs be
Go 3e to feeste if 3e wol so
I haue no tome to com þerto
I haue no tome þider to fare
Fewe men louynge haue I þare
þei went allone & lafte him þus
And priuely folewed hem ihesus
Priuely sewed he hem vnsene
Wolde he not haue knowen bene
Nouþer of iewes ny of his owen
Wolde he not penne be knowen
He wiste þe iewes bifore sware
þei wolde him no lenger spare
þe felouns þat wolde him haue slayn
Fast aftir ihesu gan þei frayn
As witles men so þei lete
Where þei seide is þe prophete
Whi is he not comen ihesus
Now shulde he shewe his maistrius
At þe port salomoun
Coom oure lord in to þe toun
þere he fond bifore him
Mony felouns iewes grym
Anoon as þei wiþ him met
Soone he was aboute bi-set
þenne bigon þei for to route
And fast to geder him aboute
Allone ihesus hem stood amyd
Kenely þei him aresoun did

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

"At þis vr fest," said þai, "er yee
Ful mikel asked;" "q*uar* for?" coth he.
"For-þi þou art sa dred wit-all,
And wis men godd sum þai call.
If þou sua be, þe soth þou scau,
And to þe folk þe for to knau."
"Soth it es i am," said he,
"Wit godds aun sun spek yee,
Bot wele i wat yee tru it noght,
þe werkes þ*at* o me ar wroght,
þat ilk dai yee se wit sight,
Moght neu*er* be do*n* wit* man*s* might.
¶ Yee tru me noght, þ*at* wat i wel,
Ne yee me luue right neu*er* a del;
And for yur hird hald yee not me,
For-þi mi scep mai yee not be,
þar yee war yemed haf i ben,
þof mi trauail be littel sene.
Yee ne wil me luue, ne lete ne here,
Bot mi scep þ*at* me haldes dere,
O my paradis þe blis
Ful wel i sal þam þider wiss.
On domes-dai þan sal þai stan[d],
Mi blis to haf on mi right ha*n*d,
In þe lijf sal neuer leue,
þis gift sal nan haf might þ*am* reue.
Wijt yee þ*at* i youu dred na thing;
He þat es fader of heuen king
Mi fader es he, yee vnd*er*stand, [col. 2]
Him drau i me to mi warand.
I am his sun i*esus* þat sale
Bring þis werld all vte o bale;
I am þar-in bot littel quil,
Fra nu þar-in sal last mi quil.
Ne for-þi wel i sal þam kepe
þ*at* he me taght, mi fader scepe;

COTTON

welcome to feste q*uo*þ þai ar ȝe
ful mekeli asked quar-fore q*uo*þ he
quy art þou sa dred of alle.
& goddes sone dos þe calle.
if þou squa be þe soþ þou shawe
& do þe to þi folk' to knawe
¶ soþ hit is I. am saide he
wiþ goddes awen sone speke ȝe.
bot wele I. wate ȝe traw hit noȝt
þe werkis þat of me is wroȝt
þat ilk day ȝe se wiþ siȝt.
miȝt neu*er* be done wiþ ma*n*nis miȝt
ȝe traw me noȝt þat wate I. wele
ne ȝe me loue riȝt neu*er* a dele.
& for ȝoure hirde halde ȝe noȝt me
for-þi my shepe may ȝe noȝt be.
to saue ȝou oft haue I. bene
al if hit be litel sene.
ȝe wil me nau*þer* loue ne here
bot my shepe þat haldes me dere
in p*ar*adis sal be þaire blis
ful wele I. sal ham þidder wis.
at domesday þen sal þai stande
my blis to haue on my riȝt hande
& þ*at* life salle þai neu*er* leue.
& þat gift may I. ȝou reue.
wete ȝe atte I. drede ȝou na-þing'
he þat is fader of heyuen & king'
my fader is he ȝe vnderstande
him I. dragh̄ to my warande.
¶ I. am his sone ih*es*us atte sale
b*r*ing þis werlde out of bale.
I am þ*er*-in bot litel quile.
I. salle be slayne þorou gile.
noȝt for þi wele sal I. kepe.
þat he me taȝt my fader shepe.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

"At þis vr fest," said þai, "er 3e
Ful mekil askid;" "quarfor?" said he.
"For þu art sua dred with alle, 14624
And men will godes sun þe calle.
If þu sua be, þe soth þu schau, [col. 2]
And do þe folk þe for to knau."
"Soth it es i am," said he, 14628
"wid goddes auen sun speke 3e,
Bot wele i wat 3e trou it noght,
þe werkis þat of me er wroght,
þat ilke dai 3e se wid sight, 14632
Might neuer be done wid manes might.
3e trou me noght, þat wate i wele,
Ne 3e me luue neuer a dele; 14635
And for 3ur herd hald 3e noght me,
For-þi mi schipe mai 3e noght be,
þat 3e war sauf garn haue i bene,
If mi trauail be littel sene. 14639
3e ne wil me leue, ne lete, ne here,
Bot mi schepe þat me haldis dere,
Of mi paradis þe bliss
Ful wele i sal þaim dider wiss.
On domisdai þan sal þai stand, 14644
Mi blis to haue on mi right hand,
In þe lijf sal neuer leue,
þis gift sal non haue might þaim reue.
Witt 3e þat i 3u drede no þing; 14648
He þat of heuene es faþer and king
Mi faþer he es, 3e vnderstand,
Him i drau to mi warand.
I am his sun iesus, þat salle 14652
Bring þis world all vte of bale;
I am þar-in bot littel quile,
Fra nu þar-in sal fast mi quile.
Ne for þi wele sal i kepe 14656
þat he me taght, mi fader schepe;

GÖTTINGEN

At oure feet seide þei are 3e
Muche asked wherfore seide he
For þou art so dred wiþ alle
And men wol goddes son þe calle
If þou be he þe soþe þou showe
And do þe folke þe for to knowe
Sooþ is hit I hit am seide he [leaf 91]
wiþ goddes owne son speke 3e
But wel woot I 3e leue nou3t
þe werkes þat of me are wrou3t
þat vche day 3e se wiþ si3t
Mi3t not be do wiþ monnes mi3t
3e trowe me not I woot wele
Nor 3e loue me neuer a dele
For 3oure herde holde 3e not me
þerfore my sheep may 3e not be
Aboute to saue 3ou haue I bene
þou3e my trauaile be litil sene
3e nyl me loue nor leue here
But my sheep þat ben me dere
In to my paradis þat blis
Wel shal I hem þider wis
On domes day shul þei stonde
My blis to haue on my ri3t honde
In lif þat þei shul neuer leue
þat 3ifte shal no mon hem reue
Witeþ þat I 3ou drede no þing
He þat of heuen is lord & kyng
Mi fadir he is 3e vndirstande
Him I drawe to my warande
I am his son iheꝛu þat shalle
Bringe þis world out of þralle
But litil while þer ynne am I
Hastily shal I passe þer by
Not for þi wel shal I kepe
þat he me tau3te my fadir shepe

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

I sal þaim were fra alkins wath,
Of hell sal þai neu*er* ha lath.
I ha gret might and sal ha mare,
For we er an and sal be eu*er*mare.
þis es þe soth, mi fader and i
We ar all an, yaa witterli,
Sua þ*at* we thoru nakin art
Mai be made in sundre part." [gode,
¶ Q*uen* Iuus þis herd thoght þ*am* not
Littel wanted þ*at* þam war wode,
þai loked on him lath and grim,
And hetli þai bi-hinted him,
And said þan tuix þaim in strijf,
"Lok he scap noght wit his lijf!
It war worthi to stan him sun."
I*esus* said, "qui? quat haf i dun,
Again yow wroght on ani wise?"
"For þou art godds sun, þou sais."
"I sai yow soth, þat sal yee se,
For gode ded wil yee stan me?
For quilk o mi gode dedis an
Sai yee nu, yee wil me stan?
"For þin dedes gode," coth þai,
"We wil noght stan þe, p*ar*fai!
Bot for þine werkes gain þe lau,
And for þe luue o þi missau;
þou mas þe godd, and þou art man."
"Soth it es," coth i*esus* þan,
"Bath i am, qua right wil men,
For sundri mai we neu*er* tuin.
Gas lokes þe bokes o your lai,
And vnderstandes q*uat* þai sai,
In bok þe soth al mai we find,
Bot-if yee self willi be blind;
Your aun bok yee can noght spell,
þ*at* yee wat noght, i will yow tell.

COTTON

I. salle ham were fra alkin waþ.
of helle ne salle þai haue na skaþ.
I haue grete miȝt & sal haue mare
we ij. ar an & salle be euer-mare
þis is þe soþ my fader &. I.
we ar al an baþ weterly.
squa þat we þorou nankin art
ne may be made in sundre part [gode.
Quen þe iewes herd þuȝt ham noȝt
al-maste þai ferde as þai ware wode.
þai loked on him & loured grim.
& heþeli þai þuȝt be him.
& saide we sal stint þi strife.
loke he scape noȝt wiþ his life.
hit ware worþi to stane him sone
¶ Ihesus saide quy quat haue I. done
or a-gayne ȝou wroȝt in ani wais
for þou art goddes sone þou sais.
I say ȝou soþ þat sal ȝe se
for gode dide why wil ȝe stane me
for quilk of my dedis say me an.
þat ȝe walde þer-fore me stane.
for þi gode dedis for-soþ quoþ þai.
we wil noȝt stane þe parfay.
bot for þi werkis agayne þe lagh̄
& for þe loue of þi missagh̄.
þou makis þe god & þou art nane
hit is noȝt squa quoþ ihesus þan.
baþ I. am qua riȝt wille Myn.
fra sundre may we neuer twin.
¶ gas lokis þe laghes of ȝour lay.
& vnderstandes quat þai say.
In boke þe soþ alle may ȝe finde
bot if ȝe wille al-gatis be blinde
ȝour awen boke if ȝe can noȝt spelle
þat ȝe wate noȝt I. wille ȝou telle

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

I sal þaim were fra ilkin wath,
Of hell ne sal þai haue no lath.[1]
I haue gret might and sal haf mare,
For we er ane a[n]d sal be euermare.
þis es þe soth, mi faþer and i
we er all ane, 3a witterli, [1 MS. wath]
Sua þat we thoru nane-kin art [If 99, col. 1]
Ne man be made in sundri part." [gode,
[Q]uen iuus þis herde thoght þaim noght
Littel wantid þat þai ne war wode,
þai loked on him bath wrath & grim,
And hethli þai bihuted him,
And said tuix þaim þan mistrijf,
"Loke he schape noght wid his lijf!
It war worthi to stane him sone."
Iesus said, "qui? quat haue i done?
Ouþer gain 3u wroght on ani wais?"
"For þu art goddes sun, þu sais."
"I sai 3u sotht, þat sal 3e see,
For gode dede wil 3e stane me?
For quilk of mi goda dedis ane
Sai 3e nu, 3e will me stane?"
"For þin dedis gode," said þai,
"we wil noght stane þe, parfai!
Bot for þin wickidnes gain þe laue,
And for þe luue of þine missaue;
þu mas þe godd, a[n]d þu ert man."
"Soth it es," said iesus þan,
"Bath i am qua right wil min,
For sundri mai we neuer tuin.
Gas lokes þe laus of 3our lai,
And vnderstandes quat þai sai,
In bok þe soth all mai 3e find,
Bot-if 3e self will be blind;
3our auen boke 3e can noght spelle,
3eit 3e wate noght, i will 3u telle.

GÖTTINGEN

From al wo I shal hem were
Helle shal no þing hem dere
I haue greet miȝt & shal haue more
For we ben oon & shul euermore
þis is soþ my fadir and. I.
Are alle oon now witterly
So þat we bi noon art
May not ben in twynne part
¶ Iewes þis þouȝte no þing good
Almest wexe þei þo wood
þei loked on him looþ & grym
And scornefuly misseiden him
Bitwene hem seide þei in strif
Loke he scape not wiþ his lif
Hit were worþi to stone him soone
Ihesus seide whi what haue I done
Or wrouȝt aȝeyn ȝou any wayes
For þou art goddes son þou sayes
I saye þe soþe þat shul ȝe se
For good dede wole ȝe stone me
For whiche of my gode dedes one
Is hit now ȝe wol me stone
For þi gode dedes seide þei
we wol not stone þe parfei
But for þi dedis aȝeyn oure lawe
And for loue of þi missawe
þou makest þe god & noon art þow
ȝus seide ihesus so is hit now
God I am who so riȝt wol mynne
We may not be parted in twynne
Goþ lokeþ þe sawes of ȝoure lay
And vndirstondeþ what þei wol say
In ȝoure bokes ȝe may hit fynde
But ȝif ȝou self be ful blynde
ȝoure owne bokes con ȝe not spelle
ȝe leuen not þat I ȝou telle

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

For-þi it *pro*uis yow for felun,
And me goddsu*n* all wit resun,
For he es wit resun godds sun [lf 81, col. 1]
þat his werc to wirc es won.
In þis werld am i cu*m*men and send,
þe maless þar-of for to mend.
Of his saand am i cu*m*men, i-wiss,
And halden he has me for his.
þe hali writte lies na wight,
Qua can vnderstand þe right.
þe werckes þat i werc in his nam,
Qu*at* man þan mai wit resu*n* blam.
He þat in me wil truli trou,
It sal him turn to mikel pru;
And qua wil noght tru þat i tell,
His herbering sal last in hell.
Mi fader es forsoth in me,
And i in him sal eu*er* be."
Wit wordes suilk war þai binomin,
Wit scil concluded and ou*er*cu*m*min,
Thoru þe hali writtes lare
Was said a thusand yere and mare.
þai cuth gain him find resu*n* nan,
Als crachuns he þam feld ilkan;
Qu*ar*for to sai þai can no mare,
Soruful awai þai went and ful o care,
Awai þai went wit menged mode,
And i*esus* to þe temple yode;
þar he mani chapmen fand
Serekin marchandis chepand,
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
þair ox, þair cu, þair scepe þai sald,
And moneurs þair mone tald;
Als i*esus* als þof him war tene,
þar-vte he kest þam al be-dene,

COTTON

for-þi hit preuis 3ou for felou*n*.
& god sone me wiþ resou*n*.
for he is wiþ resou*n* goddis sone
he þat his werk' to wirk was wone
In þis werlde am I. co*m*myn & sende
þe malice þ*er*-of for to amende.
of his sande am I. co*m*m'yn I.-wis
& haldin he has me al for his
¶ þe haly writte lyes na wi3t
qua-sa can vnderstande hit ri3t
þe werk þat I. wirk in his name
may na man ham wiþ resou*n* blame
he þat in me wil truli trow.
hit salle him turne to mykil prow
& qua wille no3t traw atte I. telle.
his herbagery sal be in helle.
my fader is for-soþ in me.
& I. *in* him sal euer be.
[no*m*min
¹Wiþ wordis squilk þai ware be-
wiþ skille concluded & ou*er*-
[co*m*myn.
þorou þe hali writtes lare
was saide a thosande 3ere & mare [¹ leaf 68]
þai cowd a-gayn him finde resou*n* nane
als witles men þai ware ilkane
quat for to say þai con na mare
sorouful a-way þai went & sare
a-way þai went wiþ menged mode
& ih*es*us to þe temple 3ode.
þ*er* he many chapmen fande
diuerse marchandise chepande
as men dos 3et in tou*n*.
þ*er* faire is halden wiþ grete renou*n*.
& moneyers þaire money talde.
þaire ox cow & shepe þai salde
¶ & ih*es*us come in a tene.
& oute he kest ham al bedene.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

For-þi þu proues þe for felun,
And me goddes sun wid resun,
For he es wid resun goddes sun
He þat his werk wirke was won.
In þis werld am i comen and send,
þe malese þar-of forto mend.
Of his sand am i comen, I-wiss,
And he has me halden all for his.
þe hali writt leies na wight, [col. 2]
Ho cuth it vnderstand so right.
þe werk þat i wirke in his name,
Quat man mar wid resun blame.
He þat in me wil treuli trou,
It sal him turn to mekel prou;
And qua wil noght trou þat i tell,
His duelling stede sal last in hell.
Mi fader es forsoth in me,
And I in him sal euer be."
[W]id wordis suilk war þai binomin,
wid skill conclused and ouercomen,
Thoru þe hali writtes lare
was said a thousand 3ere and mare.
Gain him cuth þai find resun nane,
Als crachuns feld he þaim ilkane;
Quat forto sai þai can na mare,
Awai þai went sorful and sare,
Awai þai went wid menged mode,
And iesus to þe temple 3ode.
þar he mani chapman fand
Serkin marchandis chepand,
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þair ox, þair kij, þair chepe þaim sald,
And moneurs þair penis tald;
And iesus þat him war tene,
þar-vte he keste þaim all bidene,

GÖTTINGEN

þus prouen 3e 3ou for felun
And I goddes son wiþ resun
He for soþe is goddes sone
þat doþ his fadir werke in wone
In to þis world was I sende
þe males þerof to amende
Of his sonde am I comen I wis
þat me holdeþ al for his
Holy writt lyeþ nou3t
who so coude hit vndirstonde ou3t
þe werke þat I worche in his name
No man may bi resoun blame
He þat wol trewely in me leue
Muche shal hit be to his biheue
Who so wol not trowe þat I telle [f. 91, bk]
His dwellyng stud shal laste in helle
My fadir soþely is in me
And I in him euer shal be
wiþ þese wordis were þei nomen
Bi skil concluded & ouercomen
þour3e þe holy writtes lore
Was seide a þousande 3eer bifore
A3eyn him fonde þei resoun none
As caitifs felde he hem vchone
what to sey had þei no more
Away þei went wiþ sorwe & sore
þei went awey wiþ menged mode
And ihesus to þe temple he 3ode
þere he mony chapmen fond
Dyuerse marchaundise chepond
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Oxen kyn & sheep þei solde
And þere þei her penyes tolde
And ihesus at hem was tene
And kest hem out al bi dene

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Bath best and bier vte he beft,[1] [1 MS. left]
Noght an o þam þar-in he left. 14731
þe moneurs for þair misgilt,
þair bordes ouerkest, þair penis spilt,
þair setles þat þai in can sete, 14734
He kest þam dun vnder þair fete.
Ne wald he neuer o þaim blin,
Till all war vte þat þar was in.
Amang þir men þat i of tald, 14738
War sume þat duues boght and sald,
Gains þam he was ful kene and crus,
"Dos yow," he said, "vte of mi hus,
Mi hus agh be, right resun, 14742
Hus o praier and of orisun,
And yee mak it, wit-vten leue, [col. 2]
A to-draght o reuer and thefe." 14745
¶ Quen þai had þis sene, þe Iuus
To blaken þan bigan þair brous,
"Maister," said þai, "ferli thinc vs
Quarfor þat we þe suffer þus, 14749
Quatkin thing can þou sai to
Do, quar-for we suld þe bu?"
Vr lauerd iesus þam gaf ansuar, 14752
Bot þai wist neuer quat thing it bar.
"þai feld þis kirc dun to þe grund,
I sal it rais in littel stund,
I sal it rais, þe soth to sai, 14756
Al hale wit-in þe thrid dai."
þe Iuus him ansuard þan wit ire,
"Nu art þou ai a selcut sire,
It es bot foli al þi talking, 14760
And als an inpossibile thing;
Quen salamon king, mast o blis,
Had all þat he wald efter wiche,
In all his welth he was to wirc,
Fourti yeir abute þis kirc, 14765

COTTON

& alle þaire stallis he ham reft
noȝt an of ham þer-in he left
þe moneyers for þaire mysgilt
þe bordes ouerkest þe money spilt
þaire setis þer þai in con sete
he kest ham doun vnder þaire fete
ne walde he neuer on ham blin.
til alle was oute atte þer was in.
¶ a-mang þer men þat I of talde.
ware sum atte dowues boȝt & sald
agayne ham he was ful kene & crous
do ȝou he saide of my hous.
my hous aȝt be wiþ riȝt resoun.
hous of prayer & orisoun.
& ȝe make hit wiþ-outen leue
a to-draȝt of reuer & theue.
Quen þai þis had sene þe iewes
to blakkin þen be-gan þair browes
maister saide þai ferli þink vs.
quar-fore þat we þe suffre þus.
quatkin signe can þou sais now.
quar-fore we sulde þe þus bow.
¶ our ihesu criste can onsquare
bot þai wiste noȝt quat signe hit bare
ȝe felle þis kirk in litel stounde.
I. salle hit rayse fra þe grounde.
alle hale wiþ-in þe þrid day.
I. salle hit rayse for-soþ to say.
¶ þe Iewes ansquared him wiþ ire
now artow a selcouþ sire.
hit is foly alle þi talking.
& alsqua an impossible þing
quen salaman king mast of blis.
had alle þat he walde ofter wisse
In al his welþ he was to wirk
xl. ȝere a-boute þis kirk

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Bath best and bier vte he beft,
Noght ane of þaim þarin he left.
þe moneurs for þair misgilt,
þair bordes ou*er*-keist, þair penis spilt,
þair setlis þar þai gun in sette,
He kest þai*m* dune vnd*er* þair fette.
Ne wald he neu*er* of þai*m* blin,
Till all war vte þ*at* þar was in.
Amang þair men þat i of tald,
Quar sum þat duues boght a*n*d sald,
Gain þai*m* he was ful kene and crus,
And said, "dos 3u vte of mi hus,
Mi hous au, be right resun, [lf 99, bk, col. 1]
Hus of praier and of orisun,
And 3e it make, widvten leue,
A to-draght of reuer and theue."
Qven þai had þis sene, þe iuus
To blaken þan biga*n* þar bruus,
"Maistir," said þai, "farli thinc vs
Qui þat we þe suffir þus,
Quat-kin signe do can þu,
Quarfor we suld þe þusgat bu?"
vr laue*r*d I*esus* þaim gaue ansuer, [bar.
Bot þai ne wist q*uat* vnd*er*stand*ing* it
"3e felle þis kirc dune to þe grund,
I sal it raise in littel stound,
Al hal widin þe thrid dai,
I sal it raise, þe soth to sai."
þe iuus þan ansuerd hi*m* wid ire,
"Nu ert þu ai a selcuth sire,
It es bot foli all þi talking,
And als ane impossible þing;
Quen salamon king, mast of blis,
Had all þ*at* he wald eftir wiss,
In all his welth he was to wirk
Fourti 3ere aboute þis kirk,

GÖTTINGEN

Boþe biere he cast out & beest
Lafte he noon meest nor leest
þe chau*n*geours for þat gilt
Her bordes ouer kest her penyes spilt
Her seges þ*at* þei Inne sete
He kest hem dou*n* vndir her fete
Wolde he neu*er* of hem blyn
Til al were oute þ*at* was þer In
Among þo men þ*at* I of tolde
Were sum*me* þ*at* doufes bou3te & solde
A3eyn hem was he kene & crous
And seide goþ out of my fadir hous
Mi hous shulde be bi ri3t resoun
Hous of preiere and orisoun
And 3e hit make & þ*at* me greues
A den to reset inne þeues
¶ when*ne* þei had þis sene þe iewes
To blake þo bigan her brewes
Maistir þei seide wondir þinke vs
Why þ*at* we þe suffre þus
What man*er* signe do con þow
Wherfore we shulde þe þus bow
Oure lord hem 3af þis vnswere
But þei wist not what hit bare
3if 3e þis temple felle to grou*n*de
I shal hit rise in litil stou*n*de
Al hool wiþinne þe þridde day
I shal hit reise þe soþe to say
þe iewes vnswered hi*m* wiþ ire
Now art þou a selcouþe sire
Hit is but foly þi talkyng
And also i*m*possible þing
When*ne* kyng salomon in blis
Had al þ*at* he wolde haue I wis
In al his wele he was to wirche
Fourty 3eer aboute þis chirche

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Til it was made als it es nu;
And nu a gret selcut sais þou,
Do fell it dun and siþen þou sal
In thrin dais rais vp hal!
þat ar suld fourti yeir be past,
Ar þou had might it dun to cast."
Bot þai wist noght *ies*u entent
þat of his aun bodi he ment,
To lat þam stru it als þai did,
O dais to rais it on þe thrid.

til hit was made as hit is now.
& siþen a grete selcouþ sais þou.
to felle hit dou*n* & siþen þou sale.
in iij. daies hit raise vp hale.
þat ere sulde fourti ȝere be past.
or þou had miȝt hit dou*n* to cast.
bot þai wiste noȝt ih*es*us entent.
þat of his body awen he ment.
to late ham destroy as þai did.
& for to rais hit þe day þrid.

[*The Jews plot against Christ's life.*]

¶ Q*ue*n i*esus* had said tis and mare,
He left all his disciplis þar,
þai left him þar and went þar wai,
Mikel of him can þai missai.
For þai him held þair ful fa,
"Q*ua* herd eu*er* man," coth þai, "spec
Sum said, "oþer he es p*ro*phet, [sua!"
Or crist him-self to man es het;
Bot of a thing in weir ar we,
We wat þat ioseph sun es he,
And þai ar o kind o galilee,
Bot crist bes noght o þat contre,
Bot of a castell certainli
Q*ua*r-of was born þe king daui,
þat es þe tun of bethleem,
þe bok it wittnes for to tem.
Soth," said þai, "til oþer þan,
þan es noght godd þis ilk man,
þat of bethleem kind es noght
Bot tan als theif, and to ded brogh[t].
He es wel knaun wit-in his kuith,
His fader alsua his mod*er* with
O galilee ar born and geten,
And als þat mai noght be for-geten,

¶ quen þe iewes had saide þis & mare
þai left him wiþ his disciplis þare.
þai left him þare & went a-way.
mykil of him þai con missay.
for þai him herde þaire fulfa.
qua herd eu*er* man q*uo*þ þai speke squa.
for c*er*tis he is a wise p*ro*phete.
he is goddes sone we may wele wete
bot of an þing in were ar we.
we wate atte Ioseph sone is he.
& þai ar of a kinde of galilee.
bot criste bes noȝt of þat cuntre.
bot of a castel certanly.
quar-of was borne king dauy.
þat is þe tou*n* of bethleem.
þe boke is witnes for to teme.
¶ soþ þai saide til oþ*er* þan.
þen is god þis ilk man.
nay þai saide hit helpis him noȝt
bot to þe dede he sal be broȝt.
he is wele knawen wiþ-in his kiþ.
his fader alsqua his moder wiþ.
of galilee is borne & geten.
& þat may noȝt be for-ȝeten.

COTTON [lf 81, bk, col. 1]

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Till it was made als it es nu;
And nu a grete farli sais þu,
Do fell it dune and siþen þu sale
In thre dais it vp rais all hale!
þar er suld fourti ȝere be past,
Ar þu had might it dune to kast."
Bot þai wist noght *iesus* entent
þat of his auen bodi he ment,
To lat þam strui it als þai did,
And siþen raisid on þe dai thrid.

Til hit was made as hit is now
And now greet wondir seistow
To felle hit doun wiþouten fere
And in þre dayes vp to rere
But furste wolde fourty ȝeer be past
Ar þi myȝt wolde hit doun cast
But þei wist not ihesus entent
Bi his owne body he hit ment
And late hem struye hit as þei did
And he to rise on day þe þrid

[*The Jews plot against Christ's life.*]

[Q]uen Iuus had said þis and mare,
þai left him and his disciplis þare,
þai left him þar and went þair way,
Mekil on him gun þai missay.
For þai him held þair ful fa, [col. 2]
And said, "qua herd euer man spec sua!"
Sum said, "ouþer es he prophete,
Or crist himself to man es hete;
Bot a thing in were er we,
we wat þat ioseph sun es he,
And þai er of a kind of galile,
Bot bes noght of þat cuntre,
Bot of a castell certaineli .
Quar-of was born þe king daui,
þat es þe tune of bethleem,
þe bok es wittenes forto tem.
Soth," said þai, "til oþer þan,
þan es godd þis ilke man,
þat of bethleem kind es noght
Be tane als thef, and to dede broght.
He es wele knauen widin his kidh,
His fader alsua his moder wid
Of galile es born and getin,
And siþen it mai noght be for-getin,

Whenne ihesus had seide þis & more
þei lafte him riȝt þore
þei lafte him þere & went her wey
Muche on him gon þei missey
þei him helde her fulle fo
And seide who herde euer mon seye so
Somme seide ouþer is he prophete
Or crist him self to mon ful sete
But of o þing in were be we
We woot þat Ioseps son is he
þei are of a kynde of galile
þere bi þat ilke cuntre
Of a castel ben þei certeynly
Wher of was boren kyng dauy
þe toun of bethleem þat es [leaf 92]
þe book þerof bereþ witenes
Somme seide to oþere þon
þenne is good þis ilke mon
þat of bethleem kynde is nouȝt
Be taken and to deþe brouȝt.
He is knowen in his kiþ
His fadir & his modir wiþ
Of galile is he born & geten
And so þis may not be forȝeten

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Hu openli and for-wit all
He dos him godd sun to call.
þe folk es foles, þat es wel sene,
þat rises þus wit him sa clene." 14803
Quen seand men him herd and sagh,
Of him þam stod selcut gret agh,
And said, "fast es he throd and thriuen,
And mikel grace ai es him giuen;
Salamon in al his blis, 14808
Had he na happ al suilk als his,
For til him was þe lai bi-taght,
þat he him thoru lering laght; 14811
Ne prophetes nan sa wiss þat ware,
þat þai ne o man had sum-kin lare;
Bot þis man, sin he come in werld,
O suilk a-noþer man neuer herd,
þat neuer o man was lered þe lau,
And gain him mai be na gain-sau;
In his hert es al puruaid, 14818
Quat he wil sai þat thing es said.
Leue we him he vs has for-commen,
Lang or he for vs be nummen, 14821
For þof he riche be noght his frendes,
þe fauer all wit him it wendes."
¶ þan come þai to þe phariseus,
Of all þai war þe maister schreus,
And þai þam asked son in hij, 14826
"Quar es he þat godds enemy?
Ha yee him þan?" þai said nai.
"And quar-for sent we yow," coth þai,
"Bot for to tak him if yee moght?"
"Bot gains him mai we do noght,
He has vs wonnen wit maistri, 14832
And we sal sceu yow sckil for-qui,
For suilk a man, wit-vten wene,
Was neuer in erth ne herd ne sene,

COTTON

how openly be-for us alle.
he dos him goddes sone to calle.
alle þis cuntree þat is wele sene
rises wiþ him quite & clene.
¶ quen men ihesu herd & sagh
of him ham stode grete agh.
& saide þis man is wele þriuen.
& mykil grace is him gyuen.
salamon in alle his blisse [leaf 68, back]
had he na hap as he þis.
& 3et þe lagh til him was ta3t.
þat he him-self þorou lerning' la3t.
ne þe prophetis sa wise þat ware
at ne þai of man had sum lare.
bot þis man sin he come in werde
of suche a-noþer neuer I. herde
þat neuer of man lerede lagh
& nane man may him gaine-sagh.
in his hert is alle puruayde.
quat he wille say. þat þing' is saide
certanli bot he be dede
ouer alle þis lande his lagh wil sprede
for if þe riche be no3t his frendis.
þe pouer wiþ wil al wiþ him wendis
Þen come þai to þe pharaseus.
in selcouþ maner þen saide he þus.
þai ham asked sone in hy.
quare is he þat goddis enmy.
haue 3e him tane þai saide nay.
& quar-fore sende we 3ou quoþ þai.
bot for to take him if we mo3t
& agaynis him we may do no3t.
he has wonnin us wiþ maistri.
& we salle shew 3ou[1] skile for quy.
for suche a man wiþ-outen wene
was neuer 3et herde ne sene. [1 him *orig.*]

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Hu opinli and forwid all
He dos him goddes sun to call
þe folk er foles, þat er sene,
þat risis þus wid him sua clene."
Quen seand men herd of him and sau,
Of him stod þaim ful mekil au, [thriuen,
And said, "fast es he throdd a[n]d
And mekil grace nu es him giuen;
King salamon in all his blis,
Had neuer suilk hap als he þis,
For til him was þe lay bitaght,
þat he himself thoru lering laght;
Ne þe prophetes sua wise þat ware,
þat þai ne of man had sumkin lare;
Bot þis man syden he comen in world,
Of suilk anoþer man he neuer herd,
þat neuer of man was lerd þe lau,
And gain him mai be no gain-sau;
In his hert es all puruaid, [lf 100, col. 1]
Quat he will sai þat thing es said.
Leue we him has vs ouercomn,
Lang ar he for vs be nomen,
For if þe riche be noght his freindes,
þe pouer wid wile al wid him wendes."
[þ]an come þai to þe phariseus,
Of all þai war þe mast schreus,
And þaim þan askid sone in hij,
"Quat es he þat goddes enemi?
Haue ȝe him tane?" þai said nai.
"And quarfor send we ȝu," coth þay,
"Bot forto take him if ȝe moght?"
"Bot gaines him mai we do noght,
He has vs wonne wid maistri,
And we sal schau ȝu skil forqui,
For suilk a man, widvten wene,
was neuer in erd herd ne sene,

Openly biforn vs alle
He doþ him goddes son to calle
Oure folke ben foles þat is sene
þat rise þus wiþ him bi dene
Whenne men of him herde & sawe
Of him stood þei muchel awe
And seide fast is he pryuen
And muchel grace is him ȝyuen
Kyng salomon in al his blis
Had neuer suche happ as he þis
For to him was þe lawe bitauȝt
þat he him self bi lernyng lauȝt
Nor þe prophetes wise þat wore
ȝitt þei of summon hadden lore
But þis mon siþ he coom in werd
Of suche anoþer neuer we herd
þat neuer of mon lerned he lawe
And to him is þere no ȝeynsawe
In his herte is al purueide
What he wol saye hit is seide
ȝerne haþ he vs ouer comen
Longe ar he for vs be nomen
For þouȝe þe riche be not his frendes
þe pore wiþ wille wiþ him wendes
¶ þenne coom þei to þe phariseus
Of alle were þei moost shrewus
And þo þei asked hem on hy
What is he þat goddes enemy
Haue ȝe him take þei seide nay
Wherfore sende we ȝou quod þay
But to take him if ȝe mouȝt
Aȝeyn him may we do nouȝt
He haþ vs wonne wiþ maistry
Whe wol shewe ȝou skil why
Suche a mon wiþouten wene
Was neuer in erþe herde nor sene

Digitized by Google

Again his word mai naman strijf,
O resun be he neuer sa rijf." 14837
"Allas! nu has he yow scent, [col. 2]
Queþer ani of vrs be til him went,
Quer he haf suiken wit his art,
Ani lauerding apon vr part, 14841
We sari men, quat mai wee sai,
Ne knau we noght þe writen lai,
þis ilk man sal do vs scend."
þan said an þat was his frend, 14845
Hight nichodem, was sent in saand,
Ful gern in scil wald he þam fand,
"Me think, lauerdinges, þat thoru vr lau
þat i for me to warand drau, 14849
Wit-vten dome nan aght be slan,
Ar he wit plight mai be ouertan.
For if þat yee graitli will lok, 14852
Yee sal find writen in your boke,
If ani man war tan for oght
He suld be for iustijs be broght.
And if it war sli maner wite, 14856
þat he þar-of ne moght him quite,
þan his dome men suld him giue,
Oiþer for to dei or liue."
"Wit him þou halds als we se, 14860
For yee bath er born o galilee,
Bot we find writen naur-quar
þat vr crist suld be born þar,
Bot o bethleem, o dauid kind, 14864
þis es þe soth þat yee sal find."
þai went þam ham, all þat sith,
Bath wrath, waful, and vn-blith.
¶ Strangli was þis folk felun, 14868
O littel wijt, o pour resun,
Bitaght al to þe wiþer-win,
Was nedder nan o mar wenim; 14871

COTTON.

a-gayne his worde may na man striue
of resoun be he neuer sa rife
allas now has he 3ou shent
queþer ani of oures be wiþ him went.
queþer he has squikin wiþ his art.
any lording of our part.
we sary men quat may we say
ne knaw 3e no3t þe writen lay.
3us þai saide we salle him shende.
& þen saide an þat was his frende.
hi3t Nichodeme was sende wiþ sande
ful 3orne wiþ skile walde he ham fande
¶ me þink lordingus bi 3our sagh.
a feble counsail 3e do to dragh.
wiþ-outen dome may nane be slayne
or he wiþ gilt be ouer-tane.
for if þat 3e graydeli wil loke
3e sal finde writen in 3our boke.
if any man ware tane for o3t.
he sulde be-for Iustice be bro3t.
& if hit ware a wrange wite
quar-of he mu3t him a-quite.
þer his dome men sulde him giue
auþer to deye or to liue.
¶ quoþ an þou haldes wiþ him we se.
for 3e ar baþ of galilee.
bot we finde writen naure-quare
þat our criste sulde be borne þare.
bot of bedeleem dauid kinde.
þis is þe soþ þat 3e sal finde.
þai went ham hame at þat siþe.
baþ wraþ waful & vn-bliþ.
Strangeli was þis folk felun.
of litel witte of pouer resoun.
be-ta3t to þe feinde alle & sum.
ne nedder nane of mare venum.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Againes his word mai no man striue,
Be he neuer of resun sua riue." 14837
" Allas ! nu has he ȝu bischent,
Queþer ani of vres be til him went,
Queþer he haue swiken wid his art,
Ani lauerding apon vr part, 14841
we sari men, quat mai we sai,
Ne knau we noght þe wreten lay,
þis ilk man sal do vs schend."
þan said ane þat was his freind, 14845
Hight nichodeme, was sent his saand,
Ful fast wid skil wold he þaim faand,
" Me thinc, lauerdinges, þat thoru þe
þat i for me to warand drau, [sau
widvten dome nane au be slain, 14850
Ar he wid plight mai be ouertain.
For if þat ȝe graithli will loke,
ȝe sal it find written in vr boke,
If ani man war tane for oght 14854
He suld bifor Iustis be broght.
And if it war sli maner of witt, [col. 2]
þat he þar-of ne might him quitt,
þan his dome men suld him giue,
Forto die or for to liue." 14859
" wid him þu haldes als we se,
For ȝe er bath of galile,
Bot we find writen nouþer quar
þat vr crist suld born be þar, 14863
Bot of bethlem, of dauid kind,
þis es soth als ȝe sal find."
þai went þaim hame, all þat sith,
wrath, waful, and vnblith. 14867
[S]trangli was þis folk felun,
Of littel witt and pouer resun,
Bitaght all to þe witherwine, 14870
Ne nedder mare none of venime ;

GÖTTINGEN

Aȝeyn his word may noon stryue
Be he of resoun neuer so ryue
Alas þei seide haþ he ȝou shent
Wher any of oures be to him went
Wher he haue giled wiþ his art
Any lordyng of oure part
We sory men what may we say
Knowe we not þe writen lay
þis ilke mon wol vs shende
þenne seide oon was his frende
Nichodeme bi name hiȝt
He spake & seide for ihesu riȝt
Me þinkeþ lordes bi þe lawe
þat I for me to warant drawe
Wiþouten dome shal noon dede be
And but in synne take were he
If þat ȝe redili wol loke
We shul hit fynde writen in boke
If any mon were taken for ouȝt
He shulde bifore iustice be brouȝt
And if hit were suche a wite
þat he miȝt not him of quyte
þenne shulde men his doome ȝyue
For to deȝe or for to lyue
Wiþ him holdestou þei seide we se
For ȝe are boþe of galile
But we may fynde hit nowhere
þat oure crist shulde be born þere
But of bethleem of dauid kynde
þis is sooþ as ȝe shul fynde
þei went hoom at þat siþe
In wraþþe & woo ful vnbliþe
Strongely was þis folk feloun
Of litil witt wiþouten resoun
Bitauȝte to þe fend grim [leaf 92, back]
Noon edder more ful of venym

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

O wicked wil of iuel mode,
A-gain þair aun flesche and blode.
Quat he was þai noght vnderstode,
þat wijt to men gaf þat war wode,
Til all þe nedi did he gode,
And to þair folk fand ferli fode;
Bot all for noght enent him stode,
Til þai at end him did on rode.
þai had leuer se find of hell,
þan him bituix þam forto duell.
Ful mikel [au] þai þat lauerd luue,
þat sua wald cum for þair be-houe;
He folus þaim and þai him fle, [If 82, col. 1]
Ne wald þai neuer opon him se,
Suetli he wald þam drau him to,
And þai ar abute at him for-do.
Bot had þai selines on sene,
Ful blith of his sight had þai bene,
And wirscip him wit hand and fote,
þat sua be born wald for þair bote.
He luued þaim in his hert rote,
Bot o þair luue es noght to mote,
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
And noght for-þi for wel na wa
Fra nu wil he noght fle þam fra,
Bot stabili bi-tuix þaim lend,
Til prophecies war broght til end,
Til he was naild on þat tre.
We ilk dai of sample se,
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Of his passion þat was sa herd,
þat yee sal here fra nu forward.
He wil him bandun nu þar-till,
Ful freli wit his aun wil,

COTTON

of wikked wille of euel mode.
a-gayne þaire awen flesshe & blode
quat he was? noȝt þai vnderstode
þat witte to man gaf þat ware gode
til alle þe nedy dide he gode.
& to his folk sande ferli fode.
bot alle for noȝt in-stide him stode.
þai ordent him to hange on rode.
þai had leyuer se þe fende of helle
þan him a-mang' ham for to dwelle
¶ ful mikil ham aȝt þat lorde loue
þat squa walde come for þaire be-houe
he folowes ham & þai him fle.
ne walde þai neuer a-pon him se.
squeteli walde he ham dragh̄ him to.
& þai ar a-boute atte him for-do
muȝt þai wiþ grace him haue sene
ful bliþ of his siȝt had þai bene.
& worshepe him wiþ hand & fote
þat squa be borne walde for þaire bote
he loued ham as his hert rote.
bot of þaire loue is noȝt to mote.
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
& noȝt for-þi for wele ne wa.
fra now wil he noȝt fle ham fra.
bot stabely now among' ham lende
tille þe prophecy be broȝt til ende.
til he was nayled a-pon a tre
ilk' day ensaumple may we se.
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
of his passion þat is sa harde
þat ȝe sal here now forþwarde
he wil him baundoun now þer-tille
hertli wiþ his awen wille.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Of wicked will and euil mode,
Again þair auen fless and blode.
Quat he was, noght þai vnderstod,
þat witt gaue to men þat war wod,
Till all þe nedi did he gode,
And tille þair folk fand farli fode;
Bot all for noght enent him stod,
Till þai at end him did on rod.
þai had leuer se þe fend of helle,
þan him bituix þaim for to duelle.
Ful mekil au þai þat lauerd luue,
þat sua wald cum for þair bihoue;
He folus þaim and þai him fle,
Ne wald þai neuer apon him se,
Suetli wald he þaim drau him to,
And þai er abute at him for-do.
Bot had sele on þaim bene sene,
Ful blith of him þan had þai bene,
And worschipd him wid hande & fote,
þat sua wald be born for þair bote.
He luued þaim in his herte rote,
Bot of þair luue es noght to mote,
For þai him hated als þe dede,
Ful ilhaile tok þai þat rede,
And ne forþi for wele ne wa,
Fra nu wil he noght fle þaim fra,
Bot stabilli bituix þaim lend,
Till prophecis be broght till end,
Till he was nailid on þat ilk tre
we ilk dai sample of se.
þat broght vs vte of wa and pine,
Of handis of vr witherwine,
And of his passiun sua harde,
þat ȝe sal here nu forward;
He wil him bandun nu þaim till,
Ful freli wid his auen will,

GÖTTINGEN

Of wickede wille & euel mode
Aȝeyn her owne flesshe & blode
[. . . . . .
no gap in Trinity MS.; the Laud MS. wants lines 14782—14960; *two leaves torn out* . . . . . .]
þei wolde not leue for his gode dede
Til þei had made his sides blede
Leuer had þei se þe fend of helle
þen him amonges hem to dwelle
Muchel auȝte þei þat lord to loue
þat so wolde com for her bihoue
He foleweþ hem & þei him fle
Wolde þei neuer on him se
Fayn wolde he drawe hem to
And þei aboute him to for do
But had sele on hem ben sene
Glad of him had þei bene
And serued him wiþ honde & fote
þat wolde be born to her bote
He loued hem longe in his hert
þei quyt him euer wiþ vnquert
þei him hated to þe dede
In euel tyme toke þei þat rede
Fro þat tyme for wele nor wo
Wolde not ihesus fle hem fro
But stably wol wiþ hem lende
Til prophecies han her ende
þat he were nayled on þat tre
þat vche day we saumple se
þat brouȝte vs oute of peynes bondes
Fro oure enemyes hondes
And to his passioun þat was hard
As ȝe may heren aftirward
He wolde him bowe þo þertille
Frely of his owne wille

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

For he þe time sais *com*mand nei,
þar he for mans kind wil dei, 14909
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
He wil him all vnbiden bede, 14912
For fast it neghes to þe nede
For his to suffur passion.
For-þi to spek of þat ranscon 14915
þat richer es þan erth and heuen,
Or oght þat mans moth mai neuen,
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Es resun þat wee vr rime rume,
And set fra nu langer bastune. 14923
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Crist and his moder do me to spede!
þat vn-worthi es for to rede, 14927
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þat i it rede wit sli louing
I mai it wel to ending bring. 14931
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

for he þe time sese comande neye [leaf 69]
þat he for mannis-kinde wille dey.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
he wille him al vnbidden bede
for fast hit drawes to þe nede.
for his to suffre passiou*n*.
for-þi to speke of þat raunsou*n*.
þat riccher is þan erþ & heyuen.
or oȝt þat mannis mouþ may neyue*n*.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
for-þi in rime wille we rou*n*.
& sette fra now lang*er* bastou*n*.
In worshepe of him þat dyed for mon
amende our rime If I. con.
*cr*iste & his moder lene me spede
þat I vn-worþi am to rede
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þat I. hit rede wiþ suche louing[e]
I. may hit wele til ending[e] bring[e].
to louing[e] of god & hali-kirk[e].
& to mannis note to wirk[e].

[*Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, and the Last Supper.*]

*Ie*sus went tilward ierusalem
Gan[g]and on his fete, 14938
And com he til a littel hill
Man calles mont oliuete.
Sex dais forwit pask-dai
Wit his he went þe strete, 14942

COTTON

Ihesus went to ier*usalem*. **passiou*n* of ihes*u* crist.**
gaand on his fete.
& come he til a litel hil.
men callis hit mount oliuete
Sex niȝt*es* be-fore pask-day. [1 leaf 69, col. 2]
wiþ his he went in strete

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

For he seis þe time comand neie,
þat he for manes-kind wil deie,
To bi þaim vte of þair wa,
Fra weild of þe feind, þair fa.
He will him all vnbidden bede,
For fast it draus te þe nede
For his to suffir passiun.
For-þi to speke of *þat* ransum
þat richer es þan erd or heuene, [col. 2]
Or all *þat* manes witt mai neuene,
For-þi me think *þat* nu es gode
þat we speke sumquat of þe rode.
And alsua of *þat* ranssuning,
þat for vs gaf *iesus*, heuene king,
And resun es we vr rime rume,
And set fra nu lang*er* bastune.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Crist and his mo*þer* do me spede!
þat i vnworthi es to rede,
And of his will me send his *grace*,
Of witt and will, and þar-to space,
þat i it rede wid sli lu[u]ing
I mai it wele till end bring,
To lu[u]ing of god and halikirke,
To manes note als forto wirke.[1]

He say þe tyme comynge ne3e
þat he for monkynde wolde de3e
To bie hem out of her care
þat wiþ þe fend dwellynge ware
He wolde hem vnbynde in dede
For hi*m* þou3te hit was nede
For to suffere peynes grym
Monnes soule to haue to him
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

[*Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, and the Last Supper.*]

[I]*esus* went tillward ierusalem
gangand apon his fete,
And he come till a littil hill
men clepis mont oliuete.
Sex dais forwid pask-dai
wid his he went *þat* strete,

OF þe passiou*n* speke we here
How he vs bou3te ihe*s*u dere
Secundum euangeliu*m*
Ihesus went towardes Ieru*sa*-
goinge vp on his fete [lem:
Ande he coom to a litil hylle:
men clepe*þ* hit olyuete.
Six dayes bifore paske:
W*ith* his he went *þat* strete

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

[1] The next 14 leaves of the Göttingen MS. (and 13 leaves of the Trinity MS.) are written in one column of long lines: the lines are here divided, each into two.]

Digitized by Google

Til his disciplis þat he ledd
Sli wordes spak he suete:
"Wat yee breþer qui," he said,
"I weind again sua snell?
Herkens nu and vnderstandes,
þe sothe i sal yow tell.
Yon Iues ar, wel wat yee it,
A folk selcuth fell,
þai wil me neuer luue, i-wiss,
For thing i mai þam tell.
¶ For luue or agh ne for na thing
þat i for þam ha wroght,
Wit mani selcut, als yee haf herd,
And wit sothfastnes soght.
Bot al mi suinc nu es it sua,
Standes me for noght,
þe time es nu man sun sal dei,
And mans kind be boght.
¶ To yon castel ga yee," he said,
"Yee se again yow stand,
þar sal yee find an ass beist
Wit hir fole dun in band.
Gais fotte hir me, if animan
Lais apon yow hand
To lette yow, ye sai yee haf
þe lauerd to your warand.
¶ A moder ass yee sal þar find,
And yee hir sal vn-do
Vte of hir band; if animan
Askes yow quar-to,
Yee sai to þam þe lauerd has
Wit þam for to do.
And sal naman yow sai bot god.
þe sted es yonder, lo!"
¶ Son þar went disciplis tua
Vnto þe said castel,

[col. 2]

14943 14946 14950 14954 14958 14962 14966 14970 14974 14978

Til his disciplis atte he led
suche wordes spak' he squete
¶ wate 3e breþer quy he saide
I weinde a-gayne sa snelle
herkenis now & vnderstande
þe soþ I. salle 3ou telle.
3one iewes ar 3e wate wele
folk ful selcouþ felle
þai wil me neuer loue I.-wisse
for þing' I. may ham telle
¶ for loue ne agh̄ ne for signe
þat I. for ham haue wro3t.
wiþ many selcouþes as 3e haue sene
& wiþ softnes ham so3t.
bot alle my squink now is hit squa
hit standis me for no3t.
þe time is now þat I. sal dey.
& mannis kinde be bo3t.
¶ To 3one castel 3e ga he saide.
3e se agayne 3ou stande.
þer sal 3e finde an asse beste
wiþ hir fole done in bande.
ga focche hir me if any man.
lays a-pon hir hande
to lette 3ou 3e say 3e haue
criste to 3oure warande.
¶ a moder asse 3e sal þer finde.
& 3e hir salle vn-do.
out of lande if any man.
askis 3ou quar-to.
3e say to ham 3our[1] lorde has.
wiþ hir now for to do.
& sal na man 3ou say bot gode
þe stode is 3onder lo.
¶ Sone þar went disciplis twa.

[1 MS. þe orig.]

[1f 69, bk]

COTTON FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Till his desciplis þat he ledd
sli wordis spak he suete:
"[Q]uat 3e mi breþer qui," he said,
"i wend again so snell?
Herkens nu and vnderstand,
þe soth i sal 3u tell.
3on iuus er, wele wat it 3e,
a folke selcuthli fell,
þai will me neuer luue, i wiss,
for þing i mai þaim tell.
For luue ne au ne for na signe,
þat i for þaim haue wroght,
wid mani selcuth, als 3e haue sene,
and wid softenes þaim soght.
Bot all mi suink nu es it sua,
standes me for noght,
þe time es nu manes sune sal dei,
and mannes kind be boght.
[T]o yon castel," he said, "3e ga
3e se again 3u stande,
þar sal 3e find ane asse best
wid hir fole done in bande.
Gas fet hir me, if ani man
lais apon 3u hande,
To lett 3u, 3e sai 3e haue
þe lauerd to 3ur warande.
[A] moþer asse 3e þare find, [leaf 101]
and 3e hir sal vndo
vte of band; and if þat ani
man askes þu quarto,
3e sai þaim þe lauerd haues
nu wid þaim forto do,
And sal no man 3u sai bot god.
þe stede es yonþer, lo!"
[S]one þar went desciplis tua
vnto þis said castele,

GÖTTINGEN

To his disciples þat he lad:
þes wordes spak he swete
¶ Wite 3e breþer whi he seide:
I wende a3eyn so snelle
Hereþ now & vndirstonde:
þe soþe I wol 3ou telle.
þese iewes ben 3e hit knowen:
And folke wondir felle.
þei wol me neuer leue I wis:
for nou3t þat I hem spelle.
¶ For loue nor awe ny for no signe:
þat I for hem haue wrou3t.
Wiþ mony signes 3e haue sene:
þat I haue on hem sou3t.
But al my trauaile now I se:
stondeþ me for nou3t.
Now tyme is monnes son to de3e:
And monnes kynde to be bou3te
¶ To þat castel he seide 3e go:
3e seen a3eyn 3ou stonde.
þere shul 3e fynde an asse beest:
wiþ hir fole done in bonde
Goþ & fecche hir me if any mon:
leye vp on 3ou honde.
To lette 3ou say þat 3e haue:
þe lord to 3oure waronde.
¶ þe meke asse þat 3e þere fynde:
Soone þat 3e hir vndo.
Out of hir bonde if any:
aske 3ou whor to.
Sey þat 3oure lord haþ:
with hem for to do.
[1]And shal no mon 3ou saye but good:
þe place is 3onder lo [[1] leaf 93]
¶ Soone þer went disciples two:
to þat same castel

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Bunden þat þai soght þis ass
þai fand bi a postel.
Broght þai noþer on hir bak
Na sadel ne panel
To þair lauerd was noþer cledd
Wit silk ne yeitt cendel.
¶ "Mi freindes," said he, "wat yee qui
I wend nu to þe tun?
þe soth to wijt, i sal yow scau
Al mi priue resun,
þe tim es comen nu þat i sal
Suffur mi passiun,
þe fest es nu, mismay yow noght,
Bot mas mi riding bun.
¶ Nu," he said, "sal womman son
[1] In mans hand be laght,
þai sal him tak and deme to ded
Wit-vten ani saght. [1 leaf 82, back, col. 1]
And wit tresun him do on tre,
Als it es forwit taght,
He sal be ded, bot rise he sal
Wit-in þe thrid naght."
¶ þai kest þair clothes on þis ass
And did him þar-on sett;
Son it ras þe word þat he
Was command bi þe strete.
þe folk þat comen was to þe fest,
Almast for ioi þai grette,
þe simple folk al o þe tun
þai went him for to mete.
¶ Wit alle þe mirthes þat þai moght
Darworthli þai him gett,
Wit harp and pipe, and horn and trump,
þe strette þai him vmsette.
Ald and yong, bath less and mare,
Wit a word alle him grett,

COTTON

bunden atte þai soȝt þis asse
þai fande be a postel.
broȝt þai nauþer on hir bak
sadel ne ȝette panel.
to þaire lorde was nauþer cledde
in silk ne in sendel.
My freindes he saide quate ȝe quy
I. wende vn-to þis toun.
þe soþ to wete I. salle ȝou shawe
al my priuey resoun.
þe time is commyn þat I. sale
suffre my passioun.
þe fest is now drede ȝou noȝt,
bot makis ȝou redy boun.
¶ now he saide sal womman sone
in mannis hande be laȝt.
þai salle him alle deme to dede.
wiþ-outen any saȝt.
& wiþ tresoun him do on tree
as hit be-fore is taȝt
he sal be dede bot rise he salle
wiþ-in þe þrid naȝt.
þai keste þaire claþis on þis asse.
& dide ham þer-on site.
sone hit ras þe worde þat he
was comande bi þe strete.
þe folk was commyn to þe feste
al-maste for ioy dide grete.
þe simple folk of þe toun.
þai went him for to mete.
¶ wiþ harp & pipe & horne & trump.
his way þai him vmbeset
alde & ȝonge lesse & mare
wiþ a worde þai him gret.
welcome sauiour lange has þou bene
al sal þorou þe be bet

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þis asse þai soght þai fand bunden bi a postele.	14979	þis asse þei sou3te & fonde hir bou*n*de: bi a post ful snel
Broght þai nou*þer* on hir bac sadil ne 3eit panele	14982	Brou3te þei nou*þer* on hir bak: Sadel nou*þer* panel
To þair lau*erd* þat nou*þer* was cledd wid silk ne cendele.		To her lord þat þo was clad: nou*þer* in silke ny sendel
"[M]i freindes," he said, "wat 3e qui i weind nu to þis tun?	14986	¶ My frendes he seide wite 3e why: I wende now to þis tou*n*
þe soth to witt, i sall 3u schau all mi preue resun.		þe so*þe* now shul 3e knowe: Al my p*ri*ue resou*n*
þe time es comen þat i sal suffre mi passiun,	14990	þe tyme is comen *þat* I shal now: suffre my passiou*n*
þe feste es nu, mismay 3u noght, bot makis mi riding bune.		þe feest is comen demaye 3ou not: but make*þ* my ridi*n*g bou*n*
[þ]ou," he said, "sal womman sun in ma*n*nes hand be laght,	14994	¶ Now he seide shal wom*m*an*n*es son: in mon*n*es honde be cau3t
þa sal him take and deme to dede widvten ani saght.		þei shul him take & deme to de3e: wi*þ*oute*n* any sau3t
And wid tresun him do on tre, als it es forwid taght,	14998	And wi*þ* tresou*n* him done on tre: As hit bifore was tau3t
He sal be dede, and rise he sal wid-in þe thrid naght."		He shal be dede & rise also: wi*þ*in*n*e þe þridde nau3t
[þ]ai keist þair clathes on þis asse, and did him þar-on to sitte;	15002	¶ þe cast her clo*þ*es on þis asse: & made on hir his sete
Sone it ras þe worde *þat* he was comand bi þe strete.		Soone aroos þe word þen: he was comyng bi strete
þe folk was comen to þe fest, almast for ioy þai grete,	15006	þe folk *þat* coomen to *þat* feest: mony for ioye dud grete
þe simple folke of þe tun þai went him forto mete.		þe simpel folke of *þat* tou*n*: þei went him for to mete
[W]id all þe mirthes þat þai moght derworthli þai hi*m* mete,	15010	¶ wi*þ* alle þo mir*þ*es þat þei mi3t: derwor*þ*ely þei him mette
Wid harp and pipe, horn and trump, þe wai þai*m* hi*m* vmsete.		wi*þ* harpe & pipe horn & trompe: þe weye þei him bi sette
Ald and 3ung, bath lesse and mare, wid ai word þai hi*m* grette,	15014	Olde & 3onge lasse & more: wi*þ* o word þei him grette
GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY

Digitized by Google

"Welcum sauuer! lang has þou ben,	we sal þe honour sicureli.
Al sal thoru þe be bett."	for naþing wille we lette.
¶ þe lauerdinges and þe riche men	¶ þe lordingus & þe riche men.
To-quils o-bak þam drogh, 15018	a consail to ham drogh.
And temprid tresun for to tri	& tempred tresoun for to atrary
To tak iesum wit wogh.	to take ihesu wiþ wogh.
þai murn, quils þe pouer men	þen mourned þe pouer men.
And þe childir logh, 15022	& þe childer logh
Bifor þair king þe childer kest	be-for þaire kinge þe childer kest
Branches þai brak o bogh,	þe braunchis of þe bogh.
¶ And sum þai kest þai clothes dun,	¶ & sum kest þaire claþis doun
In midward þe thrang; 15026	a-mydwarde in þat þrange
þai spred þe strete wit cloth and flur,	þai spred þe strete wiþ claþ & flour
His ass on for to gang.	atte he muȝt þer-on gange.
þe folk him folud and forwit went,	þe folke him folowed be-fore went
þai mensked him wit sang, 15030	& mensked him wiþ sange.
"Osanna, lauerd! welcum þou be,	osanna lorde welcome þou be.
Quar has þou ben sa lang?"	quere has þou bene sa lange.
¶ Bot þe childer þat war waike	¶ Bot þe childer þat ware waike
To ga þat pres a-mang, 15034	to wende þat prese amang
O walles and windos, als	ouer wallis & windous als.
þair hefdes ouer þai hang,	þaire heuedes ouer þai hange
Bi-held þair lauerd þar he come,	be-helde þaire lorde þer he come
For-soth had þai na wrang, 15038	for-soþ þai dide na wrange.
All þai sang als wit a muth	alle þai sange as ȝe sal here
þat all þe cite rang.	þat alle þat cite range.
¶ "Gloria laus" (þat es, wirscip) [col. 2]	¶ Gloria laus þat is worshepe.
"Ha þou nu lauerd and ai, 15042	our lorde now & ay.
Crist and king and ransconer	king & criste & raunsoner.
O folk o godds lai.	of folk of goddis lay.
Al to þin aun welcum þou be,	al to þine awen welcome þou be
þar þou es comen to dai. 15046	þer þou art commyn to-day.
þou tak to thanc þat we þe mak	þou take to thank þat we þe make
Sli mensking als we mai.	suche mensking as we may.
¶ Osanna king! to þe we cri	¶ Osanna king to þe we cry.
A sang wit suete steuen, 15050	of sange wiþ grete steyuen.
COTTON	FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

"welcum sauueur! lang has þu bene,
thoru þe sal all be bette."
þe lauerdinges and þe riche men
to-quiles on back þaim drogh,
And temprid resun to trei
to take ihesus wid wogh.
þai murned, quiles þe pouere men
and þe childer loght,
Bifor þair king þe childer kest
branches þai brack of bogh,
[a]nd sum þan kest þair clethes dune,
in midward þe thrang,
þai spredd þe strete wid clath and flur,
his asse apon to gang.
þe folk him folud and forwid went,
þai menskid him wid sang.
"Osanna, lauerd! welcum þu be,
quar has þu bene sua lang?"
[B]ot þe childer þat war waike
to weind þat pres emang,
On wallis and on windouus, als
þair hefdis ouer þai hang,
Biheld þair lauerd þar he come,
forsoth had þai na wrang,
All þai sang als wid a muth
þat all þe cite rang.
"[G]loria laus," (þat es, worschip)
"lauerd haue þu nu and ay,
King and crist and ransuner
of folk of goddes lay.
All to þin auen welcum þu be,
þar þu es comen to-dai.
þu take to thank þat we þe make
sli mensking als we mai.
[O]sanna king! to þe we cri
a sang wid suete steuen,

GÖTTINGEN

Welcome saueour longe hastou be:
bi þe shal al be bette
¶ þe lordynges & þe riche men:
þat while on bak þei drowȝe
And tempred resouns wondir fast:
to take ihesu wiþ wowȝe
þei mourned whil þe pore men:
& þo childre lowȝe
Biforn her kyng childre cast:
braunches broken of bowȝe
¶ Somme cast her cloþes doun:
amydward þat þrong
þe strete to sprede wiþ clooþ & flour:
his asse on to gonge
þe folke bifore & bihynde:
worsheped him wiþ song
Osanna lord welcom þou be:
where hastou ben so long
¶ But þo childre þat were weyke:
among þat pres to go
Ouer walles & wyndowes:
leide her hedes þo
Bihelde her lord þere he coom:
away was al her wo
Alle songe þei wiþ o mouþ:
of myrþe solas also
¶ Gloria laus þat is worship:
lord haue þou now & ay
Kyng & crist & raumsonere:
of folke þat ben in fay
To þine owne welcom þou be:
þere þou art comen to day
þou take to þonke þat we þe do:
suche worshepe as we may
¶ Osanna kyng to þe we cry
a song of swete steuen

TRINITY

[leaf 101, back]

Na less ai be þou loued in erth
þan þou es loued in heuen.
Of israel þan er þou king,
þat aght man trou ful euen,
And comen of hei dauid kin,
Of heier nan can neuen.
¶ Cummen forth, þou blisced king
In vr lauerds name,
þe receiues þin aun folk,
And welcums þe hame.
On þin worthi werkes don
Farr spredes þi fame,
Welcum lauerd þat leches[1] all
And leching[2] giues to lame.
¶ Cum forth til vs ur saueur,
We haf desired þe,
þou es right king of israel,
Qua þe soth can se.
[Wit prop]hecies was þou forsaid
[þa]t þou born suld be,
O þe king hei dauid kin
And o rote o iesse.
¶ Osanna! sir king, cum forth"
þai cried, less and mare,
"Vn-to þin aun, for we ar þai,
And sal be euer mare.
Blisced be þou and þi time
þat þe þi moder bar,
For king sa mekeli cummen to tun
Herd was neuer ar.
¶ Welcum be þou lauerd," said þai,
"Duell þou noght wit-vte,
To þis gret vr solempnite
Welcum wit-vten dute."
þai him ledd wit-in to þe tun,
Ful gret it was, þat rute,

[1] MS. lethes
[2] MS. lething

COTTON

na les be þou loued in erþ.
þen þou art loued in heyuen.
of israel þen artow king.
þat agh̄ men traw ful eyuen.
& commyn of þat hey dauy kin.
of heyer nane may neyuen.
¶ Come now forþ þou blessed king
in our lordes name.
þe resceyues þine awen folk
& biddis welcome hame
of þine worþi werkis done
ful ferre is spred þe fame.
welcom lorde þat lichis al.
& hele gifs to lame.
[1] ¶ Come forþ lorde our sauiour.
we haue desired þe.
þou art riȝt king of israel
qua-sa þe soþ can se
wiþ prophetis was þou for-saide
atte þou borne sulde be.
of þe kinrade of dauid king
& of þe rote of iesse.
¶ Osanna king sir come forþ.
þai cried lasse & mare.
vn-to þine awen for we ar þine
& salle be euermare
blessed be þou & þe time.
atte þi moder þe bare.
for king sa mekeli commyn to toun.
herde we neuer are.
¶ welcome be þou lorde þai saide
dwelle þou noȝt wiþ-oute.
to þis grete solempnite
welcome wiþ-outen doute
þai him led in-to þe toun.
ful grete hit was þe route.

[1] leaf 76

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Na lesse be þu loued in erd
þan þu es loued in heuen.
Of israel þan es þu king,
þat aght men tru ful euen,
And comen of þai hei dauid kin,
of hier nane can neuen.
[C]um nu forth, þu blisced king
in vr lauerdis name,
þe receiues þin auen folk,
and biddes þe welcum hame.
Of þin worthi werkis done
ful fer es spredd þe fame,
Welcum lauerd þat leches[1] all
and liching giues to lame. [1 MS. lethes]
[C]um nu forth vr sauueour,
we haue discernd þe,
þu es right king of israel,
qua sum þe soth can se.
wid prophecie was þu forsaid
þat þu born suld be,
Of gode king dauid kin and of
þe rote of iesse.
[O]sanna! sir king, cum forth"
þai crid, lesse and mare,
"vnto þi auen, for we er þine,
and sal be euer mare.
Blisced be þu and þe time
þat þe þi moder þe bare,
For king sua mekel comen to tune
herd was neuer are.
[W]elcum be þu lauerd," þai said,
"ne duel þu noght widvte,
To þis grete vr sollempnite,
welcum widvten doute."
þai him ledd in to þe tune,
ful gret it was, þat route,

GÖTTINGEN

No lasse be þou loued in erþe:
þen þou art in heuen
Of israel þou art kyng:
þat ouȝte men knowe euen
And comen also of dauid kyn: [leaf 93, bk]
Heȝer noon con neuene
¶ Com now forþ blessed kyng:
oure lord bi þi name
þe welcomeþ þin owne folk:
wiþ greet ioye & game
Of þi worþi werkes lord:
fer is spred þe fame
welcom lord þat helest alle:
& bote ȝyuest to lame
¶ Com now forþ oure saueour:
we han desired þe
þou art kyng of israel:
who so þe soþe con se
Bi prophecie bifore was seid:
þat þou born shuldes be
Of good kyng dauid kyn:
& of þe rote of Iesse.
¶ Osanna kyng com forþ:
þei cried lasse & more
To þine owen for we ben þine:
to lerne on þi lore
Blessed be þou & þe tyme:
þou born were þerfore
For kyng so heȝe comen to toun:
Herde we neuer of ore
¶ welcom be þou lord þei seide:
dwelle not vs wiþoute
To þis greet solempnite:
welcom wiþouten doute
þei ledde him in to þe toun:
greet was þat route

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

To temple þai him ledd wit sang [lf 88, col. 1]
On ilk-a side a bute.
¶ "þis es vr sauueur," þai said,
"þat commen til vs es nu,
O þe kind o king dauid
His name es cald iesu.
þe ded mai noght him wit-stand,
He dos it til him bu,
To mani seke hele he has giuen,
In him man agh to tru.
¶ Lang has he nu ben a-wai,
Lang efter him vs thoght;
Tuelue or ma o men vnscod
þan has he wit him broght,
And o þair fete þat semed sare
For-þi þarof vs roght,
Vr mantels vnder þam we spred,
For oþer had we noght.
¶ Nu es he commen þat es vr king,
Nu sais alle ossanna!
We wend he had for-huud vs all
þar-for was vs ful wa,
Welcum es he, fra nu he ne sal
Na langer leue vs sua.
For wa es þaim þat moght him hald!
þat lates him þam fra."
¶ Quen þe princes and þe riche
Wist wel of his fare,
þai bicome þan sorfuller
þan euer war þai are.
Bituix þam, þaa cursed men,
Mened þam þair care,
To caiphas in son þai went,
And gadrid þaim alle þar.
¶ "Lauerdinges," þan said caiphas,
Mi ert es selcut sare,

COTTON

to þe temple wiþ mury sange
on ilk side a-boute.
¶ þis is þe sauiour þai saide
atte commyn til vs is now.
of þe kinde of kingꝫ dauid
his name is calde ihesu.
þe deþ may neuer him wiþ-stande
he dos him til hit bowe
many seke hele has þou giuen.
to þe men þat þe walde bowe.
¶ langꝫ þen has he bene a-way
lange efter him us þoȝt.
xij. of men or ma we traw
þen has he wiþ him broȝt.
of þaire fete atte semed sare
we saued ham as we moȝt
our mantels vnder ham we spred
for oþer had we noȝt.
¶ now is he commyn þat is our kingꝫ
now sais alle osanna.
we wende he had for-ȝeten us al.
þar-fore was vs ful wa.
welcome is he fra now he ne sal.
na langer part vs fra
for wo is am þat muȝt him hald
þat liȝtli letis him ga.
Quen þe princis & riche [lf 70, col. 2]
wiste ham of þis fare
þai bicome mare soroufuller.
þen euer ware þai are.
þai geddered ham samneward
& mened ham of þaire care.
to caiphas in a route þai went
& geddered ham alle þare.
lordinges saide þan caiphas.
my hert hit is ful sare.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

To temple þai him ledd wid sang
on ilk side aboute.
"[þ]is es vr sauueour," þai said,
"*þat* comen es till vs nu,
Of þe king kind of dauid
his name Is hatin ie*su*.
þe dede mai him neuer widstand.
he dos it till hi*m* bu,
Mani seke has he giuen hele,
men agh *in* him to trou.
[L]ang has he bene a-wai,
lang efter him vs thoght;
Tuelue or ma of men vnschodd
þan has he wid him broght,
And on þair fete þai*m* semed fare
for-þi of þaim vs roght,
vr mantels vnd*er* þaim we spred,
for o*þer* hadd we noght.
[N]ou es he come*n* þ*at* es vr king,
nu sais alle osanna!
we wend he had forhoud vs all
þarfor was vs ful wa,
welcu*m* es he, fra nu he sal
na langer leue vs sua.
For wa es þaim þ*at* might hi*m* hald!
and lates hi*m* part þai*m* fra."
[Q]uen þe princes and þe riche men
wist all of þis fare,
þai bicome þan sorfuler
þan eu*er* war þai are.
Bituix þaim, þaa curced men,
þai mened þai*m* þair care,
To cayphas mal sone þai went,
a*nd* gadrid þai*m* right þare.
"[L]au*er*dinges," said cayphas, [f 102]
"mi hert es selcuth sare,

To þe temple wiþ muchel song:
on eu*er*y syde aboute
¶ þis is oure saueour þei seide:
þ*at* comeþ to vs now
Ihe*sus* is his name:
he comeþ al for oure prow
þe dede may him not wiþstonde:
but to his biddyng bow
Mony seke haþ he heled:
men owe him to alow
¶ longe haþ he ben awey:
longe aftir him vs þouȝt
Twelue or mo barfote men:
haþ he wiþ him brouȝt
And on her fete were þei sore:
þ*er*fore of hem vs rouȝt
Oure manteles vndir hem we spredde:
o*þer* had we nouȝt
¶ Now is he comen þ*at* is oure kyng:
to synge lat vs go
We wende to haue for gone hi*m* al:
þ*er*fore was vs ful wo
Welcom is he from now:
he shal no more go so
For wo is hi*m* þ*at* may hi*m* holde:
& leteþ hi*m* parte hi*m* fro
¶ whenne þo princes & riche men wist:
of al þis bere
þei bicoom soriere:
þen eu*er* eer þei were
Bitwene hem þo cursed men:
mened her matere
To cayphas In soone þei went:
& gedered hem in fere
¶ Lordyngis seide cayphas:
myn hert is wondir sore

Digitized by Google

O þis *ies*u þat es sa wis
Sa mikel alsua o lare.
It es wel sene, all folus him,
Nu bath less and mare,
Suilc a man was neu*er* yeitt
Sin ani werldes ware;
¶ It es wonder for to tell,
þe ferles þ*at* he mas,
We se þe folk all fall to him
Ou*er*-al q*uar* he gas.
All vr lagh he sal for-do,
Vr aun folk allas
Sal he do again vs rise,
And be vr grettest faas.
[¶] All þis werld es turnand
Til him als yee wel se,
For-þi a rede i sal yow giue,
And herkens all to me.
Thoru a man, þis es þe soth,
þis werld sal losen be,
And he be slan, it sal be broght
Al in to sauuete.
¶ Bett*er* it es þ*at* o[1] man dei,
þan al þe folk be lorn,
And þ*at* þis ilk *ies*us be
Tan arli to morn.
þ*at* mai noght we[1] for þis folk
þof man had it suorn,
Bot lang*er* þan þis fest be don
Be he noght for-born."
¶ I*es*us þam p*re*chand ilk a[2] dai
Stable in temple stod,
Ilk night of oliuete
To þe mont he yode;
þar he wit his disciplis lai,
For sua þan thoght him gode,

COTTON

[1] There has been an erasure here.

of þis ihesu þat is squa wise
he is squa mykil of lare.
hit is wele sene þai folow him
baþ lesse & mare.
suche a man was neu*er* 3et
sin ani werldis ware.
¶ hit is wonder grete to telle
þe ferlis þat he mase
we se þe folk alle fallis him til
ouer alle quare he gas.
alle our lagh̄ he wille for-do.
our awen folk' allas.
& squa þai wille agayne vs rise
& be our maste fas.
¶ alle þis werlde is t*ur*ned now.
tille him as 3e wele se.
for-þi now rede I. salle 3ou giue.
& herkenis alle to me.
þorou þis man hit is þe soþ
þis werlde salle loste be.
& he be slaine hit salle be bro3t
in grete solenpnite.
¶ Bett*er* hit is þat a man dey.
þen alle þe werlde be lorne
and atte þis ilk ihesus be' he[3] [3 he *added*]
tane erly to morne.
þat may no3t be done for folk'.
if man had hit squorne.
bot lang*er* þen þis feste be done.
be he no3t for-borne.
¶ Ihesus preychand' ilk' a day.
stably in temple stode.
to þe mounte of oliuete
ilk ni3t he 3ode.
þare he wiþ his disciplis lay.
þu3t him naure squa gode

FAIRFAX

[2] In a later hand.

Digitized by Google

For þis *iesus* þat es sua wis
and als sua mekil of lare.
It es wele sene, all folus him,
nu bath þe les and þe mare,
Suilk a mane was neuer 3eit
siþen ani werldes ware;
[I]t es grete wonder to tell,
þe farlis *þat* he nu mas,
we se þe folk alle fall till him
ouerall quare he gas.
All vr lau he sal for-do,
vr auen folk allas
Sal he do againes vs rise,
and be vr mast fas.
[A]ll þis world es turned
till him als 3e nu mai se,
For-þi mi rede i sal 3u giue,
and herkenes all to me.
Thoru [t]his man, þis es þe soth,
þis world sal losen be,
And he be slane, it sal be br[o]ght
all into sauuete.
[B]etter it es þat a man dei,
þan all þe folk be lorn,
And þat þis ilke *iesus* be
tane arli to morn.
þat mai noght done be for þis folk
if men had it suorn,
Bot langer þan þis fest be done
ne be he noght forborn."
[I]*esus* prechand ilk dai
stabli in þe temple stode,
Ilk night of oliuete
to þat mount he 3ode;
þar he wid his disciplis lai,
for sua *him* thoght it gode,

GÖTTINGEN

For þis ih*esus* þat was so wis
& so fer in lore
Hit is sene þei folewen *him*
alle boþe lasse & more
Suche anoþer neuer was:
siþ any worldes wore
Greet wondir is to telle:
his werkes monyone
We se þe folke falle him to:
þere as he haþ gone
Al oure lawe he wol fordo:
& oure folke anone
Wol he do vp on vs rise: [leaf 94]
breke vs euery boon
¶ Al þis world is to him turned:
as 3e now may se
þerfore my reed I wol 3yue:
hereþ now to me
Bi þis mon þis is sooþ:
þis world shal lost be
And he be deed hit shal be brou3t:
al to sauete
¶ Better hit is þat oon mon de3e:
þen al þe folk be lorn
And þat þis ilke Ih*esus*:
be take erly to morn
Hit may not be done bifore þis folk:
þou3e we had sworne
But lenger þen þis feest be done
beþ he not forborne
¶ Ih*esus* prechyng vche day
stably in temple stode
Vche ny3te to olyuete:
to þat mou*n*t he 3ode
þere he wiþ his disciples lay:
So him þou3te gode

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

And euer on dai þe folk he gaf
O godds word þe fode.
¶ Quen þat suet mighti king
Was commen to þe tide,
þat in his suete wil was sett,
þat he for mans pride
Wald suffer pine and passion,
Wald he na langer bide,
Bot buxumli him-self he bedd
Til all þat moght bi tide.
¶ Mani sari sight, i-wiss,
þar sanc vn-til his hert,
þe fleche was dutand for to dei,
þat kindli wald ha quert.
It was ful sconand for þe sare,
Na selcut sa smert,
þat es mikel charite
For vs [to] thole him gert
þe thre dais was runnen vte,
And þe ferth on hand,
His disciplis, na selli was, [lf 83, bk, col. 1]
Bigun to be dutand.
"Sir," þai said, "yee tell it hus,
And we sal vnderstand,
Sal ani man yow paskes dight
Our-quar in land?"
þe lauerd loked þam opon,
And ansuard þam ful suete,
"Gas til-ward þe tun," he said,
"A man þar yow sal mete,
A watrin vescel in his hand,
O-gains yow þat strett,
Yee ga wit him, he sal yow bring
Vntil a nin ful skete.
¶ Folus forth þat ilk man
Right in to þe bi;

COTTON

& euer on day þe folk he gaf
of goddes worde þe fode.
[1] Quen þat squete miȝti king
was commyn to þat tide.
þat in his squete wille was sette
to deye for mannys pride. [1 leaf 70, back]
wiþ grete pine & passioun.
walde he na langer bide.
bot buxumly him-self he bede
na ferþer walde he glide.
¶ Many sary sigħ I.-wis
stanged til his hert.
þe flesshe was doutande for to dey.
þat kindeli was in quert.
hit was shonande for þe sare.
na selcouþ hit was smert.
þat his mykil charite
for vs to thole him gert.
¶ þe iij. daies was ronnyn oute.
& þe firþ on hande
his disciplis na selly was.
be-gan to be doutande.
sir þai saide ȝe tel now vs.
& we salle vnderstande
salle men ȝou any paskis diȝt.
aure-quere in þis lande.
¶ þe lorde loked am a-pon.
& ansquared ham ful squete
gas vn-to ȝone toun he saide
a man ȝe salle þer mete.
a water vessel in his hande
a-gayne ȝou in þe strete.
ȝe ga wiþ him he sal ȝou bring
in-to an in ful squete.
¶ folowes forþ þat ilk man.
al-way bi & by.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

And euer on dai þe folk he gaf
of goddes word þe fode.
[Q]uen þat suete mightiful king
was comen to þat tide,
þat in his suete will was sett,
þat he for mannes pride
wald suffir pine and passiun,
wald he no langer bide,
Bot buxumli him-self he bedd
tille all þat might bitide.
Ful mani sari sigh, i-wis,
þar sank tille his herte,
þe fless was dutand for þe dede,
þat kindli wald haue quarte.
It was ful schonand for þe sare,
na selcuth sua smarte,
þat his mekil charite
for vs to thole him gart.
[þ]e thre dais was runnen vte
and þe ferde on hand,
His disciplis right na selli
bigan to be doutand.
"Sir," þai said, "ȝe tell vs nu,
and we sall vnderstand,
Sal we ȝuu ani paskes dight
ouþerquar in land?"
[þe] lauerd loked þaim apon,
and ansuerd þaim ful suete,
"Gas till-ward þe tune," he said,
"a man þar sal ȝe mete,
A watrin vessel in his hand,
againes þu ȝe strete,
ȝe ga wid him, he sal ȝu bring
vntil ane in, ful skete.
[F]olus forth þat ilk man
right in to þe bij;

GÖTTINGEN

Euery day to folke he ȝaf:
of goddes word þe fode
¶ whenne þat swete miȝty kyng:
was comen to þat tyde
þat in his swete wille was set:
þat he for monnes pryde
Wolde suffer peyne & passioun:
He wolde no lenger byde
But buxomly him self he bed:
to al þat wolde bityde
¶ Ful mony sory sikyng:
þo sonke in to his herte
His flesshe was doutyng for deþ:
þat kyndely wolde haue querte
hit was ful shonnyng for þe soor:
& no wondir for smerte
þat his muchel charite:
for vs to suffer him gert
¶ þe þre dayes were al gone:
& þe ferþe on honde
His disciples no wondir was:
bigon to be doutonde
Sir þei seide telle vs now:
& we shul vndirstonde
Shul we any paske ȝou diȝte:
O where in þis londe
¶ þe lord loked hem vpon:
& vnswerde hem ful swete
Goþ toward þe toun he seide:
amon shul ȝe þere mete
A watir vessel in his hond:
aȝeynes ȝou in þe strete
Goþ wiþ him he shal ȝou bringe:
to an In ful mete
¶ Foleweþ forþ þat ilke mon:
mekely þat ȝe hy

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Til þe lauerd o þat hus
Yee sai on mi parti,
þat he yow wald len sum place,
To mak vr mangeri,
And he sal yow deliuer an,
þat þis be don priueli."
¶ þai went þam forth in-to þe tun,
Wit þis man þai mette,
Wit a vescel in his hand
Water for to fette.
He ledd þam til his lauerd hus,
þat darworthli þai grett,
And he þam lent an par charite,
A celer in at ete.
¶ Quen þis hus was commli dight,
Was þar na lang a-bide,
Ihesus comme wit his felauscip,
þat littel luued pride.
It was a suete fernet, i-wiss,
Was gadird to-gedir þat tide,
þe lauerd was to super sett,
His felaus him bi-seid.
¶ Iudas o þe tuelue was an
þat o scarioth hight,
Was iesu crist oumener,
Bot he was maledight.
Wit þe Iuus had he spoken.
þar-bi-for a night,
His aun lauerd þaim for to sell,
Sua hasteli als he might.
¶ þe lauerd es to super sette, [col. 2]
þe mete al redi bun,
Vp he lift his hali hand,
And gaf þe benisun.
þan he tok þe bred and brack,
Als it es redd in run,

COTTON

to þe lorde of þat hous
3e say on my party.
þat he walde lene vs sum soler
to make our mangery.
& he sal deliuer 3ou an.
& þat ful priuely.
þai went ham forþ in-to þe toun
sone wiþ þis man þai mette.
wiþ a vessel in his hande.
water for to fette.
he led ham til his lordis hous
þat derworþli þai grette
& he ham lent for charite
a soler in atte ete.
quen þis hous was cumli di3t.
was þer na langer a-bide.
ihesus come wiþ his felawshepe
atte litel loued þai pride.
hit was a squete company.
was gedderred þer þat tide.
þe lorde was to þe soper sette
his felawes him be-side.
Ivdas of þa xij. was an.
his surnome scariot hi3t
to ete wiþ ihesu he him sette
& redi has him di3t.
wiþ þe iewes he had spokin
þer be-fore atte ni3t.
his awen lorde for to selle.
als dere as euer he mi3t.
¶ þe lorde is to þe soper sette
þe mete is redy boun.
vp he lift his hali hande
& gaf þe benisoun.
þen he toke þe bred & brak
wiþ wordis no3t to roun.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

To þe lauerd of þat hus all
  ȝe sai on mi parti,
þat he wald lene vs sum seler, [lf 102, bk]
  to make in vr mangeri,
And he ȝu sal deliure ane,
  and þat be done priueli."
[þ]ai went þaim forth vnto þe tune,
  wid þis man þai mett,
wid a vessel in his hand
  water for to fett.
He ledd þaim till his lauerd hus,
  þat derworthli þai grett,
And he þaim lent par cherite,
  a celer in at ete.
[Q]uen þis hus was cumli dight,
  was þar na langer bide,
Iesus come wid his felauschip,
  þat littel luud pride.
It was a suete farnet, i-wiss,
  was gedrid þar þat tide,
þe lauerd was to þe soper sett,
  his felaus him biside.
Iudas of þe tuelue was ane
  þat skarioth hight,
was iesus cristes aumoner
  bot he was maledight.
wid þe iuues had he spoken
  þar bifor a night,
His auen lauerd þaim for to selle,
  als heili als he might.
[þ]e lauerd es to þe super sett,
  þe mete all redi bune,
vp he lift his hali hand,
  and geue þe benisune.
þan he toke þe brede and brack,
  als it redd in rune,

GÖTTINGEN

To þe lord of þat hous:
seiþ on my party
þat he lene vs som seler:
to make in maungery
And he ȝou shal delyuer oon:
& þat ful pryuely
¶ þei went forþ into þe toun:
wiþ þis mon þei mette
Wiþ a vessel in his hond
watir wiþ to fette
He lad hem in to his lordes hous:
& þei him feire grette
And he hem lent a seler:
At mete in to be sette
¶ Whenne þis hous was comly diȝte:
þer was no lenger abyde
Ihesus coom wiþ his felawes:
þat litil loved pride
Hit was a swete company:
was gedered at þat tyde
þe lord was to soper set: [leaf 94, back]
his felowes him biside
¶ Iudas of þo twelue was oon
þat scarioth hiȝt
Ihesus Aumenere he was:
but he was malediȝt
Wiþ þe iewes had he spoken:
bifore on þat niȝt
his owne lord for to selle:
as fully as he myȝt
¶ þe lord was to þe soper set:
þe mete al redy boun
Vp he toke his holy hond:
& ȝaf þe benesoun
þenne he toke þe breed & brak:
as hit is red in toun

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Til his disciplis he it delt,
And said þaim þis sarmun ;—
"Takes and etes o þis bred,
For fless þan es it min
þat sal þis ilk night be don
For yow to mikel pine."
Siþen þe chalice vp he laght,
And blisced als þe win,
And gaf þam alle þar-of to drinc,
þat derworthi drightin.
¶ "Drinckes all o þis," he said,
"For-qui it es mi blod
þat for yow þan sal be scedd,
And for man-kind on rod."
Quen sant Iohn, his cosin dere,
þis wordes vnderstod,
On his lauerd brest he sleped
For menging of his mod.
¶ "Vnderstandes quat i sai,
Mi breþer," coth iesu,
"Gladli vnderfang þe gift
þat I yow here gif nu.
I sal noght o na suilkin drinc
For-soth drinc wit yow,
Til we be samen in mi king-rike,
Giuen i haf a wou.
¶ To mi fader þat wons þar-in
þider i sal yow lede,
And wit neu mete þat þar sal be,
Wit-al I sal yow fede.
And o mi drinc þar i sal
Drinc to yow for yur mede ;
For þat i sai yow her wit word,
þar sal yee find in dede.
¶ Mismai yow noght, mi breþer dere,
Quat-sum yee her or se,

COTTON

til his disciplis he hit brak
& saide ham þis sarmoun.
¶ Takis & etis of þis brede
for flesslie þen hit is myne.
þat salle þis ilk niȝt be led
for ȝou to suffre pine.
siþen þe chalis out he laȝt
& blessed als þe wyne.
& gaf ham alle for to drink.
þat derworþ driȝtyne.
¶ drinkis alle of þis he saide
for quy hit is my blode.
þat for ȝou hit salle be shed.
& for mankin on rode.
quen seynt Iohn his cosyn.
þes wordes vnderstode.
on his lordes brest he slepped
for sorouing of his mode
¶ vnderstandis quat I. ȝou say.
now breþer quoþ ihesu.
gladli vnderfange þe gift.
þat I. here gif ȝou now.
I. salle noȝt of na suchekin drink
na mare drink wiþ ȝou.
til we be sammyn in my kingrike
giuen I. haue a vow.
¶ To my fader atte is þare [leaf 71]
þidder I. salle ȝou lede.
& of my new mete I. salle.
freli wiþ ȝou fede.
& of my new drink alsqua.
drink ȝe salle to mede.
& þat I. say ȝou here in worde
þar salle ȝe finde in dede.
¶ Dismay ȝou noȝt my breþer dere
quat-sim ȝe here or se.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Till his disciplis he it redd,
and said þaim þis sarmune :—
"[T]akes and ete of þis bredd,
for flesse þan es it mine,
þat sal þis ilk night be ledd
for 3u to mekil pine."
Siþen þ[e] chalis vp he toke,
and blisced als þe wine,
And gaue þaim all þar-of to drinc,
þat derworth drightine.
"[D]rinkes alle of þis," he ssaid,
"for-qui it es mi blode,
þat for 3u þan sal be sched,
and for man-kin on rode."
Quen saint iohn, his dere cosine,
þir wordes vnþerstod,
On his lauerd breist he slepe
fo[r] menging of his mod.
"[v]nderstandes quat i 3u say,
Mi breþer," said iesu,
"Gladly vnderfanges þat gifte
þat i here giue 3u.
I sal noght of na suilkin drinc,
drinc forsoth wid 3u,
Till we be samen in mi kingrike,
giuen i haue a vou.
[T]o mi fader þat es þar-in,
þider i sal 3u lede,
And of mi mete þat þar sal be,
wid-all i sal 3u fede.
And of mi drinc þar sal i drinc
to 3u for 3ur mede,
For þat i sai 3u here wid word,
þar sal 3e find it in dede.
[M]ismai 3u noght, mi breder dere,
quat-sum 3e here or se,

GÖTTINGEN

To his disciplis he hit toke :
& seide þis sermoun
¶ Takeþ & eteþ of þis breed :
for flesshe is hit myne
þat shal þis same ny3t be lad :
for 3ou to mychel pyne
Siþen þe chalis vp he toke :
& blessed þat wyne
And 3af hem alle þerof to drynke :
ful dere to deuyne
¶ Drinkeþ alle of þis he seide :
for whi hit is my blode
þat for 3ou shal be shed :
& for nonkynde on rode
Whenne seynt Ion his good cosyn :
þese wordes vndirstode
He fel on slepe to cristis brest :
for mengyng of his mode.
¶ Vndirstondeþ wat I 3ou say :
my breþer seide he now
Gladly toke 3e þat 3ifte :
þat I 3yue for 3oure prow
I shal not of suche drinke :
drinke for soþe wiþ 3ow
Til we be samen in my kyngdome :
3yuen I haue a vow
¶ To my fadir þat is þer in :
þider I shal 3ou lede
And of my mete þat þere shal be :
þerwiþ shal I 3ou fede
And of my drinke þere shal 3e drinke :
to 3ou for 3oure mede
For þat I saye 3ou here wiþ word :
þere shul 3e fynde in dede
¶ Demaye 3ou not breþer dere :
what so 3e here or se

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þe traitur þat me trai sal,
  Emang vs her es he."
Ilkan on oþer þai biheld,
  "Quilk of hus mai þis be?"
"Bot he þat etes o mi dische,[1]
  He sal be-trais me. [leaf 84, col. 1]
Mi leif breþer and frendes als,
  Yee be noght radd," he said,
"Ful wel i wat þe quilk o yow
  þe tresun has puruaid.
þat i ha luued, he sal me trai,
  þe gait it es al graid,
He mai sai wirdes warid
  þat forwit him es laid."
Quen þis super was all don,
  Iesus ras of his sette,
Bot his disciplis þat war sett
  Nan vp-rise he lete.
Wit a tuell he belted him
  His side sitand ful mete,
Wit a basin he broght water,
  For to wasche þair fete.
þe mekenes o þis suet iesus,
  Suilk herd man neuer tell,
þat boghed sua his lauerdhede
  To buxumnes o threll.
For-wit his disciplis fete
  Ful freindli he fell,
O sli seruis was [na] selcut
  þai wondird þam emell.
First wit water he þam wesche
  Alle þair fete bedene,
And wit his tueil efterward
  þair fete he weped clene.
Quen he til sant petre com
  þar he sait þam bituene,

COTTON

þe traitour þat me tray sal.
amonge 3ou here is he.
ilkan on oþer þai be-helde
quilk of vs may be.
bot he þat etis of my disshe
he salle be-trays me.
My leue breþer & frendis als.
  3e be no3t ferde he saide.
ful wele I. wate þe quilk of 3ou.
þe tresoun has puruaide.
þat I loued he salle me tray.
þe gate hit is alle graide.
he may say wale-a-way his wirde
þat be-fore him his laide.
¶ quen þat þis soper was al done.
ihesus rase of his sete.
bot his disciplis þat ware sete.[1]
nane vprise he lete. [1 MS. sette orig.]
wiþ a touel he him belt
his side sitande ful mete.
wiþ a bassin he water bro3t.
for to wasshe þaire fete.
¶ þe mekenes of þis squete Ihesu
suche herde men neuer telle.
þat bowed squa his lordehede
to ham þat was his þrelle.
be-for his disciplis fete
mekeli doun he felle.
of suche seruise ham þu3t selcouþ.
& saide certane we nelle.
¶ criste saide pes & lete me no3t.
to wesshe 3our fete be-dene
& wiþ his towel ofterward
he wiped ham ful clene.
quen he to saint petre come.
þer he sette ham be-twene.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þe traitur þat me trai sal,		þe traitour þat me traye shal:
amang ȝu here es he."	15268	among ȝou here is he
Ilkan on oþer þai biheld,		Vchone on oþere þo bihelde:
"quilk of vs mai þis be?"		whiche of vs may hit be
"Bot he þat etis of mi disse,		He þat eteþ of my disshe:
he sal bitriase me.	15272	he shal bitraye me.
[M]i leue breþer and freind,		¶ Leue breþer and frendes:
bes noght rad," he said,	[lf 103]	beþ not ferde he seide
"Ful wele i wat quilk of ȝu,		Wel I woot whiche of ȝou:
þe tresun has puruaid.	15276	þe tresoun haþ purueide
þat i haue luued, he sal me trai,		þat I haue loued shal me bitray:
þe gate it es all graid,		þe weye is redy greide
He mai sai walawa! his werd		He may seye weile way his burth:
þat forwid him es laid."	15280	for wo to him is leide
[Q]uen þat þis super was alle done,		¶ whenne þis soþere was al don:
iesus ras vte of his sete,		ihesus roos of his sete
Bot his disciplis þat war sett		But his disciples seten stille:
ane vp-rise he lete.	15284	noon vp rise he lete
wid a tuel he belted		Wiþ a twaile he gurde him:
his sides sittand mete,		sittyng to him ful mete
wid a bacine he water broght,		And in a bassyn watir brouȝt:
forto wasse þair fete.	15288	for to wasshe her fete
[þ]e mekenes of þis suete iesu,		¶ Suche mekenes as þis lord had:
suilk herd men neuer tell,		herde men neuer eer ne shalle
þat bued sua his lauerd-hede		þat bowed so his lorde hede:
to buxumnes of therll.	15292	to buxomnes of þralle
Forwit his disciplis fete		Biforn his disciples fete:
ful freindli he fell,		frely dud he falle
Of suilk seruis was na selcuth		Of his seruyse þei had selcouþ: [lf 95]
þai wondrid þaim emell.	15296	& wondride þeronne alle
[F]rist wid watir he þaim wess		¶ Crist wiþ watir he þenne wesshe:
all þair fete bidene,		alle her feet bi dene
And wid his tuel efter-ward,		And wiþ his clooþ aftirward:
wiped þaim all clene.	15300	wipud hem ful clene
Quen he come to saint petir þar		Whenne þat he to petur coom:
he satt þaim bituene,		þere he sat hem bitwene
GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY

Digitized by Google

His fote ful tite he til him tite,
Him schamed it was well sene.
'Lauerd," he said, "quat wil þou doo?
Fra mi fete do þin hand,
Ne sal þou neuer wasche mi fete
Quils i am man liuand."
"Peris, if i ne þe wasche," he said,
"I wil þou vnderstand,
Sal þou haf na part wit me
O blis þat es lastand."
¶ þat coth peris "to be tide,
Lauerd, it ai for-bede
Noth fete allan, bot hefd and hand,
Ar to wasche i bede."
"He þat has his bodi clene,"
Iesus said, "es na nede
þat he do wasch oght bot his fete,
For sample tas mi dede.
¶ Herkens nu," he said, "mi freindes,
þe thing i tell yow sall,
Me yur maister yee bi-clepe,
And yur lauerd yee call.
Sotht it es þat sal be sene,
Sli dai yeitt sal fall,
For a forebisining nu your fete
þus haf i weschen all.
¶ Sin i þat lauerd and maister es
Has þus-gat seruid yuu,
Lok ilkan til oþer o yow,
þat yee als breþer bu.
þe seruis al i yow ha don;
All ha yee sene it hu,
Dos wel for i sal noght lang
Wit yow duell fra nu.
¶ Mi leif breþer, i yow for-bede
þat prid be yow a-mang'

COTTON

his fote fulle tite til him he tite
him shamed hit was wele sene.
¶ lorde he saide quat wiltow do.
do fra my fete þi hande.
þou wasshis ham noȝt sicurcli.
þe quilest I. am liuande
Peris if I ne þe wasshe he saide
I. wille þou vnderstande.
sal þou haue na part wiþ me
of blis þat is lastande
¶ þat quoþ peris to be-tide
lorde I. hit for-bede.
noȝt fete alle-an bot heued þer-to
& hende þou wasse to mede.
he þat has his bodi clene
iheȝus saide is na nede.
þat he do wasshe oȝt bot fete
for ensaumple takis my dede.
¶ herkenis me saide he my frendis
þe þing' I. telle ȝou salle
me ȝour maister ȝe me bi-clepe.
& ȝour lorde ȝe calle.
soþ hit is þat sal be sene
suche a day sal falle.
& for ensaumple ȝoure fete
þus haue I. wasshen alle.
¶ Sin I. þat lorde & maister is.
has þus-gate serued ȝou.
loke ilkan til oþer be.
þat ȝe als breþer bow.
þe seruis þat I. haue ȝou done
alle haue ȝe sene how.
dos wele for I. sal noȝt lang'.
wiþ ȝou dwelle fra now.
My leue breþer I. ȝou for-bede
þat pride be ȝou a-mang'

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

His fote ful tite till him he titt
him schamed wele was sene.
"[L]auerd," he said, "quat es þi will?
do fra mi fete þi hand,
Nu sal þu neuer wasse mi fete
to-quiles i am man liuand."
"Peris, if i ne wasse," he said,
"i wil þu vnderstand,
Sal þu haue na part wid me
of blis þat es lastand."
[þ]at said peris to bitid,
"lauerd, i ai forbede
Noght fete allane, bot hefd and hend,
er to wase i bede."
"He þat hafs his bodi clene,"
iesus said, "es na nede
þat he do wash aght bot his fete;
for sample tas mi dede.
[H]erkenes me, mi freindes,
þe þing i telle 3u sall,
Me 3ur maistir 3e clepe,
and 3ur lauerd 3e call.
Soth it es þat sal be sene,
Suilk dai þan sal it fall,
For a forbiseneng nu 3ur fete
3us haue I washen all.
[S]iþen i þat lauerd and maistir es
has þus-gat seruid 3u,
Loke ilkan of 3u till oþer,
þat 3e als breþer bu.
þe seruis þat i haue 3u done,
all haue 3e sene it hu,
þos wele for i sal noght lang
duell wid 3u fra nu.
[M]i leue breþer, i 3u forbede
pride be 3u emang,

GÖTTINGEN

His feet soone to him he drow3e:
him shamed þat was sene
¶ Lord he seide what is þi wille:
do fro my feet þi honde
Shaltou neuer wasshe hem:
whil I am mon lyuonde
Petur but I hem wasshe he seide:
I wol þou vndirstonde
Shal þou haue no part wiþ me:
in my blisse beonde
¶ þat seide petur to bitide:
lord þou hit forbede
Not feet allone but heed & hond:
wasshe to gete mede
He þat haþ his body clene:
Seide ihesus is no nede
To wasshe no þing but his feet:
for ensaumple in dede
¶ Herkeneþ me my frendes:
of þing I telle 3ou shalle
Me 3oure maistir 3e clepe:
& 3oure lord 3e calle
Sooþ hit is & shal be sene:
suche day shal bifalle
For ensaumple now 3oure fete:
þus haue I wasshen alle
¶ Siþ I þat lord & maistir is:
haue þus I serued 3ow
Loke vchone of 3ou to oþere:
þat 3e as breþeren bow
þe seruise þat I haue 3ou don:
alle haue 3e seen hit how
Doþ wel for I wol not longe:
dwelle wiþ 3ou fro now
¶ My leue breþer I 3ou for bede:
þat pride be 3ou a mong

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Yee haf me folud hider-to
Tuelue in mikel thrang.
Bot an o yow þis ilk night
Sal do me mikel wrang;
To-morn dai sal i be dempt
On rode tre to hang;
I sal be ded, and I sal rise,
þar-to sal noght be lang."
¶ Quen þai herd þat he suld dei,
And thoru þair tresun,
And þat his bodi suld be taght
His fas þat war felun,
And þat he suld a-pon þe rode
Thole herd passiun,
Qua suld do þis suike, ilkan
Of oþer had mistrun.
Sorful þai þam bicom emell,
þar-of þai had resun.
¶ þan spak peris first of all,
"Lauerd, to me þou sai,
If þou sais it oght be me
Quar i þan sal þe trai?
Or wat i qua þi traitur es
þat sua þe luued has ai?"
Vr lauerd sueteli his ansuar said,
"Nai, þou leif peris, nai,
For in þis felauscip es he,
He mai sai walawai! [1 leaf 84, bk, col. 1]
¶ Ful walwa! þan mai he sing,
þat cursed, ful o care,
And walwa! þan mai sco sai
þe moder þat him bare,
To mare blis it had him ben
Vnborn if þat he ware.
I sal yow teche him for to knau
Wit mistruing namare,

COTTON

3e haue me folowed hidder-to.
3e xij. in mykil þrange.
bot an of 3ou þis ilk ni3t
salle do me muche wrange
to-morne day salle I. be dampned
on a cros to hange.
I. salle be dede & rise þer-to.
sal hit no3t be lange.
¶ quen þai herde atte he sulde dey.
& þat þorou þaire tresoun
& atte his body sulde be t3t
his fas þat ware felou*n*.
& atte he sulde a-pon þe rode
thole harde passiou*n*.
qua sulde do þis squike ilkane. [leaf 71, back]
of o*þer* þai had mistroun.
& soroufulli þai come to-geder
þer-of þai had resoun.
¶ þen spac peris first of alle
lorde to me þou say
if þou sais hit o3t be me
que*þer* I. salle þe tray.
or wate I. quat þe traitour is.
þat squa has loued þe ay.
oure lorde squetely ansquared.
saide nay þou leue peris nay.
for in þis felawshepe is he
he may say waleaway.
¶ fful waleaway may he sing
þat cursed ful of care.
& weleaway mai he say.
þe moder atte him bare.
to mare blis hit had him bene
vn-borne if atte he ware
I. salle 3ou teyche him for to knaw.
wiþ mistrowning na mare.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

ȝe haue me folud hidreto		ȝe haue me folwed hidurto :
tuelue *in* mekil thrang.	15340	ȝe twelue in muchel þrong
Bot ane of ȝu þis ilk night		Oon of ȝou þis ilke nyȝt :
Sal do me mekil wrang ;		Shal do me muchel wrong
To-morn þan sal i dampnid be		To morwe shal I demed be :
on rode tre to hang ;	15344	on rode tre to hong
I sal dei, and i sal rise,		I shal deȝe & aftir rise :
þar-to sal noght be lang."		þerto shal be not long
[Q]uen þai herd þat he suld dei,		¶ whenne þei herde þat he shulde deȝe :
and thoru þair tresun,	15348	þourȝe oon of her tresoun
And þat his bodi suld be taght [lf 103, bk]		And þat his body shulde be take :
his fas þat ware felun,		wiþ his foos felouṅ
And þat he suld apon þe rode		And als he shulde on þe rode :
thole hard passiun,	15352	suffur harde passioun
Qua suld do þis, suike ilkane		[. . . . .
of oþer had mistroun.		. . *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]
And sorful þai bicome þaim emelle,		To sorwe sadly in her herte :
þar-of þai had resun.	15356	þo were þei ful bouṅ
[þ]an spac petir first of all,		¶ þenne spake petur furste of alle :
"lauerd, to me þu sai,		lord to me þou say
Queþer þu sais it oght bi me		Wher þou seist hit ouȝt bi me :
queþer i sal þe bi-trai ?	15360	þat I shal þe bi tray
Queþer wat i qua þi traitur es		wheþer woot I who þi traitour is :
þat sua þe luued has ai ?"		& I haue louede þe ay
vr lauerd suetli gaue him ansuar,		Oure lord swetely him vnswerde :
"nai þu, peris, nai,	15364	& seide petur nay
Bot in þis felaschip es he ;		But in þis felowshipe is he :
he mai sing of wailwai !		he may saye weyleway
[F]ul walawai ! þan mai he sing,		¶ weyleway þenne may he synge :
þat cursed, ful of care,	15368	þat cursed ful of care
And walawai ! als mai scho sai		And þe same may she say :
þe moder þat him bare,		þe modir þat him bare
To more blis it had him bene		To more blisse hit had him bene :
vnborn if he ware.	15372	vnborne if he ware
I sal ȝu teche him for to knau		I shal ȝou teche him to knowe :
mistrouuing wid na mare,		þouȝe þat he now dare
GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Her efterward yeit sal yee se,
Ful il sun sal he fare.
¶ He þat i to wete þe bred,
þat ilk es he, þat baald;"
Iudas opend þan his muth
ar he þat to was cald,
Son it was þat morsel bun,
he dight it als he wald,
And Iudas suelid it onan,
þat siþen his maister sald.

here efterwarde 3et salle 3e se.
ful il atte he salle fare.
¶ qua of me takis þis brede
þat ilk is he þat balde
Iudas opened þen is mouþ
or he þer-to was calde.
sone hit was þe morsel boun
he di3t hit as he walde.
& Iudas squolowde hit anoun.
þat siþen his maister salde.

[*The Betrayal and Last Hours of Christ.*]

¶ Vte of vr lauerd hand hali
þe morsel laght Iudas,
Wit þat ilk morsel he laght,
crep in him sathanas.
Of all venim and of envi
ful kindeld vp he ras,
Fra þan he ran him ilk fote,
ne yode he noght þe pas
Til he come him til þat in,
þar wonde sir caiphas,
þar he þe Iuus befor him fand,
his aun lauerd fas.
He þat suilk a lauerd for-sok
mai sai ful mani alas!
¶ Quen þis traitur til þam come,
in consail he þam fand,
Hu þai moght vr lauerd tak,
þai wald him haf in hand.
þai asked Iudas quat he wald?
he said, "to bring tiþand
Iesus þe prophet quar to find,
þat yee er sua 3ernand.
Quar his innes ar to night
wel i can yow bring,

¶ Out of our lordes hali hande
þe morsel toke Iudas
& wiþ þat ilk snade he la3t
crepped in him sathanas.
ful of venum & enuy.
ful kindeled vp he ras
fra þan he ranne him ilka fote
3ode he no3t a pas
til he come til þat in
þer woned caiphas
þe iewus ri3t þer he fande
þat ware his lorde fas.
he þat him for-soke
may say ful many allas.
Quen þis traitour til ham come.
In consaile he ham fande.
how þai mu3t our lorde take
þai walde him haue in hande
þai asked Iudas quat he walde
he saide to bring tiþande
Ihesus þe prophete for to finde
þat 3e ar 3ernande.
¶ quare his innes ar to-ni3t
ful wele I. con 3ou bring

COTTON FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Here eftirward sone sal ȝe se,
ful ille þan sal he fare.
[H]e *þat* i to wite þe brede,
þat ilk es he, þat bald;"
Iudas opind þan his mouth
are he þar-to was cald,
Sone þan was þat morsel bune,
he dight it als he wald,
And iudas suelud it on-ane,
þat syden his maistir sald.

Here aftir soone shul ȝe se:
ful euel shal he fare
¶ He *þat* I to take þis breed: [f 95, bk]
hit is he to bihalde
Iudas opened þo his mouþ:
ar he *þer*to were calde
Soone was þat mossel bou*n*:
he diȝt hit as he walde
And Iudas swolewed hit a dou*n*:
& siþen his lord salde

[*The Betrayal and Last Hours of Christ.*]

[V]te of vr lau*er*d hali hand
þe morsel laght iudas,
wid *þat* ilk snade he laght,
croupe in him sathanas.
Of all venime and eneui
ful kindeld vp he ras,
Fra þan he ran him ilk fote,
ne ȝede he noght a pas
Till he come to *þat* in
þar woned in sir caiphas,
þar he þe iuus forwid fand,
his auen lau*er*d fas.
He þat suilk a lau*er*d forsok
Mai sai mani allas!
[Q]uen þis traitur to þaim come,
in consail he þaim fand,
Hu þai might vr lau*er*d take,
þai wald hi*m* haue in hand.
þai askid iudas quat he wald?
he said, "to bring tiþand
Ie*s*u þe pr*o*phete quare to find,
ȝe er sua nu grenand.
[Q]uar his innes es to night
ful wele i can ȝu bring,

¶ Out of oure lordis holy hond:
þat mossel cauȝt Iudas
Wiþ *þat* ilke same breed:
in to him crepte sathanas
Of al venym and of envye:
ful kyndeled he was
Fro þen*ne* he ran vche fote:
ȝode he not a pas
Til he coom to þat In:
*þer*e woned cayphas
*þer*e he þe Iewes biforn fond:
in þat same plas
He þat suche a lord for soke:
myȝte seye mony allas
¶ when*ne* *þat* traitour to hem coom:
in cou*n*sel he hem fonde
How þei miȝte oure lord take:
þei wolde hi*m* haue in honde
þei asked Iudas what he wolde:
he seide I bringe tiþonde
Ihe*s*u þe pr*o*phete where to fynde:
þat muche is ȝou grenonde
¶ where his in is to nyȝt:
wel I con ȝou bringe

Digitized by Google

If yee me oght of yurs giue, [col. 2]
þat i wijt for quat thing,
In handes yur i sal him teche;
Hald yee it na hething." 15412
All þai said to sir Iudas,
"þou art a dughti dring, [1 *read* hale]
And godder-hali[1] þan sal þou se,
For luue o þis techeing." 15416
¶ þis marchandis, lauerdinges leif,
Had we of mikel nede,
Bot to þaim þat þe cheping did,
it fel to mikel vnspede. 15420
þai asked Iudas quat he wald
ask þam for his mede.
And he þat traitur fell, þam said,
"bot thritti penis gnede." 15424
¶ "Mak þou us seker of him, her lo!
þe penis we þe bede;"
"Quat sekernes nu wil yee mare?
til him i sal yow lede; 15428
Quar abute a-bide yee nu,
bot go we better spede,"
"And yee him sal haf at your will,
if i mai right rede." 15432
¶ Quen þis wreche Iudas þus
receiued had his fang,
"Comes forth, god men," he said,
"qui duel yee sa lang? 15436
þai armed þam þan al priueli,
for to ma þam strang,
Wit suerd and ax and wapend wel,
and als wit staf and stang. 15440
¶ Quen þai war armed in þat curt,
Iudas þam stod omang;
þe traitur fals þan said to þaim,
"wit me nu sal yee gang, 15444

COTTON

quat wil ȝe me to mede giue.
I wil knaw quat þing.
In handes ȝoures I. salle him teyche
haldes hit for na heþing
alle þai saide to sir Iudas.
þou art a duȝti dring.
& goder haile saltow se.
for loue of þi tiþing
¶ þis marchandis lordinges leue
had we of mikil nede.
bot to ham atte þe cheping dide
hit fel to mikil vnspede
þai askid Iudas quat he walde
haue vn-to his mede.
& þat fel traitour saide
bot xxx. penis gnede
make þou vs siker of him here
lo þe penis we bede.
quat sikernes wil ȝe mare.
til him I. sal ȝou lede.
gif me þe platis & go we now
& hast us better spede.
[. . . . . .
. *no gap in Fairfax & Laud MSS.*]
Quen þis wrecched Iudas þus
resceyued had his fange.
come forþ godemen he saide.
quy dwelle ȝe now sa lange.
þai armed ham alle priueli
for to make ham strange.
[. . . . . .
. *no gap in Fairfax & Laud MSS.*]
quen þai ware armed in þat court
Iudas stode amang
þe traitour fals þen saide til ham
wiþ me now salle ȝe gange

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

If ȝe me oght of ȝures giue,
yt i wit for quat þing,
In ȝur handis i sal him teche;
hald ȝe it na heting."
All þai said to sir iudas,
"þu ert a dughti dring,
And goderhale nu sal þu se,
for luue of þis chiþing.[1]" [1 *First,* thing; *then altered*]
[þ]is marchandis, lau*er*dinges leue,
had we of mekil nede,
Bot to þaim þ*at* þe cheping did,
it fell to mekil vnnsp[e]de.
þai askid iudas quat he wald
aske þaim for his mede.
And he, þ*at* traitur fell, þaim said,
"bot thritti penis gnede." [2 leaf 104]
[2]"Make þu vs sikir of him, lo! here
þe penis we þe bede;"
"Quat sekernes nu will ȝe mare?
till him i sal ȝu lede;
Quar abute a-bide ȝe nu,
bot go we better spede."
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
[Q]uen þis wreche iudas þus
rescaiued had his fang,
"Comes forth god men," he said,
"nu, qui duell ȝe sua lang?"
þai armid þaim all pr*i*ueli,
all for to make þaim strang,
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Quen þai war armed in þ*at* curt,
iudas þaim stod amang;
þe traitur fals þan said to þaim,
"wid me þan sal ȝe gang,

GÖTTINGEN

If ȝe wol ou3te of ȝoures ȝyue:
þenne woot I for what þinge
In to ȝoure hondes I shal him take:
holde hit no lesynge
Alle þei seide to Sir Iudas:
þou art to vs louynge
A good bargeyn hastou made:
welcom to þis gederynge
¶ þis marchaundise lordynges alle
had we to mychel nede
But to hem þ*at* þe chepyng made:
hit fel to myche vnspede
Iudas þei seide what woltou haue:
of vs for þi mede
And he þ*at* traitour feloun seide:
but þritty pens in dede
Make vs þei seide siker of him:
þo pens here we þe bede
What sikernes he seide wol ȝe more:
to him I wol ȝou lede
Wher aboute abyde ȝe now:
go we better spede.
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ whenne þis wrecche Iudas:
had his money fonge
Comeþ forþ he seide þo:
why ȝe dwelle so longe
þei armed hem soone pr*i*uely:
for to make hem stronge
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Whenne þei were armed in þ*at* court:
Iudas hem stood amonge
þe traitour fals seide hem to:
wiþ me shul ȝe gonge

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þe man þat i youu sal biteche,
abute him has gret thrang,
A taken þan i sal youu giue,
þat yee sal noght ga wrang.
¶ Knau yee þe man þat yee sal tak
bi night?" þai said "nai."
"Quarwit þat he sal knaun be
a taken i sal yow sai.
þat ilk man yee se me kis,
hand on him yee lai,
[1]For þat es he yee ga to seke."
"it sal be don," coth þai. [1 leaf 85, col. 1]
"For to hails him fair i sal
ga furth wit yow yur wai,
And lok yee folu me nere hand."
"And sua we sal, parfai!"
"þat time þat yee me se him kis,
lais hand on him onan,
He has wit him sum men, i-wiss,
bot armed es þar nan.
If þai bigin þam for to werr,
yee lok þat all be slan;"
Suilk was þe talking o þat traitur,
to do his lauerd be tan.
Ha! quat þis traitur iudas was
vnkind bath and felun,
þat þus his suete lauerd soght
vn-to dampnacion,
Bettur had him ben to ha ben ded,
or ben wit batail bun,
þan wit a kissing on þis wisse,
him haf dun sli tresun.
Bot sene es nu he serued ar
his moder malisun.
Ha! þou Iudas, traitur, thef,
felunest in lede!

COTTON

þe man þat I. 3ou sal be-teyche
aboute him has grete þrang.
for þi takin I. salle 3ou giue
atte 3e ga no3t wrange.
¶ knaw 3e þe man þat 3e sal take
be ni3t þai saide nay
quar-wiþ þat he salle knawen be
a takin I. salle 3ou say.
þat ilk man 3e se me kisse [leaf 72]
3our hande on him 3e lay
for þat is he we ga to seke
hit sal be done quoþ þai.
for til hails him faire I. salle.
ga forþ wiþ 3ou in way
& loke 3e folow me nerehande
3us þai saide parfay.
¶ þe quilist þat 3e me se him kis.
lay hande on him a-nane.
he has wiþ him sum men I.-wis
bot armed is *þer* nane.
if þai be-gyn ham to were.
loke þai alle be slane.
suche was þe talking of *þat* traitour
to do his lorde be tane.
¶ A quat þis traitour Iudas was
vnkinde baþ & feloun.
þat þus his squete lorde so3t.
vn-to dampnacio*un*.
bett*er* him had bene. to be dede:
or bene wiþ bataile bo*un*
þen wiþ a kissing of suche wise
him haue done þis tresoun.
hit semis now he serued are.
his moder malisou*n*.
¶ A þou Iudas traitour thefe
falsest in any lede.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þe man þat i sal ȝu bitheche,	þe mon þat I shal ȝou biteche:
a-bute him has grete thrang,	aboute him faste ȝe þronge·
þar-for a takeining i ȝu giue,	þerfore a tokene I shal ȝou ȝyue:
þat ȝe ga noght wrang.	þat ȝe go not wronge
[K]nau ȝe þe man þat ȝe sal take	¶ Knowe ȝe him þat ȝe shul take:
bi night?" þai said "nay."	þenne seide þei nay
"Quar-wid ȝe sal him knau,	Wherby ȝe shul him knowe:
a taken i sal ȝu say.	a token I shal ȝou say
þat ilk man ȝe se me kiss,	þat mon þat ȝe se me kisse:
ȝur handes on him ȝe lay,	hondes on him ȝe lay
For þat es he owe go to take."	For þat is he we gon to take:
"it sal be done," said þay.	hit shal be do seide þay
"For to hals him faire i sal	Him to clippe aboute þe necke:
ga forwid ȝu þe way,	I go bifore þe way
And loke ȝe folud me nerehand."	And loke ȝe folwe me neȝehonde:
"And sua we sal, parfay!"	ȝus þei seide parfay
"[T]o-quilis ȝe se me him kis,	¶ whil ȝe se me kisse him: [leaf 90]
lais handis on him on-ane,	leye hondes on him allone
He has wid him sum men, i-wis,	Mony opere he haþ wiþ him:
bot armed es þar nane.	but armed is þere none
If þai bigin þaim forto were,	If þei bigynne to warne ȝou him:
loke þai all be slaine;"	loke þei be soone slone
Suilk takening was of þat traitur,	Suche tokenes ȝaf þat traitour
to do his lauerd be tane.	to ben his lordis bone
[H]a! quat þis traytur iudas	¶ A þat þis traitour Iudas:
was vnkind and felun!	was ful of felonye
þat þus his suete lauerd soght	þat þus his swete lord souȝt:
vnto dampnaciun,	to do him for to dye
Better him hade ben to bene dede,	Bettur had him bene to haue bene deed:
or bene wid bataile bune,	so dere he shulde hit bye
þan wid a kissing on þis wise,	þen wiþ a kissyng on þis wise:
him haue done sli tresune.	his lord done triccherye
Bot sene es nu he serued are	his modir malisoun he had:
his modir malisune.	þat sene was sikerlye
[H]a! þu iudas, traitur, thef,	¶ As þou traitour Iudas þeof:
felunest in lede!	felouⁿ foulest in lede
GÖTTINGEN	TRINITY

Digitized by Google

O þi mikel wickednes
mai al þis werld nu rede.
Hu moght it sco in-to his hert,
For to do suilk a dede,
Suilk a lauerd al for to sla
and þar-for ta þi mede?
þou yeild again þat þou has tan,
þof þou þar-to þe bede,
þou was an es þe traitur mast
þat euer was in thede.
Leue we nu of iudas here
to sai and his tresun.
To spek o iesu þar he was
herberd in þat tun.
Hu sent petre mened him to,
and said him þis resun,
"þou sal be traijst lauerd, to night,
it es noght to mistrun,
Elleuen er we yeitt to witstand
wit þe, all redi bun.
¶ If þai cum þe for to take,
we sal þe werr þam fra,
We er herdi men i-nou
ágains iudas vr fa."
"Quat wepens ha yee?" coth iesus,
"sir, we haf suerdes tua."
þan he bad þam all be still,
and said, "i-nou er þaa,
¶ I do yow to wijt, mi breþer leif,
þat lang es siþen gan
þat ȝerned i haf þis ilk mete,
mast at ete of an.
Iudas sal now com in hi,
for to do me be tan,
And yee for soth sal efter me
be ful will o wan."

COTTON

of þi mykil wekkednes
may al þis werlde of rede.
how muȝt hit falle in þi hert
to be-gyn suche a dede.
suche a lorde for to sla.
& þar-fore take þi mede
þou ȝilde a-gayne atte þou has tane
wiþ louyng & wiþ bede
þou was & is þe traitour mast.
þat euer ȝet was in thede.
Leue we now Iudas here
allane wiþ his tresoun.
to speke of Ihesu þer was
herbered in þat toun.
how seint Petre mened him to.
& saide him þis resoun.
þou salle be saued lorde to-niȝt
hit is noȝt to mistroun.
xj. ar we ȝette to stande.
we þe alle redy boun.
¶ if þai come þe to take.
we salle ham were þe fra.
we ar hardy men I.-nogħ.
a-gayne Iudas our fa
quat weppenis haue ȝe quoþ ihesus
sir we haue squ̇ordis twa.
þen he bad ham alle be stille
& saide I.-now ar þa.
¶ I do ȝou wete my breþer dere
þat lange is siþen gane.
þat ȝerned I. haue þis ilk mete
maste atte ete of an.
Iudas sal now come in hye
for to do me be-tane.
& ȝe for-soþ sal efter me
be left ful wil of wane.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Of þi mekil wickidnes
mai all þis world nu drede.
Hu might it schope into þi hert,
to do suilk a dede,
Suilk a lauerd for to sla
and þarfor take þi mede?
þu ȝeilde again þat þu has tane,
þu þarto þe bede,
þu was and es þe traitur mast
þat euere was in thede.
[L]eue we nu iudas of here
to sai of his tresun,
To speke of iesu þar he was
herberd in þe tun.
Hu saint petir menid him to,
and said him þis resun,
"þu sal be traijst lauerd, to-night,
it es noght mistrun,
Elleuen er we ȝeit to stand
vid þe, all redi bun.
[I]f ani come þe forto take,
we sal þe were þaim fra,
we er hardi men enogh,
a-gain iudas vr fa." [1 leaf 104, back]
1"Quat wapins haue ȝe?" said iesus,
"sir, we haue suerdis tua."
þan he bad þaim all be stille,
and said, "enou er þa,
[I] do ȝu witt, mi breþer dere,
þat lang es siþen gane
þat grened i haue þis ilk mete,
mast at ete of ane.
Iudas sal nu cum in hij,
forto do me be tane,
And ȝe forsoth sal efter me
be left ful will of wane."

GÖTTINGEN

Of þi muchel wickednes:
may al þis world drede
How myȝt hit shape into þin hert:
to do so foul a dede
Suche a lord to do be slayn:
& þerfore take mede
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]
¶ Leue we of Iudas here:
to speke of his tresoun
To telle of ihesu þere he was:
herbored in þe toun
How petur him bymened:
& seide þis resoun
þou shal bitrayed be lord to nyȝt:
bi a fals feloun
Elleuen are we ȝitt to stonde:
wiþ þe al redy boun
¶ If any com þe to take:
we wol þe kepe hem fro
We are hardy men I-nowe:
aȝeyn Iudas oure fo
What wepenes haue ȝe seide ihesus:
sir we haue swerdes two
þenne he bad hem alle be stille:
& seide Inowȝe are þo
¶ I do ȝou to witen breþere dere:
þat longe hit is a gone
þat I haue greiþed þis ilke mete:
moost to ete of one
Iudas hieþ him ful fast:
comeþ he not allone
ȝe forsoþe shul aftir me:
be laste ful wille of wone

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ *Quen* þai vnderstode þis worde,
A soruing þai bigan,
And vr laue*r*d cald eft sith
petre, and said him þan,
"Petre, freind, self sathanas
has asked þe to fan,
He wil þe sift nu if he mai,
as man dos corn or bran.
Bot ic haf praid for þi faith
þat it stand gain sathan.
¶ Petre, comforth breþer þin
quen i am ledd yow fra."
"Laue*r*d," he said, "þou wat *þat* i
þe luue and dred al-sua,
I am redi to folu þe
bath in wel and wa;
Bath to *pri*sun and to ded,
for þi luue wil i ga."
¶ þan bi-heild þam laue*r*d hind
apon þat suete meigne,
þat ful mikel murning mad,
ful soruful on to se.
"Ha mi leif fernet," he said,
"ful wel yeitt sal yow be,
þis ilk night sal be a sculd
bituix yow and me.
Til vnmesur mismai yow noght,
for time sal cu*m* *þat* yee
Sal yur vngladnes þat es nu
haf turnd in to gle.
¶ For þof mi flex to þam be taght,
Als *pro*phetis has sett,
þat thoru mi ded a-pon þe rode
sal mans bale be bette,
I sal rise on þe thrid dai,
to lijf wit-vten lett.

COTTON

¶ Quen þai vnderstode þis worde
in sorowing' þai be-gan.
& oure lorde calde eft siþe
peter & saide him þan.
Petre frende self sathanas
has asked þe to fan.
he wille þe sift if he may.
als man dos corne & bran.
bot I. haue praied for þi faiþ
to stande agayne sathan.
¶ Petre confort breþ*er* þine
quen I. am led þe fra.
lorde he saide 3e wate atte I.
þe loue & drede alsqua.
I am redy to folow þe
baþ in wele & wa.
to suffre prisou*n* & al-so dede.
for þi loue wil I ga.
¶ þen be-helde þat lorde hende
a-pon þat squete meyne
þat þaire mikil mourning made
ful sorouful vn-to se.
a my leue breþ*er* he saide
ful wele sal 3e be
þis ilk ni3t salle be p*ar*ting'
be-twix 3ou and me.
loke 3e 3ou disconfort no3t
a time 3ette salle 3e se
þat 3our myche vn-gladnes
salle turne 3ou vn-to glee
¶ ffor 3ou my flesshe to ham is ta3t
as *pro*phecy is sette.
[1]¶ þat þorou my dede a-pon þe rode.
salle mannis saule be bette. [1 leaf 72, bk]
I. salle rise on þe þrid day
to liue wiþ-outen lette.

FAIRFAX

[If 85, bk, col. 1]

Digitized by Google

[Q]uen þai vnderstod þis word,
a-soruing þan bigan,
And vr laue*r*d cald eft sith
petir, and said him þan,
"Petir freind, self sathanas
has askid þe to fan,
He will þe siften if he mai,
als men dos corn in barn.
Bot i haue praid for þe faith
þat it stand gain sathan.
[P]etre, cumfort breþer þine
quen i am ledd 3u fra."
"Laue*r*d," he said, "þu wat þat i
þe luue and drede alsua,
I am redi þe to folu
bath in we[l] and wa;
Bath to p*r*esun and to dede,
for þi luue will i ga."
[þ]an bihelde þat laue*r*d heind
apon þat suete meygne,
þat þar mekil murni*n*g made,
ful sorful on þaim to se.
"Ha mi leue farnet," he said,
"ful wele þan sal 3u be,
þis ilke night sal be a skaile
bi-tuix 3u and me.
Till vnmesure mismay 3u noght
for time sal cu*m* þat 3e
Sal 3ur soru þat es nu
haue turned in-to gle.
[F]or þogh mi fless to þaim be taght,
als p*r*opheci has sett,
þat thoru mi dede apon þe rode
sal mannes bale be bett,
I sal rise on þe thridd dai,
to liue widvten lett.

GÖTTINGEN

¶ when*n*e þei vndirtoke þis word:
a sorwyng þei bigon
And oure lorde calde petur:
& seide to him þon
Petur he seide sathanas:
oon is is of þi foon
haþ asked now to fonde:
þe þi self allon
But I haue p*r*eyed for þi feiþ:
þat hit stonde as stoon
¶ Petur cou*m*forte breper þine:
when*n*e I am lad 3ou fro
lord he seide þou woost:
þat I loue þe & drede also
I am redy þe to folwe:
boþe in wele & wo
Boþe to prisou*n* and to deþ:
for þi loue wole I go,
¶ þen*n*e bihelde þat lord hende:
vpon þat swete meyne
How myche þei mournyng made:
& sorweful were to se
A my leue frendes he seide:
ful wel shal 3ou be
þis ny3t shal ben a scateryng:
bitwene 3ou & me
In no mane*r*e mysse may I 3ou nou3t:
for tymê shal come þat 3e
[1] Shul al þe sorwe þat 3e haue now:
be turned 3ou in to gle [1 leaf 96, back]
¶ For þou3e my flesshe be to hem take:
as p*r*ophecie haþ sett
And bi my deeþ on þe rode:
shal mon*n*es synne be bet
I shal rise þe þridde day:
to lif wiþouten let

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

And q*uen* we sal in galilee,		& quen we salle in galilee
eft be samen mete,	15554	eft be sa*mm*yn mette
Al þe care yee nu sal haf,		alle þe care atte ȝe haue now.
clenli yee sal for-gett.		clanly ȝe sal for-gette.
¶ Petre, be þou noght to radd,		¶ Petre be þou noȝt a-dred.
ma not to mikel care,	15558	make noȝt to mykil care.
Yee weind yow in-to galilee,		ȝe wende ȝou in-to galilee.
and i sal mete yow þare."		& I sal mete ȝou þare.
"I," he said, "to leue þe þus?		I. he saide to leue þe þus
þ*at* sal be neu*er* mare,	15562	þat sal be neu*er* mare.
Bot sal we elles suffre samen,		we salle ga in co*m*pany:
bath soft and sare."		& suffre baþe a sare
"Do wai, leif frend," coth *iesus*,		do wai leue frende q*uo*þ ih*esus*
"þou sal nite me oft are,	15566	þou salle for-sake me are.
¶ þou sal þam se yeitt to night		¶ þou sal se ham ȝet to-niȝt
do me ful gret spite,		do me ful grete dispite
For þ*at*[1] wald writ on me þou wat		for þai wille wriþe on me.
al þair aun wijt, [1 *read* þai]	15570	þing[1] þat is þaire wite.
Ar þe cock him crau to-night,		or þe cok him craw to-niȝt.
thris þou sal me nite,		þries þou salle me nyte.
And sai þat þou me neu*er* sagh,		& say atte þou me neuer sagh̄.
bes þar na langer lite.	15574	bes þare na langer lite.
Bot þou sal cou*er* and comforth þam		bot þou sal couer & confort ham
þ*at* þou sees in þair site,		þat sitis in sorou & site.
And þe and þin, bath of yur care,		& þe & ham baþ of ȝoure care.
i sal yow mak all quite."	15578	I. salle ȝou make ful quite.
¶ Alle þe apostels þan bi-gan		¶ alle þe apo*st*les þen be-gan.
to fal a-pon a gret;		to falle a-pon a grete
And þan he went als he was wont		& he him ȝode as wonte he was
vn-to mont oliuete,	15582	to þe mount oliuete.
Thre disciplis wit him yede		iij. disciplis wiþ him ȝode
foluand at his fete.		folowande atte his fete.
"Bides here, and prai," he said,		a-bides here & prayes he saide
"i sal cu*m* to yow skete."	15586	I. salle come to ȝou skete.
Fra þaim he yode þan allan		fra ham he ȝode him allane
a stancast wel o strete.		a stane caste of a strete.
COTTON.		FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

And quen we sall in galile,
eft be samen mett,
All þe care ȝe nu sal haue,
ful clene ȝe sal forgett.
[P]etre, be þu noght to rad,
make noght to mekil care,
ȝe weind ȝu in-to galile,
and i sal mete ȝu þare."
"I," he said, "to leue þe þus
þat sal be neu*er* mare,
Bot sal we ellis suffir samen,
bath soft and sare."
"Do wai, leue freind," said i*esus* þan,
"þu sal me nickin are,
[þ]u sal þe þaim ȝeit to night
þo me ful gret dispite,
For þai wald writh on me þu wate
all þair auen wite,
Ar þe koc him crau to-night,
thries þu sal me nite,
And sai þat þu me neu*er* sau,
bes þar no langer lite.
Bot þu sal cou*er* and cumfort þaim
þ*at* þu seis in þair site,
And þe and þaim, bath of ȝur [care],
i sal ȝu make ful quite."
[A]ll þe apostlis þan bigan
to fall apon þe ground;
[1]And he him went als he was wont
vnto þe mont oliuete,
Thre disciplis wid him ȝode
foluand at his fete.
"Abides here, and praies," he said,
"i sal cum to ȝu skete."
Fra þaim he ȝode, þan him allane
wele a stan cast of strete.

[1 leaf 105]

GÖTTINGEN

And whenne we shul in galile:
efte to gider be met
Alle þe cares þ*at* ȝe haue now:
clene shul ȝe forȝet
¶ Petur be þou not to ferde:
I bidde þe herfore
But wende ȝe in to galile:
& I shal mete ȝou þore
Nay sir he seide to leue þe þus:
þ*at* shal be neu*er* more
But suffer wol we to gider:
boþe softe & sore
Dowey seide ih*esus* þo:
þou shal forsake me ore
¶ þou shal se hem ȝitt to nyȝt:
do me greet deray
For þei wolde on me wreke:
al her owne affray
þou shal ar þe cokke crowe:
forsake me þries I say
And say þ*at* þou me neuer seȝe:
hit beþ noon oþ*er*e way
But þou shal couer & cou*m*forte hem:
þ*at* þou seest in delay
And þe & hem of ȝoure woo:
I make quyt som day
¶ Alle þe apostles þo bigon:
to grou*n*de to falle so mete
him self went as he was wont:
to mou*n*t of olyuete
þre disciples wiþ him ȝede:
folewyng at his fete
Abideþ here & pr*e*yeþ he seide:
I shal com to ȝou swete
Anoon he ȝede a stones cast:
bi syde þ*at* ilke strete

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ Wit him he thre apostels toke,
ar he mad his praier,
Petre, Iams, and sant Ioũ,
þer thre him derrest wer.
Priueli þam ledd him wit
for-qui þai war him dere,
And sceud þam a-pon þe mont,
his consail for to here.
Als dos þe fader to þe sun,
he can þam teche and lere,
And of angus in his hert
til þam al mad he clere.
¶ "Mi saul es sorful to þe ded
þat i sal suffer son,
To-quils i ga mi praier mak
ye bide me here on hone."
A stancast þan fra þaim he yode,
and þar he made his bone,
Til his fader der of heuen
þat sittand es in trone.
Of his soru mai naman tell
þat liues vnder þe mone,
¶ For-þi godmen, i warnis yow
to thinc al of his care,
And folus him yur fader es
to leten on his lare;
Awai yee do yur pride o lijf
þat yee wit mikel fare,
And buxu[m]nes for him yee bere,
þat baret for yow bare;
For his wa agh yee all to wepe,
þat sufferd for us sare,
Of all þe sorus þat has ben,
suilk herd yee neuer ar.
¶ To-quils he lai in orisun,
he wit his fader grett,

COTTON

[col. 2]

¶ wiþ him þe þrin apostles toke.
or he made his praier.
petre Iame & seynt Iohn.
þer iij him derrest were.
priueli þai went him wiþ.
for þai ware him dere.
& shewed ham a-pon þe mount
his consaile for to here.
as blessed fader dos to sone.
he can ham teyche & lere.
& his anguis in his hert.
to ham þus made he chere.
My saule is sorouful to dede
þat I. salle suffre sone
þe quilest I. ga my praier make.
3e bide as 3e ware wone.
a stane caste he fra ham 3ode
& þare he made his bone.
til his fader dere of heyuen.
þat sitande is in trone.
his muche sorou can na man telle
þat liuis vnder þe mone.
¶ ffor-þi godemen I. warne 3ou.
to þink a-pon his care.
& folow him our fader is
to liue a-pon his lare.
a-way 3e do 3our pride of life.
þat 3e wiþ mikil fare.
& buxumnes for him 3e bere.
þat betin was ful bare.
for his wa a3t vs wepe.
þat suffred for us sare.
of alle þe soroues þat has bene
suche herd 3e neuer are.
¶ ffor quilest he lai in orisoun.
til his fader he grette.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

[W]id him he thre apostlis toke,
are he made his praiere,
Petir, iam, and als saint iohn,
þir thre him derrest were.
Prioeli þaim ledd him wid
for þai war him dere,
And scheud þaim apon þe mount,
his consaile forto here.
Als dughti fadir dos to sun,
he gun þaim teche and lere,
And his angus in his herte
to þaim þus made he clere.
"[M]i saule es sorful to þe dede
þat sal i suffer sone,
Quilis i ga mi praier to make,
ȝe bide me here and hone."
A stancast þan fra þaim he ȝode,
and þar he made his bone,
Till his fadir dere of heuen
þat sittand es in throne.
His soruying mai na man telle
þat liues vndermone,
[F]orþi god men, i warn ȝu
to thinc apon his care,
Aud folus him ȝur fader es
to leten on his lare;
Awai ȝe do ȝur prid of lijf
þat ȝe wid mekil fare,
And buxumnes for him ȝe bere,
þat sua grete for ȝu bare;
For his wa agh we all to wepe,
he suffer for vr sare,
Of all þe sorus þat has bene,
suilk herd ȝe neuer are.
[F]or quilis he lai in orisun,
he wid his fadir grett,

GÖTTINGEN

¶ wiþ him þre apostles he toke:
ar he made his preyere
Petur Iame & seynt Ion:
þese him derest were
Pryuely lad hem hym wiþ:
for þei were him dere
And ledde hem vpon þe mount:
his counsel for to here
As dere fadir doþ son:
so he dud hem lere
And his angwisshe in his hert:
to hem þus made he clere
¶ Mi soule is sorweful to þe deþ:
þat I shal suffer soone
I wol go make my preyere:
abideþ til I haue done
A stones cast fro hem he ȝede:
& þere he made his bone
To his fadir dere of heuen:
þat sittyng was in trone
His sorwe myȝte no mon telle:
þat lyueþ vndir mone
¶ þerfore gode men I warn ȝou:
þenke vp on nis care
And folweþ him ȝoure fadir is:
to lerne on his lare
Doþ awey ȝoure pride of lif:
þat ȝe muche wiþ fare
And buxomnes for him ȝe bere:
þat so myche for ȝou bare
For his woo ouȝte we to wepe:
he suffered for vs sare
Of alle þe woes þat euer were:
suche herde we neuer are
¶ whil he lay in orisoun:
he on his fadir grette

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

For þe mikel drednes o ded,
his hali flesche al suett;
þat was blod þan of him ran,
þe place was þar-wit wett,
Strang it was, þat soru, i-wiss,
þat in his hert was sett.
¶ "Fader," he said, "þou her þi sun
þat nu to þe wil cri,
Quer i sal þis calice drinc,
or i sal pass þar-bi?
Fader," he said, "þou wat it wel,
sai it noght-for-þi,
All þi wil it sal be dun,
þar-til i am redi."
Lauerdinges nu, for godds luue, [leaf 86, col. 1]
yee herken to mi spell,
O suilk a soru so[1] i said ar [1 altered from sa]
man herd neuer tell.
Wit strang dred he smiton was,
Thoru his flesche and fell,
Quen suete o blod vte of him brast,
þat sua on erth fell.
¶ Quen he was risen vt o þis sture,
til his felaus come he,
All on-slepe he fand þam fast
for soru and for pite.
Ful mildli to þam he spak,
"breþer, quat nu do yee?
Rises vp, and wakes wel,
Ar yee tempted be.
Petre, wak wit me a quile,
þus hight þou not to me?"
þair eien war greued sua wit grete,
þat soru was to se,
¶ "Rise vp peris, has þou nu al
forgeten þat þou hight?

COTTON

for þe mikil dredenes of dede
his hali flesshe hit squette.
hit was blode þat of him ran.
þe place was wiþ hit wette
strange was þat sorou I.-wis
þat in his hert was sette.
¶ ffader he saide þou here þi sone.
þat now to þe wille cry.
queþer I. salle þis dede drink.
or I. salle pas þer-bi.
ffader he saide quat-euer þou wille
I. sal hit noȝt deny.
alle þi wille hit sal be done
þer-to am I. redy.
¶ lordinges for goddes loue I. say.
herkenis to my spel.
of suche a sorou as I. ȝou saide
man herde of neuer telle
wiþ strange drede he stoned was
þorou alle his flesshe & felle
[1]quen squete of blode out of him brast
þat on þe erþ hit felle. [1 leaf 73]
¶ quen he was risen of his stoure
til his felawes come he
alle on slepe he fande ham fast
for sorou & pyte.
ful squeteli til ham he spac.
breþer quat do ȝe.
risis vp & wakis a quile.
þat ȝe ne temp[t]ed be.
Petre wake wiþ me a stont
þus heȝt þou noȝt to me.
þaire eien ware greued with weping
þat sorou hit was to se
¶ ris vp peris has þou now.
for-geten atte þou me heȝt.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

For þe mekil drede of dede,
his hali self all suett;
þat was blod þat of him ran,
þe erd was þar-wid wett,
Hard it was, þat soru, i-wis,
þ[a]t in his hert was sett.
"[F]adir," he said, "þu here þi sun
þat nu to þe will cri,
Queþer i sal nu þis chalis drinc,
or i sal passe þar bij?
Fadir," he said, "þu wat it wele,
i sai it noght-for-þi,
All þi will it sal be done,
þare-tille i am redi."
Lauerdinges nu, for goddes luue,
ȝe herkin nu to mi spell,
Of suilk a soru sum i sai
er men herd neuer of tell.
wid strand[1] drede he smiten was,
thoru his fless and felle, [1 so in MS.]
Quen suete of blod vte of him brast,
þat sua on erd fell.
[Q]uen he was resin vte of his stoure,
till his felaus come he,
All on slepe he fand þaim fast
for soru and pite.
Ful suetli to þaim he spack,
"breþer, quat nu do ȝe?
Rises vp, and wakes wele,
ar þat ȝe tempid be.
Petre, wake wid me aquile,
þus hight þu noght to me?"
[2]þair eien was greued sua wid grete,
þat soru it was [to] se, [2 leaf 105, back]
"[R]ise vp peris, has þu nu
forgetin þat þu me hight?

GÖTTINGEN

And also for drede of deeþ: [leaf 97]
his holy body swette
Of blood & watir þat of him ran:
þe erþe was al wette
Harde was þat sorwe:
þat in his herte was sette
¶ Fadir he seide here þi son:
þat now to þe wol crye
wheþer shal I now þis deþ drinke:
or elles passe þerbye
Fadir he seide þou woot hit wel:
I saye hit not for þye
Al þi wille shal be done:
þerto I am redye
¶ Lordynges now for goddes loue:
herkeneþ to my spelle
Of suche a sorwe as was þat:
men herde neuer er telle
Wiþ stronge drede was he smyten:
boþe þourȝe flesshe & felle
¶ Whenne swoot of blood out of him
& ran on erþe to dwelle [brast:
whenne he was risen of þat stour:
to his felawes coom he
Alle on slepe he hem fonde:
for sorwe & greet pite
Ful swetely to hem he spake:
breþer what do ȝe
Riseþ vp & wakeþ wel:
ar þat ȝe tempted be
Petur wake wiþ me awhile:
þus hettestou not me
hir eyen were greued so wiþ grete:
þat sorwe hit was so se
¶ Rise vp petur hastou forȝete:
þat þou er me hiȝt

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þou said for me if mister war,
to ded thole suld þou fight; 15662
And nu þou mai noght wak wit me
An hore of a night.
Bes wakand ai in orisun
for him, þe maledight, 15666
þof þe spreit ai redi be [1 MS. he 2 read fus]
þe flesche be[1] ful[2] to plight."
¶ Quen he ha þus-gat þam bi-taght,
stil he left þam þare, 15670
And went him eft vnto þe sted
quar he was praiand are.
Mikel he dred þat hard ded,
þat broght vs vte o care. 15674
Ful buxumli he laid him don
apon þat erth bare,
And til his suete fader of heuen,
þan quainid he his sare, 15678
Wit wordes þat he forwit said,
and noþer less na mar.
¶ "I wat wel þat i sal it drinc
þis calice, fader mine, 15682
Thoru mi bodi most it pass
þe tholing o þis pine.
I am þi sun, al redi bun, [col. 2]
will to do al þin." 15686
Wit þis he ras vp o þe place,
þat he honurd him in;
Quen he had mad his orisun,
vp þeþen he ras ewai, 15690
He com til his apostels son
slepand þar þai lai.
To wacken þam ne wald he noght,
þai teind war wit trai. 15694
O þam redles him reud sare,
mare þan man can sai.

COTTON

þou saide for me if mister ware.
to dede thole sulde þou fi3t.
& now þou may no3t wake with me.
an owre of an ni3t.
bes wacande ay in orisoun
for þe feule wi3t.
if þe spirit ay redi be.
þe flesshe is boun to pli3t.
[3]Quen he had þus-gate ham ta3t
stil he left ham þare. [3 MS. O]
& went him eft vn-to þat stede
quare he praied are.
mikil he dred þat harde dede
þat bro3t vs out of care.
ful buxumli he laide him doun.
a-pon þat erþ bare.
& til his squete fader of heyuen.
þen mened he his fare.
wiþ wordis þat be-fore saide
& nauþer lesse ne mare.
¶ Syn squa is þat I. sal drink
þis calice fader myne.
þorou my bodi most hit pas.
þe þoling of þis pine.
I am þi sone al-redi boun.
to fulfil alle þine.
wiþ þis he ras out of his place.
þat he anoured him in.
¶ quen he had made his orisoun
vp sonę he was a-way.
he come til his apostles þan.
slepande alle þai lay.
to wakkin ham 3et walde he no3t
for-soþ as I 3ou say.
of ham redeles him rewed sare
he went him forþ his way.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þu said for me if mistir war,
to dede thole suld þu fight;
And nu þu mai noght wake wid me
ane vre of a night.
Bes wacand ay in orisun
for him, þe maledight,
þogh þe spirite ai redi be
þe fless es fuss to plight."
[Q]uen he þus had þaim taght,
still he left þaim þare,
And went him eft into þe stede
quar he praid are.
Mekil he dred þat hard dede,
þat broght vs vte of care.
Ful buxumli he laid him dune
apon þe erd bare,
And till his suete fadir of heuen,
quained his sare,
wid wordes þat he forwid said,
and nouþer less ne mare.
"[I] wate wele þat i sal it drinck
þis chalice, fadir mine,
Thoru mi bodi most it passe,
þe tholing of þis pine.
I am þi sun, all redi bune,
will to do all þine."
wid þis he ras vte of þe plasse,
þat him anurd in;
[Q]uen he had mad his orisun,
vp sone he ras a-wai,
And come till his apostlis,
slepand all þai lai.
To waken þaim ȝeit wold he noght,
þat tened war wid trai,
Of þaim redeles he reud sare,
more þan man couth sai.

þou seidest for me if nede were:
deȝe þou woldes in fiȝt
Now maistow not wake wiþ me:
an hour of a nyȝt
Be wakyng in orisoun:
for þe waryed wiȝt
þouȝe þe spirit redy be:
þe flesshe is seke to siȝt
¶ whenne he þus had hem tauȝte:
stille he lafte hem þere
And went efte into þe stude:
þere as he was ere
Muche he dradde þe harde deeþ:
þat brouȝt vs out of fere
Buxomly he fel to grounde:
& lete þe erþe him bere
And on his fadir in heuen calde:
wiþ pleynt him to arere
Wiþ þo wordis biforn seide:
lasse ne more þei were
¶ I woot wel now I shal hit drynke:
þis deþ fadir myne
þourȝe my body mot hit passe:
þe þoling of þis pyne
I am þi son redy boun:
to do wille þine
Wiþ þat he roos out of þe place:
þat he was knelyng Ine
¶ whenne he had made his orisoun:
vp soone he ros away
And coom to his apostles:
slepyng alle þei lay
Wake hem ȝitt wolde he not:
þat tened were in tray
Of hem redles he rewed sore:
more þen men con say

Digitized by Google

And þan he went þe thrid sith,
his fader for to prai.
¶ Quen he had þe thrid sith
made his orisun,
And mening til his fader der
made of his passiun,
þe strang soru þat he ledd
can na man rede in run;
þe angel vte of heuen come,
On slepe þai lai alle dun.
¶ "Slepes nu, for wel yee mai,
mi breþer leif," he said,
"For he es cummand negh at hand
þe tresun has puruaid,
For mi god ded he sal me giue
A waful hard braid,
Bot mikel wa if he wald wijt
þer es him for-wit laid,
And pine lastand wit-vten end
in hell es for him graid.
¶ He has wroght, if he wald wijt,
him-seluen mikel wa.
Wit mikel folk nu cumand es
he þat es mi fa,
Sper and suerd and mace þai bring,
And wapens oþer maa;
Iudas yonder cums nu lo,
þat sekes me to sla."
¶ Ful merred war þai in þair mode,
ful merck it was þe night;
Als þai on ferr þam lok fra,
þai sagh cumand a light.
His disciplis wex ful radd
quen þai sagh þat sight,
[1 lfs6, bk, col. 1]
[1] A lantern, staf, and suerd, and sper,
and mani brandes bright,

COTTON

vn-to þe hille þe þrid siþe
his fader for to pray.
Quen he had þe þrid siþ
made his orisoun.
& mening' til his fader dere.
made of his passioun.
þe strange sorow þat him led.
can na man rede ne roun.
þe angel out of heyuen come.
on slepe þai lay alle doun.
¶ wakkenes[1] now for wele ȝe may.
now breþer leue he saide. [1 Slepis crossed through.]
for he is comande nere atte hande.
þe tresoun has puruaide.
for my gode he sal me giue.
a ful harde braide.
& mikil wa ȝet sal he wete
be-fore him is hit laide
[. . . . . .
. *no gap in Fairfax & Laud MSS.*]
¶ he has wroȝt if he walde wete
him-seluen mikil wa.
wiþ mikil folk now comande is.
he þat is my fa.
sper & squorde & mase þai bring'
& weppenes oþer ma.
Iudas ȝonder comes he lo.
þat sekis me to sla.
¶ fful merred ware þai in þaire mode
for mirk hit was þe niȝt.
as þai on ferrum loked ham fra
þai sagh̄ comande a liȝt.
his disciplis wex ful ferde
quen þai sagh̄ þat siȝt.
of launternes staf squorde & spere
& many helmis briȝt

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

And þan he went þe thrid siþe,
his fadir for to prai.
[Q]uen he had þe thrid siþ
mad his orisun,
And mening till his fadir dere
mad of his passiun,
þe strang soru þat he lede
can na man rede in roun;
þe angelis vte of heuen come,
on slepe þai lai all dun.
"[S]lepis nu, for wele ȝe mai,
mi breþer leue," he said,
"For he es comand nere at hand,
þe tresun has puruaid,
For nu goddote! he sal me giue
a sorful hard braid,
Bot mekil wa if he wald witt
þar es him forwith laid,
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
[H]e has wroght, if he walld it witt,
him-self mekil wa.
wid mekil folk nu comand es
he þat es mi mast fa,
Spere, surd, and mace, þai bring
and wapins oþer ma;
Iudas nu yonder comes
þat sekes me to sla."
[F]ul marrid war war þai in þair mode,
ful mirk it was þe night,
Als þai on ferr þaim lokid fra,
þai sau comand a light.
His disciplis wex ful radd
quen þai sau þat sight,
Of lantern, staf, suord, and spere,
and mani brandes bright,

GÖTTINGEN

þo he went þe þridde tyme:
his fadir for to pray
¶ whenne he had þe þridde tyme:
made his orisoun
And menged to his fadir dere:
of his passioun
þe stronge sorwe þat he hadde:
may no man rede in toun
Aungels out of heuen coom: [leaf 97, back]
to coumforte him ful boun
¶ Slepeþ now for wel ȝe may:
breþeren dere he seide
For here he comeþ neȝe at honde:
þe tresoun haþ purueide
Now forsoþe he shal me ȝyue:
a ful harde breide
But muchel woo if he wist:
is bifore him leide
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ He haþ wrouȝte soþ hit is:
to him self mychel woo
wiþ muchel folke comyng is he:
þat is my moost fo
Spere swerd & mase þei bringe:
& wepenes oþere mo
Iudas now ȝonder comeþ:
& sekeþ me to slo
¶ Ful mad were þei in her mod:
for derke was þat nyȝt
On fer fro hem þei loked:
& say comyng liȝt
þo disciples wex aferde:
whenne þei say þat siȝt
Of lanterne staf swerde & spere:
& mony armes briȝt

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

And Iudas armed to þe fote,
al redi for to fight,
On him he suld ha foghten fore,
Wit resun and wit right,
¶ I*esus* went him forþerward,
disciplis him foluand,
Vn-tilward a littel yard
O cedron ou*er* þe strand.
Iudas wel he kneu þe stede
q*uar* i*esus* was hauntand,
Wit his fals felauscip
þe traitur þar him fand.
¶ Q*uen* Iudas had auised him
quilk it was i*esu*,
Son he ran him for to kis,
And grett him, herkes hu.
¶ "Hali maister," he said, "þou be!"
"Iudas, quat sekes þou?"
"I*esus*," he said, "o naȝareth."
"yee haf him funden nu,
¶ I am he;" q*uen* he sua had
said al to þam þan,
Iudas and his felauscip
All on bak þai ran.
þai fell þaim don vn-to þe grund,
þar euer-ilk man,
Iudas on ilk lim he quok,
all vp þai siþen wan.
¶ Yeitt asked i*esus* "quat þai soght?"
þai said, "i*esu*m sek we,"
"And als i forwit haf yow said,
here haf yee funden me."
Iudas eft he lepe him to,
"Aue rabi," coth he,
For to kiss his suet muth
he bedd it him ful fre.

COTTON

& Iudas armed to þe fote
alle-redy for to fiȝt.
on him þat he sulde fiȝt fore
wiþ resoun & wiþ riȝt.
Ihesus went him forþer-ward
his disciplis him folowande
vn-til a stede a litel ȝarde
& þer he con stande.
Iudas wele know þe stede
quare ihesus was hauntande
wiþ his fals felawshepe [leaf 73, back]
þe traitour þare him fande.
¶ quen Iudas had auised him.
quilk hit was ihesu
sone he ran him for to kis.
& hailsed him herkenes how.
haile maister he saide þou be.
Iudas quat sekis þou.
ihesus he saide of nazareth . . .
ȝe haue him funden now.
¶ I am he for-soþ he saide
vn-tille ham alle þan.
Iudas & his felawshepe.
alle on bak þai ran.
þat fel doun sone vn-to þe grounde.
euer-ilka man.
Iudas ilk lime he quoke.
alle vp þai siþen wan.
¶ ȝet askid ihesus quat þai soȝt
þai saide ihesu seke we.
& als be-fore I. haue ȝou saide.
here haue ȝe funden me.
Iudas lepe eft vp him to.
aue raby quoþ he.
for to kis his squete mouþ
he bedde hit him ful fre.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

And iudas armed to þe fote,
all redi for to fight,
On him þat he suld fight fore,
wid resun and wid right,
Iesus went him forþer-ward,
disciplis him foluand,
Tillward a littel ȝard
of cedron ouer þe strand.
Iudas wele he kneu þe stede
þar *iesus* was hauntand,
wid his fals felaschip
þe traitur þar him fand.
[Q]uen iudas had a-visid him,
quilk it was *iesu*,
Sone he ran him forto kis,
and gret him, haikens[1] hu.
"Haile, maistir," he said, "þu be!"
"iudas, quat sekes þu?"
"*Iesus*," he said, "of nazareth."
"ȝe haue him funden nu,
[I] am he;" quen he had sua
said all to þaim þan,
Iudas and his felauschip
all on-back þai ran.
þai fell dune sone to þe grund,
euer-ilk a man,
Iudas ilk lim he quoke,
all vp þai siþen wan.
[ȝ]eit ansuerd *iesus*, "quat þai soght?"
þai said, "*iesus* seke we,"
"And als i haue ȝu forwid said
here haue ȝe funden me."
Iudas lepe eft up him to,
"aue rabi," said he,
For to kisse his suete muth
he bedd it him ful fre.

[leaf 106]

[1 *read* harkens]

GÖTTINGEN

Iudas was armed to þe foot:
redy for to fiȝt
Wiþ *him* he shulde haue fouȝten fore:
bi resou*n* & bi riȝt
¶ Ih*esus* went *him* for*þer*more:
disciples *him* folewonde
To a litil ȝarde of cedron:
ou*er* *þat* ilke stronde
Iudas wel he knew þe stude:
þat ih*esus* was hau*n*tonde
Wiþ his false felowshipe:
þe traitour *þere* him fonde
¶ when*n*e Iudas had avised him:
whiche *þat* ih*esus* was
Soone he ran him for to kis:
as traitour in þat plas
Heil maistir he seide:
whom sekestou Iudas
Ih*es*u he seide of naȝareth:
fou*n*den I haue his fas
¶ I am he soone he seide:
to þat pepul þon
Iudas & his felowshepe:
soone abak þei ron
þei fel dou*n* soone to þe grou*n*de:
euerych*e* mon
Iudas vche lym*m*e he quoke:
& aftir þei vp won.
¶ ȝitt asked oure lord what þei souȝt:
ih*esus* þei seide seke we
As I seide to ȝou bifore:
here haue ȝe fou*n*den me
Iudas lep efte vpon him:
heil maistir seide he
For to cusse his swete mouþ:
he bed hit him ful fre

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

"Sin yee me seke, i yow biseke
yee lat mi felaus be,
Iudas," he said, "þat þou sal do,
þar-to nu hij þou þe."
¶ Quen Iudas him bedd to kiss,
Iesus it grochedl noght,
"Iudas, quilum was," he said,
"þat mikel o þe i roght,
Nu þou has wit felunni
and tresun me bisoght,
Wit a coss has þou mans sun
vn-to þi bandun broght."
¶ Wit þis word þat iesus said,
þai stert þam forth ilkan,
þai him vn-ȝett on ilk side
þat son þar was he tan.
Wit maces and wit neues smert
vn-rekenli on him ran,
Ilk dint þat þai him gaf,
it reked to þe ban.
¶ Petre þan him luued sa wel,
he sagh na better wan,
O þe forel a suerd he drogh
þe ere he smat of an,
For had it ben efter his wil
he wald him fain ha slan.
Iesus þan said, "petre, do wai!
dint ne giue þou nan,
¶ In þe forel þou pute þi suerd,
I wil noght þat þou smete."
On malcus ere his hand he laid,
And heild it ful tite;
"He þat smitand es wit suerd,
o suerd sal ha þe wite,
I wil þat nan for mi sak
noþer fight ne flite.

COTTON

sin ȝe me layte I. ȝou be-seke
ȝe lete my felawes be
Iudas he saide quat þou salle do.
þer-to þan hye þou þe
Quen Iudas bed him for to kis
ihesus grocched noȝt
Iudas he saide sum tyme.
ful mykil of þe I. roȝt.
now þou has wiþ felony.
made me salde & boȝt.
wiþ a cosse has þou man sone
vn-to þi baundoun broȝt.
¶ wiþ þis worde atte was saide
þai stert ham forþ ilkan.
þai him vmbset on ilk side.
þat sone þen was he tane.
wiþ macis & wiþ knyuis smert
vn-rekenli on him ran
ilk dint þai him gaf.
hit reyched to þe bane.
Petre þat him loued sa wele
he sagh̄ na better wane.
of þe skawbard̄ his squorde he drogh̄
þe ere he smate of an.
for had hit bene ofter his wil.
he walde him fayne haue slane
Petre saide ihesu þou sal do way.
þat dint now gif þou nane.
¶ In-to þe sheþe þou putt þi squorde
I wil noȝt atte þou smyte
on malcus ere his hande he laide
& heled him ful tite.
he þat smitis wiþ squorde
with squorde I. sal him quite.
I wil þat nane for my sake.
nauþer feȝt ne flite.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

" Siþen ȝe me seke, i ȝu biseke
ȝe late mi felaus be,
Iudas," he said, " þat þu sal do,
þar-to nu hij þu þe."
[Q]uen iudas bed *iesus* to kisse,
forsoth he groched noght,
" Iudas," he said, " quilum was þat
mekil of þe i roght;
Nu þu has wid feluni
and tresun me bi-soght,
wid a kiss has þu mannes sune
vnto þi bandun broght."
[w]id þis word þat *iesus* said,
þai stirt þai*m* forth ilkane,
þai him vmsett on ilk side
þat sone þan was he tane.
wid macis and wid neuis smart
vnrekinli on hi*m* þai rane,
Ilk dint þ*at* þai him gaue,
it reked to þe bane.
Petre þ*at* him luued sua wele,
he sau na beter wane,
Of þe forel his suord he drogh
and smat þe ere of ane,
For had it bene eftir his will
he wald him fain haue slane.
I*esus* said þan " petre, do wai!
þat dint giue þu nane,
[I]n þi forel þu put þi suord,
i will noght þ*at* þu smitte."
On malkus ere hes hand he laid,
and he led him ful tite;
" He þat smitand es wid suord,
of suord sal haue þe wite,
I will þat nane for mi sake
nouþer fight ne flite.

GÖTTINGEN

Siþ ȝe me seke I ȝou biseche:
to lete my felowes be
Iudas he seide þ*at* þ*ou* shalt do:
þ*er*to now hiȝe þou þe
¶ whenne Iudas bed ih*esus* to kis:
forsoþe he grucched nouȝt
Iudas he seide su*m*tyme was:
muche of þe I rouȝt
Now hastou wiþ felonye:
& tresou*n* me here souȝt
Wiþ a cosse man*n*es son:
hastou to bandou*n* brouȝt
¶ wiþ þ*at* word þ*at* ih*esus* seide:
þei bigon to awake
And hi*m* faste aboute biset:
til þei had him take
Wiþ mases & wiþ fustes:
mony strokes hi*m* ȝaf blake
Vche dynt went to þe boon: [leaf 98]
al was for oure sake
¶ Petur þ*at* him loued so:
say no better won
his swerd out of scauberde drowe:
& smot of þe ere of oon
Hat hit ben aftir his wille:
þ*er*e had he ben slon
Ih*esus* seide Petur dowey:
Stroke ȝyue þ*ou* more noon
¶ In þi sheeþe put þi sword:
I wol not þ*at* þ*ou* smyte
On malkes ere honde he leide:
& heled hit ful tite
He he seide þ*at* smyteþ wiþ sword:
of swerd shal haue wite
I wol þ*at* no mon for my sake:
nouþ*er* fiȝte ny flite

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Peter freind, i sai to þe,
quer þou it has for-gett,
If i mi fader wald be-seke,
I moght wit-vten lett
Haf tuelue thusand legions
redi all vmsett.
Bot hu suld þan þe prophecies
til end cum, þat er sett?"
¶ Petre was in hand nummen
for forfait[1] he had don. [1 MS. sorfait]
Iesus tok þis malcus ere,
And heild it wit-vten hon,
"Ga forthe," [he] said, "mi fader has
Wroght for þe mi bon."
Petre wald a-wai ha bene
And þan he scaped son,
Quen his lauerd a-wai was ledd
Wit him war leift ful fon.
[2]¶ Bi his heued and bi his hare
for þai his maister drogh,
And rugged him vn-rekenli
bath ouer hill and ogh; [2 leaf 87, col. 1]
Wit þair bastons bete þai him,
and did him mikel wogh
Hu þai him ledd þat ilk time
to se was soru i-nogh.
¶ Nu wit bastons þai him beft
Ful grimli to þe grund,
þai huited on him viliker
þan he had ben a hund.
His disciplis þat wer feird
at fle bigan to fund,
And als þai fra þe herth him tite,
His bodi was al stund.
¶ Quils þai war þus him handland
Wilik als þai mogh[t],

¶ Petre frende I. say to þe.
queþer þou has hit for-gette.
if I. my fader walde be-seke.
I muȝt wiþ-outen lette.
haue xij. thousande legiouns
redi alle vmsette.
bot nede wil þe prophecy
þat I to dede be bette.
¶ Petre was in hande tane
for forfait he had done
iheſus toke malcus ere.
& heled wiþ-outen hone.
ga forþ he saide my fader has
wroȝt for þe my bone.
Petre walde a-way haue bene
& þen he escaped sone
forþ a-way his lorde þai led.
wiþ him was left ful fone.
¶ By his heued & bi his hare
forþ his maister þai drogh̄
& ronsaked him vnrekenli.
baþ ouer hil & scogh̄.
& wiþ cordis girde him squa.
þat dide him mykil wogh̄
how þai him led þat ilk time
to se was sorou I.-nogh̄
¶ how wiþ stauis þai him bette
riȝt vn-to þe grounde.
þai spitte on him mare vily
þen he had bene an hounde.
his disciplis atte ware ferde
to fle be-gan to founde.
& mony a falle þai him gaf
wiþ-in a litel stounde
[3]Quilest þai ware handeland him.
als vily as þai moȝt. [3 leaf 74]

COTTON FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

[L]eue petir, i sai to þe
  queþer þu it has fo[r]gett,
If i mi faþir wald biseke,
  i moght widvten lett
Haue tuelue thousand legiuns
  red[i] wid me vmsett.
Bot hu suld þan þe *pro*phecis [f 106, bk]
  till end cum þat er sett?"
Petre was in handis nomin
  for fight þat he had done.
Iesus him toke þan malcus ere,
  it helid widvten hone,
"Ga forth," he said, "mi fadir has
  wroght for þe mi bone."
Petre wald a-wai haue bene
  and þan he eschaped sone,
Quen his lau*er*d awai was ledd,
  wid him wa left ful fone.
[B]i his heued and bi his har
  forth þai his maistir droght,
And rugged him vnrekinli
  bath ouer hil and hogh;
wid þair bastunes bet him sua,
  þai did him mekil wogh,
Hu þai him ledd þat ilk time
  to se was soru inogh.
[H]u wid bastuns þai him beft
  ful brimeli to þe grund,
þai huitid on him viliker
  þan he had bene a hund.
His disciplis þat war ferd
  at fle bigan to fund, [1 *read* fra]
And als þai fre[1] þe erd him titt,
  his bodi was all stund.
[Q]uilis þai him war þus handland
  wikidli als þai moght,

GÖTTINGEN

¶ Leue petur I seide to þe:
þou vndirstonde hit bet
If I my fadir wolde biseche:
I myȝt wiþouten let
Haue twelue þousande legiou*n*s:
of au*n*gels wiþ me set
But how shulde þen*n*e þe *pro*phecies:
be done þat ben det
¶ Petur was in honde nomen:
for fiȝte þat he had done
Ih*esus* toke malkes ere:
& heled hit ful soone
Go forþ he seide my fadir haþ:
wrouȝte for þe my bone
Petur scaped fro þe iewes:
& lafte þe kyng in trone
Fewe abod þo wiþ ih*esus*:
lord of son*n*e & mone
¶ Bi his heed & bi his heer:
forþ þei ih*esus* drowȝe
And lugged him loþsu*m*ly:
ou*er* hilles dale & slowȝe
Wiþ her staues beten hi*m*:
& dud him muche wowȝe
How þei hi*m* ladde þulke tyme:
to se was sorwe ynowȝe
¶ þei bete hi*m* wiþ her maces:
bremely to þe grou*n*de
And foule halowed him þer to:
as he had ben an hou*n*de
His disciples were aferde:
bigon to fle & fou*n*de
And as þei to & fro hi*m* pulde:
his body was stou*n*de
¶ whil þei þus him handeled:
wicked as þei mouȝt

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

" Ha, q*uat* yee godmen nu er
man vnseli thoght;
Wit staues qui bete yee me sua,
q*uat* haf i gain yow wroght?
Q*uar*-for haf yee taken me,
And als a theif vm-soght
Wit lantern a-pon nightertale
And i ne fled yow noght?
¶ Forsoth i neu*er* serued it,
in dede ne yeitt in sau,
In þe temple was i wont
to teche þam ilk dau,
þar all þe folk was won to cum
Wit maisters o þe lau.
Maister was þar nan sa grett
þat i dred for þair au,
Ne o þe thinges i þam said,
mi word wit scil wit-drau.
¶ Nu er yee cu*mm*en to tak me,
Als in mercknes o night,
And nu þan haf yee taken me
Wit-vten ani plight.
For yee me hate al to þe ded
Haf yee nan oþer might,
Bot suilk it es yur time," he said,
" mirckenes wit-vten light.
Ful il-hail þan troud yee
Iudas, þ*at* maledight,
Mikel pine puruaid es yuu,
bot mar til him es hight."
His hend þai band and ledd him forth,
a-trott and noght þe pas,
Vntil þair aun biscop hus,
Was hatten caiphas.
Mate and weri war þai þan,
þai ne wist quar-for it was,

COTTON

quy do ȝe squa gode men he saide
& quat is in ȝoure þoȝt
wiþ stauis quy bete ȝe me squa.
quat haue I. gayne ȝou wroȝt.
quar-fore haue ȝe takin me.
& als thefe vmbesoȝt
wiþ launterne a-pon niȝter-tale
& I. ne fled ȝou noȝt.
¶ for-soþ I. neuer serued hit.
in dede ne in sagħ.
in þe temple was I. wont
to teyche men ilk dagħ.
þer many man was wont to come
wiþ maistres of þe lagħ.
maist*er* was þ*er* nane sa grete
þat I. dred for þaire agħ
ne of þe þingis þ*at* I. haue saide.
my worde wiþ squike w*ith*-dragħ.
¶ now ar ȝe comyn me to take
as in mirkenes of niȝt.
& now ȝe haue tane me
wiþ-outen ani pliȝt.
for ȝe me hate to þe dede
haue ȝe nane oþ*er* riȝt.
& now hit is out of time.
mirkenes wiþ-outen liȝt
ful ilhaile trawed ȝe.
Iudas þat cursed wiȝt.
mikil pine puruaide is ȝou.
bot mare til him is hiȝt
His hend þai bande & led him forþ
a-trot & noȝt a-pas.
riȝt til þaire awen bisshop hous
þai calde him cayphas
mate & wery ware þai þan
þai ne wiste neu*er* quy hit was

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

"Ha men," he said, "quat ȝe er
of ane vnseli toght,
wid staues qui bete ȝe me sua?
quat haf i again ȝu wroght?
Quarfor haue ȝe taken me,
and als a thef vmsoght
wid lantern apon nightertale,
and i ne fled ȝu noght?
[F]orsoth i neuer se[r]ued it,
in dede ne ȝeit in sau,
In þe temple was i wont
to teche men ilk dau,
Quar all þe folk was wont to cum
wid maistris of þe lau.
Maistir was þar nane sua gret
þat i dred for þair au,
Ne of þe thinges þat i said,
mi word wid skil wid-drau.
[N]u er ȝe comen me to take,
all in mirknes of night,
And nu haue ȝe here tane me
widvten ani plight.
For ȝe me hate all to dede,
haue ȝe nanoþer right,
Bot suilk it es, ȝur time," he said,
"mirknes widvten light.
Ful ilhaile þan troud ȝe
iudas, þat maledight,
Mekil pine puruaid es ȝu,
bot mare till him es dight."
[H]is hend þai band and ledd him forth,
a-trott and noght þe pas,
Right to þair auen bischop,
his name was called cayphas.
Mate and weri war þai þan,
þai ne wist quarfor it was,

GÖTTINGEN

Men he seide what eileþ ȝou:
vnsely is ȝoure þouȝt
Wiþ staues me þus to bete:
what haue I to ȝou wrouȝt
Wherfore haue ȝe me taken:
& as a þeof me souȝt
Wiþ lanterne on nyȝturtale:
& I ne fledde ȝou nouȝt
¶ For soþe nouþer semeþ ȝou:
ȝoure dede ny ȝoure sawe
In ȝoure temple haue I tauȝt:
openly to knawe
þere al folke was wont to com:
wiþ maistris of þe lawe
Maistir was þere noon so grete:
þat I drede of her awe
Ny of þingis þat I seide:
my word not to wiþ drawe
¶ Now are ȝe comen me to take:
in myrkenes of nyȝt
And also ȝe haue taken me:
wiþouten any pliȝt
For ȝe me haten to þe deþ:
haue ȝe noon oþere riȝt
Suche is ȝoure tyme he seide:
merkenes wiþouten liȝt
In euel tyme leued ȝe: [leaf 98, back]
Iudas þe waried wiȝt
Muchel pyne purueide is ȝou:
but more to him is diȝt
¶ His hondes þei bonde & lad him
a trot & not a pas [forþ:
Riȝt to her owne bisshop:
his name was þo cayphas
Mased & wery þenne were þei
þo þei nuste wherfore hit was

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Left þai noght bi-hind þam þan
þe fals felun Iudas,
þar he liuerd his maister vp
þai bunden had wit laȝas,
þe feluns logh him til hething
on ilk side, allas!
Petre he folud him on ferr,
For durst he noght in sight,
For wonder gladli wald he wite
o þe ending if he might.
To caiphas hus son he com,
And þider in he tight,
Nu i hope it halden bes
þat crist him forwit hight,
He drogh him bak be him þe men
Wald he noght cum in light.
Quen he was to þe palais cummen,
Sperd it was þe yate,
A knaun freind he had þare-in,
in he did him late
Priueli for in his mode,
For was he neuer sa mate,
Gladli wald he spek and sper
Bot at quam he ne wate;
Quat thing suld of his maister worth,
Wijt wald he ful fain.
A quil forward he yode,
a quile him drogh a-gain,
Quat þai thoght wit his maister do
gladlie wald he frain.
For sare he dred þat siþen fell
o þaim he suld be slain.
¶ A fir was kindeld on þe place,
þe night it was ful caald,
Mani drou a-bote þat fire
For tiþans þat war tald.

COTTON

left þai noȝt be-hinde ham.
þat fals feloun Iudas
þer he deliuered his maister vp.
þat bundyn was wiþ las
þe felouns him logh̄ til heþing
on ilk side allas.
¶ Petre folowed him on ferre.
& durst noȝt come in siȝt
for wonder gladli walde he wete
of þe ending if he miȝt.
to caiphas hous he him come
& þidder he him diȝt.
now I. hope hit wille be haldin
atte ihesu criste him hiȝt.
[. . . . . .
. *no gap in Fairfax & Laud MSS.*]
¶ quen he was to þat palas commyn.
spered was þe ȝate.
a knawen frende was porter
& in he dide him late
preueli wiþ-in his mode
for was he neyuer sa mate
gladli walde he speke & spir
bot atte quam he ne wate.
¶ what sulde of his maister worþ.
wite walde he ful fayne
a-quile forþ he ȝode.
a-noþer quile a-gayne.
quat þai þoȝt wiþ his maister do.
gladli walde he frayne
bot sare he dred þai ware sa felle.
of ham he sulde be slayne.
¶ A fyre was kindeled in þe halle.
þe niȝt hit was ful calde.
many drogh̄ a-boute þat fire.
for tiþinges þat was talde.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þar he liuerd his maistir up,	15879	Lafte þei not bihynden hem :
þai bunden had wid las,	15880	þe fals feloun Iudas
Ne left þai noght bi-hind þaim	15877	Er he delyuered ihesus vp :
þat fals felun iudas.	15878	I bounden harde wiþ a las
þe feluns him logh till hething	15881	þo felouns him lowȝe to scorn :
on ilk side, allas !		On vche side þat plas
[P]etre folud him on ferr,		¶ Petur folwed on fer :
for durst he noght in sight,	15884	for durst he not in siȝt
For wonder gladli wald he witt		For wondir fayn wolde he wite :
of þe ending if he might.		þe ende if he myȝt
To cayphas hus he him come,	[leaf 107]	To cayphas hous he aftir coom :
and þider in he tight,	15888	& þider in he tiȝt
Nu i hope it halden bes		Now shal þe forwarde holden ben :
þat crist him forwid hight.		þat crist bifore him hiȝt
[.		[. . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]		. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
[Q]uen he was to þat palais comen,		¶ whenne he was to paleis comen :
spered it was þe ȝate,		spered was þe ȝate
A knauen freind he had þar-ine,		A knowen frend he had þerin :
and in he did him late	15896	& lete him In þer-ate
Preuili widin his mode,		For ful of sorwe in his herte :
for was he neuer sua mate,		was he neuer so mate
Gladdli wald he speke and spir		Fayn wolde he speke & aske :
bot at quam he ne wate ;	15900	of ihesus Astate
[Q]uat suld of his maistir worth,		¶ what shulde of his maistir worþe :
wit he wald ful faine.		wite wolde he fayn
A quile forward he ȝode,		A while forþewarde he ȝede :
a quile him drou againe,	15904	awhile him drouȝe aȝayn
Quat þai wald wid his maister do		What þei wolde wiþ his maistir do :
gladli wald he fraine.		gladly wolde he frayn
For sare he dred þat syden fell		For sore he dredde as aftir fel :
wid þaim he suld be slaine.	15908	þat he shulde be slayn
[A] fire was kindlid on þe place,		¶ A fuyr was made in þat plas :
þe night it was ful cald,		þe nyȝte hit was ful colde
Mani drogh abute þat fire		Mony drowȝe aboute þat fuyr :
for thinges þat war tald.	15912	for þingis þat were tolde
GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Petre þidder-ward him drogh,
þof he was vn-baald,
[1] A sargant þar was war of him,
and can him to be-hald. [1 lf 87, bk, col. 1]
¶ Quen þis man had auised him,[2]
And þar he sagh him stand, [2 MS. hinc]
"yon," he said, "es an of his
þat wit vs es in hand."
"Ful eber thuert nai," coth he,
"yee mis nu vnderstand,
Ne wist i neuer quat he was
sin i was born in land."
¶ Had noght petre bot a-wai
vnnethes þeþen gan,
Quen a-noþer wit him mete
And said, "þis ilk es an
Of his felauscep for-soth,
yee do þat he be tan."
Coth petre, "knaulage of him
had i neuer nan,"
¶ Wit þis he drou him nere þe ȝate,
Fain wald ha ben þer-vte,
Bot þar he mett a woman son
þat did him mast to dute.
Him þis sco said, "for-soth i sagh
lang ar wit him in rute,
þou sais noght soth 'i knau him noght
ne neuer was þar a-bute.'"
¶ "I knau him noght, for-soth," he said,
þar-til his ath he suer;—
Be þis was þe time o night
past midnight and mare.
þan bigan þe cok to crau,
þe time was cummen þar,
Petre þan him bi-thoght,
þe word him said was are,

COTTON

Petre þidder-ward him drogh.
al if he was vnbalde.
a seriaunt þer was warre of him.
& con him to be-halde.
¶ quen þis man had a-vised him.
& þer-bi sagh him stande.
yon he saide is an of his
þat we haue in hande.
nay shortli quoþ he
ȝe do mys-vnderstande.
ne wiste I. neuer quat he was
syn I. was borne in lande
Petre drogh him bakker mare
& vnneþis was he gane.
quen malcus sone wiþ him mette.
& saide þis ilk is an.
he smate myne ere of sicureli
I walde atte he ware tane.
I quoþ peter knawlage of him
had I. neuer nane.
¶ wiþ þis he drogh him nere þe ȝate
& walde haue bene þer-oute
bot þer he mette a womman sone [lf 74, bk]
þat did him maste to doute.
him þis ho saide for-soþ I. sagh.
langare wiþ him in route.
þou sais noȝt soþ I. knaw him noȝt.
ne neuer was þare a-boute.
¶ I knaw him noȝt for-soþ he saide
þar-tille his athe he square.
be þis was time of niȝt passed
midniȝt or mare.
þen be-gan þe cok to craw.
ihesus be-helde him þare.
peter þen him be-þoȝt.
quat he him saide are.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Petir didir-ward he drogh,
  þogh he was vnbald,
A sergant þer was war of him,
  and gun him to bihald.
[Q]uen þis man hade avised him,
  and þar he sau hi*m* stand,
"yoene," he said, "es ane of his
  þ*at* wid vs es in band."
"Ebberthwert nai," said he,
  "ȝe misunderstand,
Ne wist i neu*er* quat he was
  siþen i was born in land."
[H]ad noght petre bot a littel
  vnethes þeþin gane,
Quen anoþer wid him mett
  and said, "dis ilk es ane
Of his felauschip forsoth,
  dos þat he be tane."
"I," said petir, "c[n]aulage of him?"
  he said, "i neuer nane,"
[A]nd þis he drou him to þe ȝate,
  faine wold he be þar-vte,
Bot þar he mett a wo*m*man sone
  þ*at* did him mast to dute.
Him þis scho said, "forsoth i sau
  lang ar wid him in route,
þu sais noght sotht 'i knau him noght
  ne neu*er* was þar a-boute.'"
"[I] knau him noght, for-soth," he said,
  þar-to his ath he suare;—
Bi þis was time of night passid
  ou*er* midnight and mare.
þan bigan þe koc to krau,
  þe time was comen þare,
Petre þan him vnbitoght,
  þe word him said was are,

GÖTTINGEN

Petur to here þider drowȝe:
  þouȝe he were vnbolde
A seruaun*t* soone was war of him:
  & gon him to biholde
¶ when*ne* he hadde avised him:
  & say petur þ*ere* stonde
þis mon he seide is oon of his:
  þ*at* we here haue in bonde
Anoon petur seide nay:
  ȝe bere me wrong on honde
Wist I neu*er* what he was:
  siþ I was born in londe
¶ Petur had but a litil:
  vnneþe þen*nes* gon
When*ne* anoþ*er* wiþ him mette:
  & seide þis is oon
Of ih*esus* felowshipe I-wis:
  do take him now allone
And petur seide knowlechyng.
  of hi*m* had I neu*er* none
¶ Anoon he drowȝe hi*m* to þe ȝate:
  fayn wolde he be þ*er*oute
Soone met he wiþ a wom*m*on:
  þ*at* made hi*m* moost to doute
Him þis I say for soþe she seide:
  longe eer wiþ him in route
þou seist not sooþ petur seide:
  I was neu*er* þ*ere* aboute
¶ I knowe hi*m* not for soþe he seide:
  & swor hem þo bifore
Bi þis tyme hit was past:
  ouer mydnyȝt & more
þenne bigan þe cok to crowe:
  þe tyme was comen þore
Petur þenne him biþouȝt:
  þe word was seide him ore

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

And went him forth vte of þat curt,
Wepand full selli sare.
¶ Ieſus þan turnd him a-bute,
on petre his hei he kest,
þan wijst he cummen his maister word
Wit-vten langar frest.
Quen he him-self it vnderstod,
Almast his hert can brest.
þat night he did him to a roche,
þar-vnder for to rest,
For he ne wijt quider-ward to weind,
ne quat þat him war best.
¶ It es writen o sir Iudas [col. 2]
quen he had don þat sin,
Wit his penis þat he tok,
Went til his moder in.
"Moder, i haf mi maister sald,
sal he naman bigin,
And in mi purs þe pris i bere,
sumquat þan get i win."
¶ Iudas was iesu aumnere,
bath theif and traitur bald,
All þat him was bitaght
Ful selden gain he yald.
Of his thift and his felunni,
His moder al he tald,
And hu he to þe Iuus had
His aun maister sald.
¶ "Nu has þou þi maister sald?"
"moder," said he, "ya."
"þou," sco said, "nu sal be scent,
i wat þai mon him sla,
To ded þou sal him se be don,
bot he sal rise þar fra."
"Rise," said he, "dame nai, god dote,
bes it noght moder sua,

COTTON

& went him forþ atte þe ȝate
wepande ful selli sare.
Iheſus turned him a-boute
on peter his ey he kest.
þen wiste he commyn his maister worde
wiþ-oute langer frest.
quen he him-self vnderstode.
alle-maste his hert con brest.
þat niȝt he did him til a roche
þer-vnder or to rest.
for he ne wiste quidder to wende
ne quat atte him was best.
Hit is writin of iudas
quen he had done þat sin.
wiþ his penis atte he toke
went til his moder in.
moder I. haue my maister salde
salle he naman be-gyn.
& in my purse þe prise I. bere
& þus-gatis con .I. wyn.
¶ Iudas was iheſus awmener
baþ thefe & traitour balde.
& ay þe siluer to him was taȝt
& selden a-countis he ȝalde.
of his þeft & his felony
his moder alle he talde
[1 And how he to the iewis had
his owne master sold] [1 from Laud MS. 416]
¶ Sone has þou þi maister salde
moder he saide ȝa.
ho saide þe iewes wil him shende
I. wate þai wil him sla.
to þe dede þai wil him do
bot he salle rise þer-fra.
Iudas saide nay godote.
sal hit neuer be squa.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

And went him forth vte of þat curt,
wepand ful selli sare.
[I]*esus* þan turned him abute,
o petre eie he keist,
þan wist he comen his maistir word
widvten langer frest.
Quen he him-self it vnderstode,
almast his herte wald brest.
þat night he did him till a roche,
þar vnder for-to reist,
For he ne wist quiþerward to weind,
ne wat *þat* him was best.
[I]t es writen of þis iudas
quen he had done þat sin,
wid his penis þat he tock,
went till his moder in.
"Modir, i haue mi maistir sald, [f 107, bk]
sal he na man bigïn,
An in mi purs þe pris i bere,
sumquat mon i win."
[I]udas was *iesus* aumoner,
bath thepf and traitur bald,
Alle þat was till him bitaght
ful seldin again him ȝalde.
Of his theft and of his feluni,
his modir alle he tald,
And hu he to þe iuus had
his auen maistir sald.
"[S]un, has þu þi maistir sald?"
"modir," he said, "ȝa."
"þu," scho said, "nu sal be scheint,
i wat þai will him sla,
To dede þu sal se him be done,
bot he sal rise þer fra."
"Rise vp modir eft?" he said,
"na sertis! ne bes it noght sua,

He went forþ out of þe court: [leaf 99]
wepyng wondir sore
[¶ Ihesus turned him aboute]
on petur eȝe he kest
þo wist he comen his maistir word:
wiþouten lenger frest
For sorwe he wronge & wept also:
as his hert shulde brest
þat nyȝte he dud him to a roche:
*þer*e vndir for to rest
He nuste whiderwarde to wende:
ny what him was best
¶ Hit is writen of þis Iudas:
when*ne* he had done *þat* synne
Wiþ his penyes þat he toke:
he went to his modir Inne
Modir I haue my maistir sold:
bi a sotil gyn*ne*
And in my purs þe penyes I bere:
now shal I su*m*what wynne
¶ Iudas was ih*esus* Aumenere:
boþe þeef & traitour bolde
Al *þat* was bitaken him:
selden aȝein he ȝolde
Of his þefte & felonye:
his modir so he tolde
And how he to þe iewes hadde:
his owne maistir solde
¶ Son hastou þi maistir solde:
ȝe he seide ful þro
Now she seide shaltou be shent:
I wot þei wol him slo
To deþe men shul se him be done:
but rise he shal *þer*fro
Fro deþ he seide nay forsoþe:
modir hit beþ not so

Digitized by Google

¶ Ne sal he neuer vp-rise eft, truli i þe hight,	bona fabula de juda traditore & gallo occiso & scaturizato	¶ Ne salle he neuer rise eft truli I. þe hiȝt.
Ar sal þis cok vp-rise was skald yisternight!"	15987	or sal þis ilk cok vprise was skalded ȝuster-niȝt.
Vnnethe had he said þe word, þe cok lepe vp and flight	15990	vnneþes had he saide þat worde þe cok lepe vp on fliȝt
Federd faryer þan be-forn and cru thoru grace o dright;		feþerred fayrer þen be-forne & krew þorou goddis miȝt.
And þan bigan þe traitur fals to dred him of his plight.	15994	& þen be-gan þe traitour fals. to drede him for his pliȝt.
¶ þis it was þat ilk cok, þat petre herd him crau,		¶ þis hit was þat ilk cok þat petre herde him craw.
Quen he had nite his lauerd thris he did him-seluen knau.	15998	quen he had nite his lorde þris. he did him felour knaw.
Spek we nu hu þai iesus ledd, þis folk wit-vten au,		speke we how þai ihesu led. þis folk wiþ-outen awe.
Bath hidir and þider, bot þai ne wist quider þai wald him drau;	16002	baþ hidder & þidder wist þai noȝt quidder atte þai walde him dragñ.
þe lath despit þat þai him did, es soru i-wiss to scau.		þe grete dispite þai til him did. sorou hit ware to shawe.
¶ Al þat night he was in hand a-mang þat cursed lede,	16006	¶ alle þat niȝt he was in hande amangˢ þat cursed lede.
Apon þe morn ran þider-ward þe folk, als þai wald wede.	[f 88, col. 1]	apon þe morne ran þidderwarde þe folk as þai walde wede.
þe lauerdinges al war efter sent to be bifore þis dede.	16010	þe lordinges alle ware ofter sent to be bifore þis dede.
Peter, quen he sagh þe dai, til his felaus he yede		petre quen he segñ þe day til his felawes he ȝede.
He went him for to wisit þaim, for þar-of had þai nede,	16014	ham to conforte & visite. for þar-of had þai nede.
A sorful[er] night moght naman haf, þan he had, als we rede.		a soroufuller niȝt miȝt na man haue þen he had as we rede.

[*The Trial before Caiaphas and Pilate.*]

¶ In sir caiphas curt þai heild þan þair gadiring,	16018	¶ In þe bisshop caiphas court. helde þai þaire geddering
COTTON		FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

[N]e sal he neuer rise eft,
treuli nou i þe hight,
Are sal þis ilk coke vp rise
was skaldid ȝisternight!"
vnethes had he said þe word,
þe coke lep up on flight
Feþerid fairer þan biforn,
creu thoru grace of dright;
And þan bigan þe traitur fals
to drede him for his pligh[t].
[þ]is it was þat ilke coke,
þat petir herd him crau,
Quen he had nitt his lauerd thrijs
he did him-seluen knau.
Specke we nu hu þai iesus ledd,
þis folk widvten lau,
Bath hider and þedir, bot þai ne wist
quider þat þai wald him drau;
þe lath despite þai till him did,
es soru i-wiss, to schau.
[A]ll þat night he was in hand
amang þat cursed lede,
Apon þe morn ran diderward
þe folk, als þai wald wede.
þe lauerdinges all quar eftir sent
to be bifor þis dede.
Petre, quen he sau þe dai,
till his felaus he ȝede,
He went þan forto visite þaim,
for þar-of had þai nede,
A sorfuler night might na man haue,
ne he had, als we rede.

¶ He shal neuer rise aȝeyn:
truly bi no myȝt
Furst shal þis cok vp rise:
was scalded ȝustir nyȝt
Vnneþe had he seide þat word:
þe cok toke vp his fliȝt
Feþered feirer þen biforn:
crwe bi grace on hiȝt
þenne bigon þe traitour fals:
to drede for his pliȝt
¶ þis was þe same cok:
þat petur herde crowe
Whenne he had forsake his lord:
þries on a rowe
Speke we now how ihesus stood:
among þe folk so lowe
Hider & þider þei him drowȝe:
vchone oþer him to showe
[. . . . . .
. *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]
¶ Al þat nyȝte he was in honde:
among þe cursed lede
On þe morwe ron þiderward:
folke as þei wolde wede
þe lordes alle were aftir sent:
to ben at þis dede
Petur whenne he say þe day:
to his felowes he ȝede
He went for to visite hem:
for þerof had þei nede
An harder nyȝt no mon myȝt haue:
þen he had we rede

[*The Trial before Caiaphas and Pilate.*]

[I]n sir cayphas hus
þai helde þair gadering,

GÖTTINGEN

¶ In sir cayphas hous:
þei helde her gederynge

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Again þair lege lauerd, i-wiss,
to hefd him or to hing.
All þai gadird o þe tun,
bath freman and dring,
And sent to pilate þair procuratur,
And did him þider bring,
For he sett vte-ouer þam
vnder cesar þe king.
¶ Sir pilate com and asked þam,
in hething als it war,
"Quar es your king, yee do him bring
forth bifor vs here."
þai[1] stert þam forth vnsterli, [1 MS. þat]
Wit a fulbald bere,
"Parfai, pilate, wel þou aght
to hald him ful vn-dere,
þat king him mas wit-vten leue
Ouer cesar þe emperour,
Herd þou neuer na selcut slike
Als þou of him sal here."
Caiphas þair biscop was
Ful riche man and rank
All þai gedird at his curt,
and þai samen sanck.
iesus þat in prisun lai,
ful herd þai did hanc,
And bonden broght him forth as thef,
þair will him was ful vlanck.
¶ þai vmbithoght þaim on quat wise
þat þai moght him wrei,
And wit quat thing þai titest moght
do him for to dei.
Sir pilate o þaim bi-heild,
o skil was sumdel slei,
þat[2] kneu sumdel þair feluni, [col. 2]
Wist þam was leif to lei; [2 MS. þai]

COTTON

agayne þaire lege lorde I-wis.
to heued him or to hinge.
alle þai gedderred of þe toun.
baþ freman & dring'.
& sende to pilate þaire procuratour
& did him þidder bringe.
for he was keper of þe lagh.
vnder cesar þe king'
Sir pilate askid ham.
in heþing' as hit were.
quar is 3oure king' 3e do him bringe.
forþ be-for vs here.
þai stert ham forþ vn-sturenli.
wiþ an ful baldeli chere.
Parfai pilate þou him a3t [leaf 75]
to halde him ful wondere.
þat king' he him mas wiþ-out leue.
of cesar þe emperere.
herde þou neuer sa selcouþ þing'
as þou of him salle here.
¶ Sir caiphas þair bisshop was
ful riche he was & ranke.
alle þai geddered atte his court
& per þai sammyn sanke
ihesus þat in prisoun lay.
ful harde þai dide him hanke
& bundyn bro3t him as a thefe
per wele him was ful wlanke.
þai vmbi-þo3t ham on quat wise
atte þai mu3t him wreye.[3]
& wiþ quat þing' þai tittest mo3t.
to him for to dey. [3 MS. wroye]
sir pilate on ham be-helde
of skile was sumquat sley.
he knew sumdel þaire felony
& wiste atte þai walde ley.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Again þair lege lauerd, i-wiss,
to heued him oþer to hing.
All þai gederid of þe tune,
bath fre man and dring,
And sent to pilate þair procketur,
and did him dider bring,
For he was sett vte ouer þaim
vnder cesar þe king.
[S]ir pilate come and askid þaim,
in hething als it were,
" Quare es ȝur king, ȝe do him bring
forth bifor vs here."
þai stirt þaim forth vnsternli,
wid a ful baldli chere,
" Parfai, pilat, þu him agh
to hald nu ful vndere,
þat king him mas widvten leue
of cesar þe emperore,
Ne herd þu neuer selcuth slike
als þu of him sal here."
[C]ayphas þat þair bischop was
ful riche he was and rank,
Alle þai gedrid at his curt, [leaf 108]
and þar þai samen sank.
Iesus þat in p[re]sun lai,
ful hard þai did him hank,
And bunden broght him forth als thef,
þair will it was full wlank.
[þ]ai vmbithoght þaim on quat wisse
þat þai might him wrei,
And wid quat þing þai tittest might
do him for to dei.
Sir pilate on þaim biheld,
of skill was sumdele sli,
He knew sum-dele þair feluni,
wist þaim was lef to li;

GÖTTINGEN

Aȝein her lege lord I wis:
to hede him or to hynge
Mony gedered of þe toun:
bi certeyn warnynge
And senden aftir sir pilate:
þidur him for to brynge
For he was Iustise ouer hem:
vndir cesar þe kynge
¶ Pilat cam & asked hem:
in scornyng as hit were
[. . . . . .
. *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]
þei stirten forþ sternely:
wiþ a lodly chere
[1]Forsoþe pilate þou owe him holde:
to vs & þe vndere [1 leaf 99, back]
þat kyng him calleþ wiþouten leue:
of Cesar wiþouten pere
Herdestou neuer suche wondres:
as he haþ don vs lere
¶ Caiphas þat her bisshop was:
was ful riche of fee
Alle gedered at his court:
þat ilke sory meyne
Ihesus þat in prisoun lay:
þei brouȝte forþ þat fre
Harde bounden as a þeof:
was wont wiþ hem to be
¶ þei biþouȝte hem on what wise:
þat þei myȝte him wrye
And with what þing þei sonnest shulde:
do him þenne to dye
Sir pilat on hem bihelde:
of skil was somdel slye
He knew somdel her tresoun:
þat hem was leef to lye

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ He beheilde þat bitter bald,
Hu þai said þair resun,
And vnderstode þat þai him had
tene al wit tresun.
He luued nawight þat wick folk,
for þai war ai felun.
Pilat satt, and him a-butte
þe burges o þe tun;
Bifor þam *iesus* stode als a lambe,
His hefd druppand dun,
On þam he loked noght his ei.
to lei þai war ai bun,
Mani lesing had þai loun
again *ies*u þat dai;
Pilat did men here and list
Al thing þat þai wald sai.
Bot he cuth find na skil quar-for
On him men witte suld lai,
For in þair aun sagh þai said,
oft-sith for-kid þai.
¶ Vp þar stert tua panteners
in middes þat consile,
And said on hei to sir pilate,
"sir, herken vs a quile.
He þis es man, and mas him godd,
to ger men trou his gile,
He es na godd ne godd suns,
of him we knau þe stile."
¶ "Godmen," he said, "yeitt es þar
"Herkens we sal yow tell, [mar?"
þat he in þe temple said
quar we herd him spell.
He bad þat we þe temple suld
al to þe grund dun fell,
He suld it rais þe thrid dai,
na lang*er* terme emell."

COTTON

¶ he be-helde þa cursed men.
how þai saide þaire resou*n*.
& wiste wele þai had him tane.
wiþ-oute riȝt & wiþ tresou*n*.
Pilate sette him a-boute.
þe burges of þe tou*n*.
he loued na þing' þat wikked folk
for þai ware ay felou*n*.
be-for ham ih*es*us as a lambe
his heued droupande dou*n*.
on ham he loked noȝt *with* eye.
bot bade þaire wille ay bou*n*.
¶ Mani lesing' þ*er* þai made.
a-gayne ih*es*u þat day.
pilate did ham herkin & list
alle þing atte þai walde say.
bot he cowde finde na skil quar-fore
gilt on him to lay.
for oft siþ an saide ȝa.
& ij. or iij. nay.
¶ vp þ*er* stert ij. felou*n*s
in middis þat counsile.
& saide on hey to sir pilate
sir herkin vs a quile.
he þis is man! & makis him god.
to gere man traw his gyle.
he is na god ne goddis sone
of him we knaw þe stile.
¶ Gode men þai saide ȝet is þ*er* mare
herkin we sal ȝou telle.
þat he vs saide in þe temple.
quere we herde him spelle.
he bad þat we þat temple sulde
al to þe gronde hit felle
& he sulde on þe þrid day.
raise hit wiþ-outen dwelle.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

[H]e biheld þa bitter bald,
hu þai said þair resun,
And vnderstod þat þai him had
tane all wid tresun.
Pilate satt, and him abute,
þe burgeises of þe tun,
He louend na wight þat wick folk,
for þai war ay felun.
Bifor þaim *iesus* stod als a lamb,
his heued drupand dun,
On þaim he loked noght his heie,
bot bad þair will ai bun.
[M]ani lesing had þai mad
again *iesus* þat day,
Pilate did men herk and list
all þat þai wald say.
Bot he cuth find na skill quarfor
plight on him to lay,
For in þair auen sau þai said
oft sith þan forkid þai.
[V]p þar stert tua panteners
in middes þat cunsile,
And said on hei to sir pilate,
" sir, herkin vs a quile.
He þis es man, and mas him god,
to gere men trou his gile,
He es na godd ne goddes sun,
of him we knau þe stile.
[G]od men," þai said, " ȝeit es þar mare,
herken, i sal ȝu tell,
þat he in þe temple said,
quar we herd him spell ;
He bad þat we þat temple suld
all to þe grund it fell,
He suld it raise þe thrid dai,
no langer terme emell."

GÖTTINGEN

¶ He bihelde her bittur bere :
How þei seide her resoun
And vndirstood þat þei him had :
taken wiþ tresoun
Pilate sat & him aboute :
þe Burgeys of þe toun
He leued not to þat wicked folke :
for þei were euer feloun
Bifore hem ihesus stood as lomb :
his heed droupyng doun
On hem he cast vp his eȝe :
but bod her wille al boun
¶ Mony alesyng had þei made :
aȝeyn ihesus þat day
Pilate herkened hem þo :
of al þat þei wolde say
But he coude fynde no cause whi :
deþ on him to lay
For in her owne sawes :
ofte chaunged þay
¶ vp þo stirte two pardoners :
þat false were ful of gile
And seiden on heȝe to pilate :
sir here vs a while
He is mon & makeþ him god :
to make men leue his wile
He is no god nor goddes son :
of him knowe we þe stile
¶ Gode men þei seide ȝitt is þer more :
here & we wol telle
In þe temple þis he seide :
þere we herde him spelle
he bad þat we þe temple shulde :
al to ground felle
He wolde hit reise þe þridde day :
no lenger tyme to dwelle

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ Wit þis sir pilate sun vp-rais,
Iesum he wit him ledd,
And yode in-to þe pretori,
þat was a sundri stede.
Bituix þam tua he asked him
quar-for he was sa medd
To þat folk him soght wit scam
þat answar nan he bedd?
[1]¶ "Seis þou noght, þat þai þe hate
þir Iuus, nathing mare, [1 MS. bk, col. 1]
If þai ha might wit wild ded
þai will þe for-fare.
Ne heres þou noght on ilk-a side
hu þai apon þe rar,
Again þair saues þat þai sai,
quin giues þou þaim answar?
Sin man has said vs þat þou ert
A wis man o lare;
Sai me iesus, qui dos þou þus?
to me na soth þou spare."
¶ At þir wordes come a man
rinnand fast in hij,
And said þat he wald spek onan
wit pilate priueli.
A messager him tiþand broght
Fra his wijf, his leuedi,
Sco grett him wel and tiþand sent
þe quilk he had redi.
"Mi wijf es sumquat iuel at ess,
And þat es for a sight
þat sco wit-in hir sleping sau,
nu þis ilk night,
O iesu, þat þis fals folk
Has tan wit-vten plight.
Word sco sendes þe for-þi,
if ani wai þou might

COTTON

Wiþ þis pilate vp him ras.
ihesus wiþ him he led.
& 3ode in-to þe precory.
þat was a preuey stede.
& in counsail asked him.
quar-fore he was sa med.
to þat folk him walde spille.
þat ansquare nane he bedde.
¶ Seyse þou no3t atte þai þe hate.
þer iewes na-þing mare.
bot þou help þi-self atte nede.
ellis wil þai þe forfare.
ne heris þou no3t on ilka side
how þai a-pon þe rare.
a-gayne þaire saghes atte þai say
quyne gyues þou ham ansquare.
sin þou be-fore time has bene
a man of witty lare.
say ihesus quy dos þou þus
to me na soþ þou spare.
Atte þer wordes come a man.
rynnande faste in hye.
& saide atte he walde speke anane
wiþ pilate priuely.
a messager him tiþande bro3t.
fra his wife þat lauedi.
ho grette him wele & tiþandis saide
þe quilk he had redy.
¶ 3our wife is sumdel euel atte ese.
& þat is for a si3t.
þat ho in hir sleping sagh
now þis ilk ni3t.
of þis ihesu atte þis folk
has tane wiþ-outen pli3t
worde ho sendis þe for-þi.
if any way þou mi3t.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

[w]id þis pilate vp he ras,
iesus wid him he lede,
And 3ode into þe pretori,
þat was a sundri stede.
Bi-tuix þaim tua he askid him
quarfor he was sua medd,
To þat folk him soght wid schame
þat ansuer nane he bedd?
"[S]eis þu noght, þat þai þe hate
þir iuus, na-thing mare,
If þai haue might wid vile dede
nu will þai þe forfare.
Ne heris þu noght on ilk side,
hu þai apon þe rare,
Again þair saus þat þai sai,
qui ne giues þu *þaim* ansuare:
Siþen men has said us þat þu es
sua wis a man of lare;
Sai *iesus*, qui dos þu dus
to me na soth þu spare."
[A]t þir wordis come a man
rinand fast in hij,
And said þat he wald speke on-ane
wid pilat *pr*iueli.
A messager him tiþand broght
fra his wif, þat leuedi,
[1]Scho grett him wele and tiþand sent,
de quilk he had redi. [1 leaf 108, back]
"[þ]i wijf es sumdele iuel at ese,
and þat es for a sight
þat scho in hir sleping sau,
nu þis ilke night,
Of þis *ie*su, þat nu þis folk
has tan widvten plight.
word scho sendis þe forþi,
if ani wai þu might

GÖTTINGEN

¶ Anoon pilate vp he roos:
ih*esus* wiþ him he ladde
And 3ede in to þe parlour:
þat was a coun*s*el hous badde
Bitwene hem two he asked him:
whi he was so madde
To þat folke him sou3te wiþ shome:
noon vnswere þat he hadde
¶ Sestou not þat þei þe hate:
þese iewes no þing more
þei wol þe sle if þei may:
& destrye þi lore
Herestou not on euery syde:
how þei on þe rore
A3eyn her sawes þat þei say:
vnswerestou not wherfore
Siþ men han seide þat þou art:
wis of lernyng 3ore
3yue vnswere of þis ih*esus*:
or elles þou smartes sore
¶ At þese wordes coom a man:
ren*n*ynge faste in hi3e
And seide he wolde speke anoon: [lf 100]
wiþ pilate pr*i*uelye
A messaug*e*re him tiþing brou3te:
fro his wif þat ladye
She grette him ofte & tiþinge sende:
to drede of þat folye
¶ þi wif he scide is ille at ese:
& þat is for a si3t
þat she in hir slepyng say:
þis ilke laste ny3t
Of þis ih*esus* þat now þis folk:
han taken wiþouten pli3t
Word she sendeþ þe if þat þou:
on eny weye my3t

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þat þou thole him noght to dei,
for it war gret vn-right." 16128
¶ *Quen* pilate had þis tiþand herd,
And wel it vnderstode,
He broght þam *iesum* þan agayn,
And to þe curt he yode. 16132
"God men," he said, "yee can noght find
oght in þis man bot gode,
For he es noght worthi to dei,
Als me think in mi mode. 16136
Bot skurges him and late him ga,
quen yee mai see þe blod."
¶ "Do wai," coth þai, "nu sir pilate,
quare-for sais þou sua, 16140
We wil it graunt on nankin wise
þat he suld scap vs fra.
He mas him king, and wald be cald,
And þou wat wel þat qua 16144
Mas him king wit-vten leue, [col. 2]
es þe imperours fa.
O galilee þan es he born
þe folk he dos mis-ga." 16148
Quen þat pilat herd þam sai
he was o galilee,
Thoght he wald ha sauued him,
to dred þan can he, 16152
For herod was *þat* ilk siq*uar*
keper o þat contre.
Iesus bunden als he was,
alsua he lete him be, 16156
And wit his sergant he him sent
til herod for to se.
¶ For to wreth yeit herod mar
pilat thoght ful lath, 16160
For he and he had samen ben,
forwit selcuth wrath,

COTTON

atte þou þole him noȝt to dey.
for hit ware grete vn-riȝt.
[1]¶ quen pilate had þis tiþande herde.
& wele hit vnderstode. [1 leaf 75, back]
he broȝt ih*es*u wiþ him a-gayne
& to þe court he ȝode.
gode men he saide I. can noȝt finde
in þis man bot gode.
for he is noȝt worþi to dey.
as me þink in my mode
bot skourges him & late him ga
til ȝe se þe blode.
¶ Do way q*uo*þ þai sir pilate
quar-fore þen says þou squa.
we wille noȝt *gr*ante on nankin wise
atte he sulde escape vs fra.
he mas him king & walde be calde
& þou wate wele at qua.
mas him king wiþ-outen leue.
he is þe emp*er*our fa.
of galilee þen is he borne
& b*r*ingis our folk in wa.
Quen þat pilate herde ham say.
he was of galilee.
he þoȝt he walde haue saued him.
to drede þen con he.
for eraude was of [2] þat lande [2 MS. of of]
king in þat cuntree.
Bundyn ih*es*u as he was.
al-squa he lete him be.
& wiþ his *ser*iauntes he him sende.
til herode for to se.
¶ for to wraþ sir herode mare.
pilate þuȝt hit lath.
for he & he had sa*mm*yn bene.
be-fore selcouþ wraþ.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þat þu thole him noght to dei,
for it war gret vnright." 16128
[Q]uen pilate had þis tiþand herd,
and wele it vnderstode,
He broght wid him *iesus* again,
and to þat curt he ȝode. 16132
"Gode men," he said, "i can noght
nu in þis man bot gode, [find
For he ne es noght worthi to dei,
als me thinc in mi mode. 16136
Bot schourges him and lates him ga,
quen ȝe mai se þe blod."
"[D]o wai," said þai, "nu sir pilate,
quarfor þan sais þu sua, 16140
we will it grant on nanekin wise
þat he suld scap vs fra.
He mas him king, and wald be cald,
and þu wat wele þat sua 16144
Mas him king widuten leue,
hes þe emperurs fa.
Of galile þan es he born[1]
þe folk he dos mis-ga." 16148
[Q]uen þat pilate herd þaim sai
he was of galile,
Thoght he wald haue sauued him,
to drede þan gan he, 16152
For herodis was þat ilk siquar
keper of þat contre.
Bunden *iesus* als he was,
alsua he lete him be, 16156
And wid his sergantes he him sent
till herodes forto se.
[F]orto wreth sir herodes mare
pilat thoght ful laith, 16160
For he and he had samen bene,
forwid selcuth wrath,

GÖTTINGEN

þat þou suffre him not to deȝe:
for hit were greet vnriȝt
¶ whenne pilat had þis tiþing herd:
& wel hit vndirstode
He brouȝte wiþ him ih*esus* aȝeyn:
& to þe court he ȝode
Gode men he seide I con not fynde:
in þis mon but gode
He is not worþi for to deye:
me þinkeþ in my mode
But scourgeþ him & leteþ him go:
whenne ȝe se þe blode
¶ Dowey þei seide sir pilate:
whi seistou now so
We wol graunte on no wise:
him to scape vs fro
He makeþ him kyng & so calleþ:
in mony cuntrees ful þro
who so calleþ him kyng wiþouten riȝt:
is emperoures fo
Of galile is he born:
oure folke he doþ mys-go
¶ whenne þat pilate herde hem sey:
he was of galile
he þouȝte to haue saued him:
to drede sore gon he
For heroudes was in þat tyme:
kyng of þat cuntre
Bounden ih*esus* as he was:
also he lete him be
And wiþ seruauntis he him sende:
to heroude him to se
¶ For to wraþþe heroude more:
ful looþ was pilate
For he & he a litil biforn:
had bene at debate

TRINITY

[1 The MS. has "þe folk" here, twice in the long line.]

Digitized by Google

For to do his breth to bu,
of him þat was ful brath.
[1To herowde þo he hym sent
euyn the hie gate;] [1 from Laud MS. 416]
¶ Herod had yernd him to se,
and of his come was fain,
Wit his knightes vp he ras,
and went him þan again.
Of him he wend ha signes sene,
For noght, al was in vain,
Ne wald he neu*er* on him bi-hald,
for thing þ*at* he moght frain.
¶ Bot yeit þe Iuus fined noght,
to seke *iesu*m wit wrake,
þai praid herod þ*at* he ne suld
na praier for him make,
Ne help him, ne he ne did,
Al for þe Iuus sake.
Yeit I hope þ*at* þai sal bath
grisly bi-for him quake.
¶ Quils þat herod wit him spak,
And he answerd him noght,
For he had gernd him to se
þar-for him for-thoght,
For had he þan anlepi signe
forwit herods wroght,
Had noght þe Iuus don him to ded
for thing þai cuth or moght.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
¶ He asked him al priueli,
qui þai him sua bi-soght,
"Speke wit me, and sai me qui [lf89, col. 1]
and al sal be for noght."

COTTON

for to do his breþ to bogh̄
of him þat was ful braþ.
herode had ȝerned him to se.
þer-fore many rath̄.
¶ herode ȝerned him to se.
& of his come was fayne
wiþ his kniȝtis vp he ras
& went him þam a-gayne
of him he wende haue signes sene
for noȝt alle was in vayne
ne walde he neuer on him be-hald
for oȝt atte he muȝt frayne.
¶ Ne ȝet þe iewes fined noȝt
to seke ih*es*u wiþ wrake
þai be-soȝt herode atte he ne sulde
na praier for him make.
ne help him noȝt na mare he dede
alle for þe iewes sake.
ȝet I hope atte þai sal baþ
grisli be-for him quake.
Þe quilest þat herode wiþ hi*m* spac
& he ansquared him noȝt.
for he had ȝerned him to se.
many a time in þoȝt.
for had he an anlapi signe.
be-for herode wroȝt
had noȝt þe iewes him done dede
for þing þai cowde or moȝt.
þen had þe p*ro*phecy bene fals
& turned in-to noȝt.
¶ & alle saulis had be lorne
þat þorou him was boȝt.
he asked him alle p*ri*ueli
quy þai him squa wiþ soȝt.
speke wiþ me & say me quy.
& alle sal be for noȝt.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Forto do his breth to bu,
of him þat was ful brath.
Herodes had grenid him to se,
þar forwid mani ratht;
[H]erodes grenid him to se,
and of his come was faine;
wid his knithes vp he ras,
and went all him againe.
Of him he wend haue signes sene,
for noght, all was *in* vaine,
Ne wald he neuer on him bi-hald,
fo[r] thing þat he might fraine.
[B]ot ȝeit þe ius find noght,
to seke *iesu* wid wrake,
þai praid herodes þat he ne suld
no praier for him make,
Ne helpe him noght, ne he ne did,
all for þe iuus sake.
ȝeit i hope þat þai sal bath
grisli bifor him qwake.
[Q]uilis þat *herodes* wid him spack,
and he ansuerd him noght,
For he had grened him to se
þar-for it him for-thoght,
For had he anikin signe
forwid herodes wroght,
Had noght þe ius him done to dede
for thing þai cuth or moght.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
[H]e askid him all priueli,
qui þai him had sua soght,
" Speke wid me, and sai me qui, [lf 109]
and all sal be for noght."

GÖTTINGEN

For to do his wraþþe to ceese;
& saue his astate
To heroudes þo he him sent:
euen þe heȝe gate
¶ Heroudes ȝerned him to se:
& of his come was fayn
Wiþ his knyȝtis vp he roos:
& went him aȝayn
Of him he wende signes to seen:
But hit was al in vayn
wolde he neu*er* on him biholde:
for nouȝt þat he coude frayn.
¶ ȝitt þo iewes fyned not:
to seke ih*esus* wiþ wrake
þei preied þat he shulde:
no preyere for him make
Ne helpe hi*m* not no more he dud:
for þe iewes sake
ȝitt shul þei alle biforn him:
ful grisly quake
¶ whil þat heroude wiþ hi*m* spake:
he vnswered nouȝt
And he had ȝerned him to se:
þ*er*fore him for þouȝt
For hadde he any man*er* signe:
bifore heroude wrouȝt
þe iewes had not him slayn:
for no þing þat þei mouȝt
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ He asked him pr*i*uely:
whi þei had him bou*n*de
Speke to me & telle me why: [lf 100, bk]
as hit shal be fou*n*de

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

And *iesus* held him stil als he noght of him-seluen had roght:
A purprin clath þai on him kest,
And gain to pilate broght
In taken þat he was a fole,
þat his wijt littel doght.
¶ Apon þan sir herods halue
þai gret wel sir pilate,
And said, "sir, yee er freindes made,
þe soth þar-for yee wate,
He has þe sent þis man again
right in þat ilk state.
A word wit him ne wald he spek,
ne ans vp lift his late.
¶ He es þe selcuthest man,
þat euer yeit we sei,
For he will noiþer change his cher
for lau man ne for hei,
Noþer ansuar for to giue,
ne lift vp ans his hei.
Bot herod thankes þe þi sand,
for-soth we sal noght lei."
¶ "Godote," said pilate to þam þan,
"þat thinc me ful gode,
Bot giues me consail if yee can,
for menged es mi mode.
þis godman es o mikel wijt,
qua-sa it vnder-stode,
Bot he has wrethed yow, for-qui
yee er wit him sa wod.
I rede men chasti him for-þi,
And bete him to þe blod.
Godmen quat es þan your dome
sais me certanli,"
Alle þai said, "þat he be don
on rode, and þat in hi."

COTTON

[1 And Iesus held hym stille
in that ilk stound] [1 from Laud MS. 416]
a purpure claþ þai on him kest
& gayne to pilate broȝt
In takening he was bot a fole
þat his witte litel doȝt.
Apon sir herodes halfe
þai grette wele sir pilate.
& sir ȝe ar frendis made
þe soþ þer-of we wate.
he has þe sende þis man a-gayne
riȝt in þe same state.
a worde wiþ him he wil noȝt speke
ne anis halde vp his late.
¶ he is þe selcouþest man quoþ þai.
þat euer ȝette we seye
for he wil nauþer chaunge his chere
for lagh man ne for heye.
nauþer ansquare for to giue
ne lift anis vp his eye
& herode þankis þe þi sande
for-soþ we wille noȝt leye
¶ Godote saide pilate þan.
þat þink me ful gode.
for gif me counsaile if ȝe can.
þat menged is in my mode.
þis godeman is of mykil witte
qua wele hit vnderstode.
[2 But for he hath you wrathid
with hym ye are so wood
I rede ye chastice hym *þus*
and bete hym to þe blood
¶ Good men what is youre dome
sey me certainly
Alle seid that he be don
on cros and þat in hie

[2 From Laud MS. 416, leaf 149, back. Several leaves missing in the Fairfax MS.]

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

And *iesus* held him stille, als he
noght of him-seluen roght:
A purprin cleth þai on him kest,
and gain to pilate broght
I[n] takking he was a fole,
his witt bot littil dogth.
[A]pon sir herodes halue
þai grett wele sir pilate,
And said, "ȝe er freindes made,
þe sotht þar-of we wate,
He has þe sent þis man again
right in þat ilke state.
A word wid him ne wald he speke,
ne anes lift vp his late.
[H]e es þe selcuthest man,
þat eu*er*e ȝeit we sei,
For he wald nouþer chaunge his chere
for lau man ne for hei,
Nouþer ansur for to giue,
ne anes lift vp his hei.
Bot herodes thankes þe þi sand,
forsoth we sal noght lij."
"[C]ertis," said pilate to þaim,
"þat thinck me nu ful gode,
Bot giues me consail if ȝe can,
þat menged es in mi mode.
þis gode man es of mekil witt,
qua it welle vnderstode,
Bot he has wrethed ȝu, for-qui
ȝe er wid him sua wode.
I rede men chasti him þarfor,
and bete him to þe blode.
[G]ode men quat es þan ȝur dome,
sais me sertainli,"
All þai said, "he be done
on rode, and þat in hij."

GÖTTINGEN

And ihe*sus* helde him stille:
in þat ilke stou*n*de
A purpur clooþ þei on him cast:
þe*r*in þei han hi*m* wou*n*de
In token of fool forþ him ladde:
to pilate on þ*at* grou*n*de
¶ Sir heroude þe grett wel:
we sey pilate to þe
And now be ȝe frendes made:
þe soþe þ*er*of woot we
He haþ þe sende þis mon aȝeyn:
riȝt in to þi se
A worde wiþ hi*m* nolde he speke:
for nouȝte þ*at* myȝte be
¶ He is þe selcouþest mon:
þ*at* euer ȝitt we seȝe
For he chau*n*ged no chere:
for lowe ny for heȝe
Nouþ*er* vnswere wolde he ȝyue:
ny listen vp his eȝe
But heroude þonked þe þi sonde:
soþely wiþouten leȝe
¶ Certis seide pilate þo:
þ*at* þinkeþ me ful gode
But hereþ now my cou*n*sel:
for menged is my mode
þis gode mon is of greet witt:
who so hit vndirstode
But for he haþ ȝou wraþþed:
wiþ hi*m* ȝe are so wode
I rede ȝe chastise him þus:
& bete hi*m* to þe blode
¶ Gode men what is ȝoure doom:
seiþ me certeynly
Alle seide þ*at* he be don:
on cros & þat in hy

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

"Better mote yee sai þan sua,"
coth pilate, "sua rede i,
To varn yur consail better it es
þan to do mar foli."
¶ Pilate þan was ful wrath, i-wiss,
wit þaim þat ilk dai,
"Man," he said, "qui dos þou sua,
qui wil þou nathing sai
Agains þam þat folus þe, [col. 2]
noiþer ya ne nai?
For þi stat þou aght to spek,
to bring þi self a-wai,
And help þe nu als ar has dun,
for wel þou can and mai.
¶ Qui es þe nu sa lath to spek?
for-ansuer þam, i rede,
Ne seis þou noght hu þat þis folk
þe beres to þe dede?
A freind has þou noght bituix þam,
for all er þai þi fede,
If þou wil noght help þi-self,
men haldes þe for quede.
¶ Sai me son quer þat þou be
godd sun or nan,
þat i mai wijt it witerli."
þan ansuerd he o-nan,
"I am his sun als þou has said
þat all leis be wan;
þat sal be sene quen sothfastnes
sal quilum be ouer-tan,
¶ Tru it qua-sum wil it tru,
i sal yow scau þe right,
For to climbe þe cludes all
þe sunn sal haf þe might.
And for his freindes efterward
dun þan sal he light,

COTTON

To turne that councele better it is
þan done a more foly
Better mote ye sey than so
quod pilat so redy
¶ Pylat was full wrothe y-wis
with hem þat ilk day
Man he seid why dost þou þus
that þou wilt no þyng say
ayenst hem that sew on the
nothir ye ne nay
ffor thy state þou owest to speke
to bryng thy-self away
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ why is the so lothe to speke
answer hem I rede
Seist þou not how that they
the hatyn to þe dede
O frend hast þou not of hem
alle wille they the quede
yf þou wilt not help thy-self
I can no fyrre þe lede
¶ Sey me now whethir þou be
goddes sonne or non
That I may wyttirly yt wyt [leaf 150]
tho answerd he allone
I am his sonne as þou hast seid
that shulle ye wyt echone
hyt shalbe sene when sothefastnes
shalle among you gone
¶ leve yt who-so that wille
I telle you yt right
To Clymb above the clowdis alle
þe sonne shalle haue might
And for his frendis afterward
doun shalle he light

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

"Better most ȝe sai þan sua,"
coth pilat, "sua rede I,
To uarn ȝur consaile better it es
þan to do mare foli."
[P]ilat was ful wrath i-wiss,
wid þaim þat ilk dai,
"Man," he said, "qui dos þu þus,
þat þu will na-þing sai
Againes þaim þat folus[1] þe; [1 MS. fouls]
nouþer ȝe ne nai?
For þi state þu au to speke,
to bring þi-self a wai.
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
[Q]ui es þe sua lath to speke?
bot ansuer þaim, i rede,
Ne seis þu noght hu þat þis folk
þe hates to þe dede?
A freind has þu nogh bituix þaim,
for all þai er þi fede,
If þu will noght helpe þi-self,
men haldes þe for quede.
[S]ai me þu queþer þat þu be
goddes sun or nane,
þat i mai witt it wittirli."
þan ansuerd he on-ane,
"I [am] his sun, als þu has said
þat all lese be wane;
þat sal be sene quen sothfastnes
sal quilum be ouertane,
[T]rou it qua-sum will it trou,
i sal ȝu cheu ȝe right,
For to climb þe cludes all
þe sun sal haue þe might.
And for his freindes efterward,
dune þan sal he light,

To turne þat counsel bettur hit is:
þen don a more foly
Better mot ȝe seye þen so:
quod pilat so rede I.
¶ Pilate was ful wrooþ I wis:
wiþ hem þat ilke day
Mon he seide whi dostou þus:
þat þou wolt no þing say
Aȝeines hem þat sewe on þe:
nouþer ȝe nor nay
For þi state þou owest to speke:
to bringe þi self away
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ whi is þe so looþ to speke:
vnswere hem I rede
Sestou not how þat þei:
þe haten to þe dede
O frend hastou not of hem:
alle wol þe þe quede
If þou wolt not helpe þi self:
I con no furre þe lede
¶ Say me now wheþer þou be:
goddes son or none
þat I may witerly hit wite:
þo vnswered he alone
I am his son as þou hast seide:
þat shul ȝe wite vchone
Hit shal be sene whenne soþfastenes:
shal among ȝou gone
¶ Leue hit who so þat wol:
I telle ȝou hit riȝt
To clymbe aboue þe cloudes alle:
þe son shal haue myȝt
And for his frendes aftirward:
doun shal he liȝt

Digitized by Google

Noght als in priueti i sai,
bot in yur aller sight." 16272
¶ Ful wel at þis word was he herd
wit þat cursd lede,
And vp þai ras and gaf a cri,
Als þof þai wald wede. 16276
"Quat mister es o wijtnessing
again him for to lede?
His aun muth nu has him dempt,
o wijtnes es na nede. 16280
Dos him on rode, þat ranscun non
sa bald befor him bede."
¶ Wit þis a sergarnt forth þar stert,
þat stode a-mang þam þar, 16284
He lift his hand and a buffet
He gaf *ie*su ful sare;
Eftersons said he, "spek bot scil
and wordes suilk na mare, 16288
For þi mi[s]-sau *þat* all has herd [If 89, bk, col. 1]
maldathait qua þe spare,
And quils þou liues here wit vs
þi lengring sal be care." 16292
He lift þan vp his face
And loked on *þat* felun,
"Freind," he said, "qui smites þou me
wit-vten right resun, 16296
Ar þat þou mi word had mend,
quat es þin a-chesun?
þe man es noght ou*er*tan in mote
at smit him es tresun." 16300
¶ Pilate him ras, and forth yode
vte o þe pretori,
þis felun folk *ie*su þai ledd,
foluand him wit cri. 16304
Pilate said and badd þai ne suld
do him na vilani,

COTTON.

Not in previte I sey
but ynne your aller sight
¶ Eville at that word was he herd
of *þat* cursid lede
vp rose they alle and yaf a cry
right as they wold wede
what nede haue we of wytnes
agen hy*m* vs to spede
his owne mowthe hath hym demyd
of wytnes is no nede
¶ dothe hym on rode *with*-outyn raun- [som]
that no man for hy*m* bede
Anon a sergeaunt stert forth
that stode among hem thor
Wyth his hond a buffet
he yaf *Ie*su full sore
he seid Eft-sonys speke but skylle
& wordis suche no mor
ffor thy myssaw that þou hast seid
take that to teche þe lor
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ *Ie*su lyftid vp his face
and lokyd on that felon
ffrend he seid why smote þou me
with-outyn eny reson
Are þou mightist haue foundyn
a skylfull encheson
The man that dothe no vnright
to smyte hy*m* it is treson
¶ Pylat vp-ros and forth he yode
out of þe pretory
This fals folk *Ie*sus lad
folowyng hym *with* a cry
Pylate hem defendid
to do hym vilony

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

Noght in *pr*iuite i sai,
bot in ȝur aller sight." 16272
[W]ele at þis word was he herd
wid þat curced lede,
All up þai ras and gaue a cri, [f 109, bk]
right als þai wald wede. 16276
"Quat mister es of witnesing
again him forto lede?
His auen muth nu has him dampnid,
of witnes es no nede. 16280
Dos him on rode, *þat* ranson nane
sua bald befor him bede."
[Q]uid þis a sergant forth him stret
þat stod ama[n]g þai*m* þare, 16284
He lifte his hand and a buffet
he gaue ie*s*u ful sare,
And said eftsones, "speke bot skill
a*n*d wordis slik na mare, 16288
For þi missau þat all has herd
maldat þat þe qua spare."
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
I*esus* þan lifted vp his face
and loked on þat felun,
"Freind," he said, "qui smites þu me
wid-vten right resun, 16296
Ar þat þu þi word had mendid,
quat es þine achesun?
þe man *þat* es noght ou*er*tane i*n* mote
to smite it es tresun." 16300
[P]ilate him ras, and forth he ȝode
vte of þe pretori,
þis felun folk i*esus* þai ledd,
foluand him wid cri. 16304
Pilate said þaim and bad þai suld
do him no vilani,

GÖTTINGEN

Not in *pr*iuete I sey:
but in ȝoure aller siȝt
¶ Euel at *þat* word was he herd:
of *þat* cursed lede
Vp ros þei alle & ȝaf a cry:
riȝt as þei wolde wede
What nede haue we of witenes:
aȝein hi*m* vs to spede
His owne mouþ haþ him demed: [f 101]
of witenes is no nede
Doþ him on rode wiþouten rau*n*soun:
þat no mon for him bede
¶ Anoon a sergeau*n*t sterte forþ:
þat stode among hem þore
wiþ his hond a buffet:
he ȝaf ih*esus* ful sore
he seide eftesones speke but skil:
& wordes suche no more
For þi mis sawe *þat* þou hast seide:
take *þat* to teche þe lore
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ Ih*esus* lifted vp his face:
& loked on *þat* feloun
Frend he seide whi smot þou me:
wiþoute any resoun
Are þou miȝtest haue fou*n*den:
a skilful enchesou*n*
þe mon *þat* doþ no vnriȝt:
to smyte hit is tresou*n*
¶ Pilate vp ros & forþ he ȝede:
out of þe *pr*etory
þis fals folk ih*esus* ladde:
folewyng hi*m* wiþ a cry
Pilate hem defendede:
to do him vileny

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

For quat ending þe mote suld take,
þai wist noght witerli.
¶ In-til a chamber went pilat þan
priueli him an,
And *iesus* thoru his *com*mandment,
þar-in wit him es gan.
Pilate þan him to resun did
wit wordes manian,
"Goddman," said he, "sai me nu qui
þou ert als prisun tan,
¶ Thoruut þis biscop and his men
þat þou ert to be taght?
Wel knaus þou þaim, and þai þe
þat þe in hand has laght.
Ert þou goddsun," he said,
"es o sua mikel maght?"
"Soth," he said, "qui askes þou,
it es þe forthwit taght."
¶ "þe soth þou sai me," coth pilate,
"quar-for þai er þi fa,
I wat and seis þai wel noght fine,
be-tuixand þai þe sla.
Ne wat þou þat þe pouste es min
to spill or latte ga?"
þan said *iesus* to sir pilate,
"me thinc it es noght sua,
¶ For þof þou pouste haf a quil,
þou sal noght haf it ai.
I haf it o godd and es his sun [col. 2]
if i þe soth sal sai."
Pilate seis þat wit na word
ouercum him he mai,
Of his clothes vn-clethes him,
And oþer on him did lai.
Sua he sent him cled a-gain
to þaim þat was his fas,

COTTON

ffor what endyng þe mote wold' take
wyst he not wytterly
¶ Into a chambre preuyly
went pilat his oon)
And Iesus by his byddyng
In with hym was gon)
Pylat sone hym askyd'
with wordes in that won)
Good' man why hatyn they the þus
thise iewis euerychon)
¶ The busshop and' alle his men
with þe bene vnsaught
hir purpos is fully
to deth to make thy drawght
Art þou goddes sonne he seid'
þat her' þus art cawght
Sothe he seid' why askyst þou
hit is by-for' the tawght
¶ Sey me sothe seid' pilat
why þou art her fo
I wote that they wille not fyne
tille þat they þe slo
Wotyst þou not that power is myn)
to spille or let go
Then seid' Iesus to pilat
me thynckyth it is not so
ffor they þou pouste haue awhile
þou shalt not haue it ay
¶ I haue it of' god' and' am his sonne
yf' I sothe shall say
Pylat saw that with no word'
ouer-come hym he may
he vncled' hym of his clothis
& did' on oþer þat day
So he sent hym clad' a-yen
to his fois in place

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

For quat ending þe mote suld take,
þai wist noght witterli.
[I]ntill a chambir went pilate þan
priuili him ane,
And iesus thoru his comandment,
þar-in wid him es gane.
Pilate him sone to resun did
wid wordes mani ane,
"God man," he said, "þu sai me qui
þu ert als presun tane,
Thoru þis bischop and his men
þat þu ert to be-taght?
wele knaus þu þaim, and þai þe,
þat þe has to me laght.
Ert þu goddes [sun]," he said,
"es of sua mekil maght?"
"Soth," he said, "qui askes þu,
it es þe forwid taght."
"[þ]e soth þu sai me," said pilate,
"quarfor þu es þair fa,
Iwate and seis þai wile noght fine,
bituix and þai þe sla.
Ne wate þu þat þe pauste is mine
to spill or lat þe ga?"
þan said iesus to sir pilate,
"me thinck it es noght sua,
[F]or if þu pouste haue a quile,
þu sal noght haue it ay.
I haue it of godd and es his sun
if i þe soth sal say."
Pilate seis þat wid na word
ouer-cum him he ne may,
Of his clathes vnclad him,
and oþer did on him lay.
[S]ua he sent him cled again
to þaim þat war his fas,

GÖTTINGEN

For what endyng þe moot wolde take:
wiste he not witturly
¶ Into a chaumber priuely:
went pilate his one
And ihesus bi his biddyng:
in wiþ him was gone
Pilate soone him asked:
wiþ wordes in þat wone
Gode mon whi haten þei þe þus:
þese iewes euerychone
¶ þe bisshop & alle his men:
wiþ þe ben vn sauȝt
Her purpos is fully:
to deþ to make þi drauȝt
Art þou goddes son he seide:
þat here þus art cauȝt
Soþ he seide whi askestou:
hit is bifore þe tauȝt
¶ Say me soþ seide pilate:
whi þou art her fo
I wot þat þei wol not fine:
til þat þei þe slo
wostou not þat power is myn:
to spille or lete þe go
þenne seide ihesus to pilate:
me þinkeþ hit is not so
¶ For þei þou pouste haue a while:
þou shal not haue hit ay
I haue hit of god & am his son:
if I sooþ shal say
Pilat say þat wiþ no word:
ouercom him he may
He vncled him of his cloþes:
& dud on oþer þat day
¶ So he sende him clad aȝeyn:
to his foos in plas

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Apon his heued a cron þai sett,
In hething al, allas! 16344
Iesus thoght ful mikel scam
q*uen* he sua scruded was,
For cuth he neu*er* wit suilk be cledd,
for-wit in nankin cas. 16348
¶ *Iesus* thoght ful mikel scam,
and luted dun his cher,
"He," þis þai said, "es yur king,
lo! him befor yow here." 16352
Lude bigan þai for to cri
þat moght ou*er*-here,
"Gas nu forth tas him biliue,
we wald on rode he were." 16356
¶ All þai cried, als wit a muth,
"nail him on rode tre!"
"Sais noght sua," coth sir pilate,
"þat es noght þe rede o me, 16360
He aght noght dei for na resun
þat i can in him se."
þai said ilkan, "þis ilk man
bot if he dampned be, 16364
þe frenscip sal þou lese for-soth
bi-tuix cesar and þe."
¶ Pilat said, "los, her yur king!
bot herk i sal yow sai, 16368
To-moru it es your mikel fest
þat yee halu in your lai,
A prisun ar yee wont at hafe,
for resun o þe dai. 16372
Ask quilk sum yee will haue,
yee sal it haue p*ar*fai,
Ask þan your king, and i
yow sal noght nick wit nai." 16376
"Quar-for," coth þai, "qui said þou sua?
leif-maist*er*, do þou a-wai!

COTTON

A Crowne on his hed̄ he set [leaf 150, bk 1
In scornyng alas
Iesus thoug̃t muche shame
þo he so scornyd̄ was
ffor cowde he nevir do the dede
to come in suche a cas
¶ *Iesus* was sore agrevid̄
and lowtid̄ doun his chere
This they seide is your kyng
lo hym befor̄ you here
lowde bygon they to Cry
that alle herd̄ that þat bere
Go now and̄ take hym blyve
we wold̄ on rode he wer̄
¶ Alle they Cried̄ *with* O mowth̃
naile hym on þe tre
Seith̃ not so q*uod* pilat
that is not rede of̄ me
hym owith not die for no cause
þat in hym yet I se
Alle they seid̄ but if̄ this man
by þe dampnyd̄ be
Thy frendship shalt þou lese
by-twene zezar & þe
¶ Pilat seid̄ lo her̄ your̄ kyng
but her̄ what I wille say
To-morow is your̄ moche fest
that ye hold̄ in your̄ lay
A presonar ar̄ ye wont delyuyr
for reuerens of̄ þe day
Asketh̃ which̃ that ye wille
ye shuld̄ yt haue p*ar*fay
And̄ I rede you aske your̄ kyng
& I shalle not sey nay
Wher̄-for̄ seid̄ they seist þou so
leve *sir* that do wey

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

Apon his heued a crune he sette,
in hething all, allas!
Iesus thoght ful mekil schame
quen he sua schorned was,
For cuth he neuer wid suilk be cled,
forwid in nankin cas.
Iesus thoght ful mekil schame,
and luted dune his chere, [1 MS. kimg]
þis þai said, "it es 3ur king,[1]
lo! him bifor 3u here."
Loude bigan þai forto cri [leaf 110]
þat all moght ouer-here,
"Gas nu and take 3u him bliue,
we wald on rode he were."
[A]ll þai crid als wid a mouth,
"naile him on rode tre!"
"Sai 3e noght sua," said sir pilate,
"þat es no rede of me,
He agh noght dei for na resun
þat i can in him see."
þai said ilkane, "þis ilk man
bot he ne dampned be,
þe freindschip sal þu lelé forsoth
bituix cesar and þe."
[P]ilate said þan, "lo! here 3ur king,
bot herke i sal 3u sai,
To moru it es 3ur mekil fest
þat 3e halu in 3ur lay,
A *pre*sun er 3e wont at haue,
for resun of þe day.
Askes quilksum þat 3e wille,
3e sal it haue parfay,
Askes þan 3ur king, and i
3u sal noght nic it nay."
"Quarfor," coth þai þan, "sais þu sua?
leue maistir, do wai!

GÖTTINGEN

A crowne on his heed þei sett:
in scornyng alas
Ih*esus* þou3te muchel shame
þo he so scorned was
For coude he neu*er* do þe dede:
to com in suche a cas
¶ Ih*esus* was sore agreued:
& louted dou*n* his chere
þis þei seide is 3oure kyng:
lo hi*m* bifore 3ou here
Loude bigon þei to crie:
þat alle herde þe*re* þat bere
Goo þ now & take hi*m* blyue:
we wolde on rode he were
¶ Alle þei cried wiþ a mouþ:
naile hi*m* on rode tre
Seiþ not so quod pilate:
þat is not rede of me
[2]Him oweþ not de3e for no cause:
þat in him 3it I se [2 leaf 101, back]
Alle þei seide but if þis mon:
bi þe dampned be
þe frenshepe shaltou lese:
bitwene cesar & þe.
¶ Pilate seide lo here 3oure kyng:
but here what I wol say
To morwe is 3oure myche feest:
þat 3e holde in 3oure lay
A pr*i*son are 3e wont delyuer:
for reue*r*ence of þe day
Askeþ whiche þat 3e wol:
3e shul hit haue p*ar*fay
And I rede 3e aske 3oure kyng:
& I shal not say nay
wherfore seide þei seistou so:
leue sir þat doway

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ O þis ieʒu spek þou namar,
bot of a-noþer man,
þe quilk nu we haf til us taken, [leaf 90, col. 1]
his name is baraban."
"O yur king þat es in hand,
quat aghtel yee do þan?"
"Do him on tre;" "sacles es he
sa feir se sum i can."
Efter þis word ai mar and mar
to cri all þai be-gan.
"Selcuth vs thinc o þe, pilate
wit drightin for to drill,
We haf us chosen nu baraban,
him haf algat we will."
Pilate he thoght þair ʒerning al
þat he it wald fulfill,
Quen he sagh þat al his soigne
þai tok it al to ill,
Ieʒus þat al to-draun was
to scruge he taght þam til.
¶ Quen þat pilate sagh na bote
gain þaim langer to striue,
O ieʒu dede he thoght þe saght
al fra him-seluen driue,
Vp he ras midward þe folk
and wess his hend bi-liue.
"All yee se," he said, "þat i
es saccles of his liue."
¶ þai cried all on hei, "pilate
bi still, thar þe noght dred,
His blod on us be, and on þaim
þat of vs sal brede."
And sua it es, la god it wijt,
sene on al þair sede,
For nu þan er þai thralles made
vnder al oþer lede.

COTTON

¶ Off this Iesus speke þou no more
bot of anoþer man
which we haue chosyn to vs
his name is Abraham
Of your kyng in hond he seid
what thynck ye do þan
To nayle on tre he is not worthy
as ferre as I se can
But this word more and more
to cry they by-gan
¶ Wondir vs thynckyth of the pilat
that mouyst þus þis skylle
We han chosyn baraban
alle-gate hym haue we wille
Pilat thought her desire
sone after to fulfille
when he sey his tyme
they toke in to grete ille
Iesu that alle to-drawyn
to scorge they toke hym tille
¶ When pilat sey no bote
ayen hem long to stryve
Of Iesus dethe he thought þe synne
alle fro hym to dryve
Vppe he rose his hondes weshe
Among that folk full blyve
Alle ye se he seid that I
am giltles of his lyve
¶ Alle they cried on hie pilat
dare ye no-thyng drede
On vs mote his blode falle
& on ours that we brede
And so it did god it wote
sene is on her side
ffor now be they thrallis made
vnder alle oþer lede

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

[O]f þis *iesus* speke þu na mare,
bot of anoþer man,
þe quilk þat we haue till vs tane,
his name es baraban."
"Of ȝour king þat es in hand,
quat aghtel ȝe do þan?"
"Do him on tre;" "sackles es he
als fer se sum i can."
Eft þis word ai mare and mare
to cri þai all bigan.
"[S]elcuth vs thinc of þe, pilate,
wid dreching forto drill,
we haue vs chosin barabaras,
algat him haue we will."
Pilate him thoght þair grening alle
þat he it wild fulfill,
Quen he wele sau þat all his soigne,
þai tok it bot till ill,
Iesus þat all to-drauen was
to skourge he taght þaim till.
[Q]uen þat pilate sau na bote
gain þaim lang to striue,
Of *iesus* dede he þoght þe sake
all fra him-seluen driue,
vp he ras and wess his hend
emidward þat folk bliue.
"All ȝe se," he saide, "þat i
am sacles of his liue."
[þ]ai crid all on hei, "pilate
be still, thar ȝe noght drede,
His blod on vs be and on þaim
þat of vs sal brede."
And sua it es, god it wat,
sene on alle þair sede,
For nu er þai als thrallis made
vnder all oþer lede.

GÖTTINGEN

¶ Of þis ih*esus* speke þou no more:
but of anoþer man
Whiche we han chosen to vs:
his nome is baraban
Of ȝoure kyng in honde he seide:
what þenke ȝe do þan
To naile on tre he is not worþi:
as fer as I se can
But efte þis word more & more:
to criȝe þei bigan
¶ wondir vs þinkeþ of þe pilate:
þat mouest þus þis skille
we haue chosen baraban:
algate him haue we wille
Pilate þouȝte her desire:
sone aftir to fulfille
whenne he say his assoyne:
þei toke in to greet ille
Ih*esus* þat alto drawen was:
to scourge he toke hem tille
¶ whenne pilat say no bote:
aȝeyn hem longe to stryue
Of ih*esus* deþ he þouȝte þe synne:
al fro him to dryue
vp he ros his hondes wesshe:
among þat folke ful blyue
Alle ȝe se he seide þat I:
am giltles of his lyue
¶ Alle þei cryed on heȝe pilate:
þar þe no þing drede
On vs mot his blood falle:
& on oure þat we brede
And so hit dud god hit woot:
sene is on her sede
For now be þei þralles made:
vndir alle oþere lede

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Pilate stode vp on his fete
mid-ward þat gret gadring,
"Pes," he said, "lo, here to yow
es liuerd vp yur king.
And i here yow sai þat yee him will
do on rode to hing."
"Do wai pilate, til vs," coth þai,
"feires noght do sli thing,
¶ He[1] haf vr lagh," coth þai, "þat we
liue wit al in land,
[1 so in MS.]
Efter þe lagh þan sal he dei,
þis sal þou vnderstand."
[2]Pilate forthoght þaim bath to wrath,
bot wald þam hald in hand,
[2 col. 2]
To þaa wilful wod he taght
þe lauerd es al-weldand.
¶ þan was þat suet sacles fless
don to mikel wrang,
First þai band him til a tre
and scurges him suang
Fra þe hefd vnto þe fote,
Oueral þe blod vte-wrang.
Siþen þai crond him wit thorn,
þat thoru his hefd thrang,
And bitaght ham at þair will,
þair sergantz for to hang.
¶ þe man-slaer, he barabas,
es laisd o prisun,
And vr lauerd es ledd to sla
wit-vten ani chesun.
For vte o prisun ha þai don
þe thef and þe felun,
And on þe rod þai ga to hing
þe lauerd and þe barun;
þai and alle þe sede of him
has godds malesun.

COTTON

¶ Pilat stode vpon his fete
Among that gederyng
Pees he seid lo here now
is delyuerd vp your kyng
I here you sey ye wille hym do
on rode tre to hyng
do wey pilat vs they seid
fallyþ not to do suche thyng
¶ We haue our law seid they [leaf 151]
that we in leve in lond
after the law shalle he die
þus shalt þou vnderstond
Pylat lothid hem to wreth
he wold hem hold in hond
To tho wilfull wode he toke
þe lord then alle wendond
¶ Then was that swete sakeles flesh
done to muche wrong
To a pillour they hym bond
and with scorges hym swong
ffro the hed to the fote /
ouer alle the blode out-sprong
They Crownyd hym þo with sharp
that thorogh his hed throng [thorne
And bytoke hym at her wille
to her sargeantes to hong
¶ The manslear that berabas
was take out of preson
And our lord lad to sle
with-outyn eny cheson
Out of preson so they toke
that thef the felon
And gon so then to hong on tre
the kyng of heuyn croun
Wherefore they and her sede
haue his maleson

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

GÖTTINGEN

[P]ilate stud vp on his fete
emidward þat gret gede*r*ing,
"Pes," he said, "lo here to ȝu
es liuerd vp ȝur king.
I here ȝu sai ȝe will him do
on rode tre to hing."
"Do wai pilate till vs," said þai,
"feris noght to do sli thing,
[w]e haue vr lau," said þai,
"þat we liue in inland,
Eftir þe laue þan sal he dei,
þis sal þu vnderstand."
Pilate forthoght þaim bath to wreth,
he wald þai*m* hald *in* hand,
To þat wilful wode he taght [leaf 110, bk]
þe lauerd es all-weldand.
[þ]an was þat suete sackeles flesse
done to mekil wrang,
First þai band him till a tre,
and wid skourges him suang
Fra þe heued to þe fote,
ouer all þe blod oute wrang.
Siþen þai crouned him wid thorn,
þat thorn his heued thrang,
And bitaght þaim at þair will,
har sargant for to hang.
þe manslaer, þ*at* barabas,
es loused of presun,
And vr lauerd es ledd to sla
widvten ani chesun.
vte of p*re*sun þat haue þai tane
þe thef and þe felun,
And on rode þai go to hing
þe lauerd and þe barun;
þai and all þe sede of þaim
has goddes malisun.

TRINITY

¶ Pilate stode vp on his fete:
among þ*at* gederynge
Pees he seide lo here now is:
delyuered vp ȝoure kynge
I here ȝou saye ȝe wol him do:
on rode tre to hinge
Dowey pilate vs þei seide:
falleþ not to do suche þinge
¶ we haue oure lawe seide þei:
þ*at* we in lyue in londe
Aftir þe lawe shal he deȝe:
þis shal þou vndirstonde
Pilate loþed hem to wraþþe:
he wolde hem holde in honde
To þo wilful wode he toke:
þe lorde þenn*e* al weldonde
¶ þenn*e* was þ*at* swete sakles flesshe:
don to myche wronge
To a piler þei him bonde:
& wiþ scourgis him swonge
Fro þe heed to þe foot:
ou*er* al þe blood out spronge
þei crowned hi*m* þo wiþ sharpe þorn:
þ*at* þourȝe his heed þronge
And bitoke hi*m* at her wille:
to her sergeaun*t*is to honge
¶ þe monsleer þ*at* barabas: [leaf 102]
was take out of p*ri*soun
And oure lord lad to sle:
wiþouten any chesou*n*
Out of p*ri*sou*n* so þei toke;
þe þef þat feloun
And goon so þenn*e* to honge on tre:
þe kyng of heuen croun
þ*er*fore þei & her sede:
han his malisou*n*

Digitized by Google

¶ And il chance ha þai þam made,
þaa fals felun fede,
Quen þai þe fine gold for-soke,
and to þam to þe lede.
þai ches þaim-self dampnacion
thoru þair aun rede,
And broght vs til saluacion
þaim-self alle to þe dede.
¶ Iudas stode amang þe folk,
for to be-hald and se
Hu vile þat þai wit him delt,
and quat scham he can drei.
Quen þat he saght þar was na soigne
þat his lau*erd* ne suld dei,
þan him reued of his res,
and went him-self wrei.
¶ *Quen* þat he sagh his maister sua
be-casten al to care,
Wit his penis forth he lepe
he had resaueid are;
þan him reud his marchandis,
allas! caitiue ful sare.
[1]"*Quat* yee er," he said, "a felun folk!
for yee can naman spar, [1 leaf 90, back, col. 1]
Here i yeld yow yur mone,
ges me a-gain mi war.
¶ Ful wrather-hail to min bihoue
haf i tan þis mone,
For þe sacles blod of him,
for rightwis man es he.
Allas! he said *þat* eu*er* i was
til him made sua priue,
þat eu*er* þe time *þat* i was made
ne had bi-sueld me.
Tas," he said, "your penis here
a felun folk er yee,"

COTTON

¶ An euyH chaunge made they
that fals felou) quede
When they fyne gold' forsoke
and' toke hem to þe lede
They chese hem-self' dampnac*i*on
thorogh her ou) rede
That was to vs savac*i*on
and' to hem-self' ded'
¶ Iudas stode among the folk'
and' beheld' & sie
how fondly they w*ith* hym dalt
and' what shame he gon dry
When he sie ther' was no bote
but h*is* lord' shuld' die
Tho hym rewid' of' his rese
and' went hym-self' to wry
¶ When he sie h*is* mast*er*
then suff*er* alle this care
w*ith* his pens forth he lepe
that he had' resceyuyd' there
Then hym rewid' his marchauntyse
alas caytyf' so bare
he seid' ye arn) felon) folk'
for ye canne neu*er* spare
her' I yeld' you your' mony
yef' me ayen my ware
¶ Wrothirhele to me by-hove
haue I take th*is* mony
ffor the sakeles blode off' hym
betraied' is by me
Alas that euyr was I made
to hym to prevy
But w*ith* the Erthe at my byrth
that I ne had swolowid' be
Takyth he seid' your' pens here
A Cursid' folk be ye

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

[a]n euil chaunge haue þai þaim made,
  þąa fals, þaa felun fode,
Quen þai þe fine gold forsok,
  and toke þaim to þe lede;
þai ches þaim-self dampnaciun
  thoru þair auen rede,
And broght vs till saluaciun,
  þaim seluen to þe dede.
[I]udas stod emang þat folk,
  to bihald and sei
Hu vili þai wid him delt,
  and quat schame he gan drei.
Quen he sau þar was na soygne,
  bot his lauerd sud dei,
þan him reud of his res,
  and went himself to wri.
[Q]uen þat he sau his maister sua
  be casten alle to care,
wid his penis forth he lepe
  þat he had rescaiued are;
þan him reud his marchandis,
  allas! caitiue ful of sare.
"Ha," he said, "quat ȝe er a felun folke,
  for ȝe can na man spare,
Here i ȝeild ȝu ȝur mone,
  giues me again mi ware.
[F]ul wrather-haile to mine bihoue
  haue i tan þis mone,
For þe sackeles blod of him,
  for right-wis man es he.
Allas! þat euer i was
  till him made sua priue,
þat þe erd þe time þat i was born
  ne had bisuelid me.
Takes," he said, "ȝur penis here
  a felun folk er ȝe,"

GÖTTINGEN

¶ An euel chaunge made þei:
þat fals felour quede
whenne þei fyn golde forsoke:
& toke hem to þe lede
þei chees hem self dampnacioun:
þourȝe her owne rede
þat was to vs saluacioun:
& to hem self dede
¶ Iudas stood among þo folk:
& bihelde & seȝe
How foulely þei wiþ him dalt:
& what shame he gon dreȝe
Whenne he say þere was no bote:
but his lord shulde deȝe
þo him rewed of his rees:
& went him self to wreȝe
¶ whenne he say his maistir þen:
suffre al þis care
wiþ his pens forþ he lep:
þat he had receyued þare
þenne he rewed his marchaundis:
alas caitif so bare
He seide ȝe are felour folke:
for ȝe con neuer spare
Here I ȝelde ȝou ȝoure mone:
ȝyueþ me aȝeyn my ware
¶ wroþerhele to my bihoue:
haue I take þis mone
For þe sakles blood of him:
bitrayed is bi me
Alas þat euer was I made:
to him so priue
But wiþ þe erþe at my burþe:
þat I nadde swolewed be
Takeþ he seide ȝoure pens here:
a cursed folke be ȝe

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

"Ha we noght þar-of to do," coth þai,
"þou sal þi-self it se.
¶ All for noght," coth þai, "iudas
þi marchandis es made."
He kest þe penis on þe flore,
and son a-wai he glad.
"þai will," he said, "þe rightwis sla
wit-vten ani bade,
And sal on me tresun spek
oueral þis werld sa brade;
¶ I sal me-seluen on me wreck
For þis marchandis wrang,
For þis rightwis ful wratherhail,
tok i euer þat fang."
A rape he gatt[1] al prïueli,
þat he wist was strang,
And fast he fest abute his hals,
þer-wit him-self he hang.
He brest in tua his buels all,
vte at his wambe þai wrang,
þe sari saul vte þar he sent,
wit in þat sorful thrang.
Vte at his wambe þe saul it brast,
at muth had it na wai,
þat he kist wit crist muth,
als ar yee herd me sai,
Quen he come als traitur ful fals
His lauerd for to be-trai;
Sli dede neuer, als man sais,
herd was for-wit þat dai.
Ded es caitiue iudas nu,
þat traitur has to nam,
Of his vgli marchandis
has all þis werld þe fame.
His knithes mai men call þa
þair lauerd dos despite or scham,

[1] or gait

[col. 2]

COTTON

What is that to vs they seid
thy-selvyn þou may se
¶ Alle for nought they seid Iudas
the barge[n y]e made
He left the pens on the flor
and stale [2awey wiþ þis]
They wille he seid the rightwis sley
[witþouten gilt i-wis]
Alle this world shalle of me sp[eke]
[my tresoun is so mys]
¶ I shalle [my-seluen on me wreke]
[alas þat me is wo]
ffor [þis riȝtwis þat shal deȝe]
[bi my tresoun so]
A strong rope gat he previly
and did hym fast to go
He knyt it fast abowte his nek
and hyng hym-self right þo
He brast in ij° his bowelles alle
fellyn adoune hym fro
The sory soule that wey he sent
with weylyng alle in wo
¶ Out at his womb the soule brast
at mowthe had it no wey
ffor he kyssid Crystes mowthe
as ye herd me say
When he come as traytour fals
his lord to be-tray
So fals a dede was neuer herd
by-for that ilk day
¶ Dede was caytyf Iudas tho
that traytour had to name
Of his Cursid Marchauntyse
sprong alle þe world þe fame
his knyghtes men may calle tho
that dothe her lord suche shame

[2 MS. torn: matter supplied from Trinity MS.]

[leaf 151, bk]

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

"Han we noght þar-of to do," said þai,
"þu sal þi seluen se.
[A]ll for noght," said þai, "iudas
þe marchandis es made."
He left þe penis on þe flore,
and sone awai he glade.
"þai will," he said, "þe rightwis sla
widuten ani bade,
And all sal nu of tresun speke,
ouer all þis world sua brade;
[I] sal mi-seluen on me wreke,
of þis marchandis wrang,
For þis rightwis ful wratherhale,
toke euere i þis fang."
A rape he gat him preuili,
þat he wist was strang,
And fast he fest aboute his hals,
him-self þar-wid he hang.
He brast in tua his buelis alle, [leaf 111]
vte at his wambe þai wrang,
þe sari saul þar-vte he sent,
widvten þat sorful thrang.
[v]te at his wamb þe saule brast,
at muth had it na wai,
þat he wid kist cristes muth,
als ȝe are herd me say,
Quen he come als a traitur fals
his auen lauerd to be-trai;
Sli dede was neuer, als men sais,
herd bifor þat dai.
[D]ed es caitiue iudas nu,
þat traitur has to name,
Of his vgli marchandis
has all þis world þe fame.
His knightes mai men call all þaa
þair lauerd dos spite or schame,

GÖTTINGEN

What is þat to vs þei seide:
þi seluen þou maist se
¶ Al for nouȝt þei seide Iudas:
þe bargan made hit is
He laft þe pens on þe flore:
& stale awey wiþ þis
þei wol he seide þe riȝtwis sle:
wiþouten gilt I wis
Al þis world shal of me speke:
my tresoun is so mys
¶ I shal my seluen on me wreke:
Alas þat me is wo
For þis riȝtwis þat shal deȝe:
bi my tresoun so
A strong rope gat he priuely:
& dud him faste to go
He knyt hit faste aboute his nek:
& heng him self riȝt þo
He brast in two his boweles alle:
fellen adoun him fro
þe sory soule þat wey he sent:
wiþ weylyng al in wo
¶ Out at his wombe þe soule brast:
at mouþ had hit no way
For he cust cristis mouþ:
as ȝe herde me say
Whenne he coom as traitour fals:
his lord to bitray
So fals a dede was neuer herd:
bifore þat ilke day
¶ Ded was caitif Iudas þo:
þat traitour had to name
Of his cursed marchaundise:
sprong al þe world þe fame
His knyȝtis men may calle þo: [lf 102, bk]
þat doþ her lord suche shame

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

To dei als he for þair seruis,
and hell haf to þair hame.
¶ Nu es he iudas ded wit scam,
Als ye haf herd me tell,
And to þe warlau al bi-taght
þat hurls herd in hell.
"Los! here pris," he said, "þat i
can for mi lauerd sell,"
He kest þaim dun apon þe grund,
þe thritti penis þar fell.
¶ Bot þe Iuus, þat wald all haue,
þe mone forsok þai noght,
Wit pris o þat hali blod
a potter place þai boght.
To be don in þair corbanan,
þai said þat it noght doght,
Acheldemach þai cald þis feld,
for it wit blod was boght,
For to delue in vncuth men
þat to þe cite soght.
¶ Ihesus crist, vr sauueur,
es demed be dun on dau,
For to be hanged on a tre,
Als þan was theues lau.
For suilk a tre þam wanted all
als written es in sau;
þai said þai wald þe kinges tre
vnto þat mister sau,
For it was comun þai it suld
vte o þe temple drau.
¶ þai went þaim to þe temple suith,
in tua þis tre þai scare,
Als mikel als þai sagh to þaim,
gainand an mani mar.
þai fand it als neu and fress
als it on stouen ware.

COTTON

die shuld' they for her seruyce
and' haue in helle her blame
¶ Then was Iudas ded' with shame
as ye herd' me telle
And' to the fendis sonne bytawght
that hurlyth hym to helle
But when he had' the mony cast
among her fete so snelle
Alle in wrethꝫ the iewis wer'
xxx pens ther' felle
¶ But yet the covetous iewis
that tresour' forsoke noughꝫt
With that same mony then
a potters place they boughꝫt[1]
To be done in tresour' [1 MS. brought]
they seid' it not mowthꝫ
Acheldamachꝫ they callid' the feld'
for yt with blode was broghꝫt
ffor to bery ynne incoupe men
that to that Cite soughꝫt
¶ Thus Iesus our' sauyour'
was dampnyd' to do of' daw
To by hanggid' on a tre
as tho was thevis law
But suche a tre hem wantid'
as wretyn is in saw
The kynges tre thereto they seid'
they wolle of' tempilꝫ draw
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ To the tempilꝫ sone they come
and' kut þis tre in ij°
As mekylꝫ as hem nedid'
they toke with hem tho
They fond' yt good' and esy
to dele with also

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

To dei als he for þair seruis
and hell haue to þair hame.
[N]u es iudas dede wid schame,
als ȝe herd me telle,
And to þe warlou all bitaght
þat hurles hard in hell.
"Lo! here þe preis," he said, "þat i
gun for mi lauerd sell,"
He kest þaim dune apon þe grund,
threti penis þar fell.
[B]ot þe iuus, þat all wold haue,
þe thresur forsok þai noght,
wid þe pris of þat hali blode
a potter place þai boght.
To be done in þair corbanan,
þai said þat it ne doght,
Acheldemack þai cald þe feild,
for it wid blode was boght,
Forto delue in vncuth men
þat to þat cite soght.
[I]*esus* crist, vr sauueur,
was dampned to do of dau,
To be hanged on a tre,
als þan was thefis lau.
Bot swilk a tre þaim wantid alle
als writen es i*n* sau;
þai said þai wold þe kinges tre
vnto þat mister sau,
For it was comanded þai it suld
vte of þe temple drau.
[þ]an went þai to þe temple suith,
in tua þis tre þai schare,
Als mekil als þai sau þat gained,
þai tok þai*m* and na mare.
þai fand it als nu and fress
als it on stouid ware.

60 GÖTTINGEN

Deȝe shulde þei for her seruyse:
& haue in helle her blame
¶ þenne was Iudas ded wiþ shome:
as ȝe herde me telle
And to þe fend soone bitauȝt:
þat hurleþ him in helle
But whenne he hadde þe mone cast:
among her feet so snelle
Alle in wraþþe þe iewes were:
þritty pens þere felle
¶ But ȝit þe couetouse iewes:
þat tresour forsoke nouȝt
wiþ þat same mone penne:
a potteres place þei bouȝt
To be done in tresorie:
þei seide hit not mouȝt
Acheldemach þei calde þe felde:
for hit wiþ blood was brouȝt
For to burye in vncouþe men:
þat to þat cite souȝt
¶ þus ihesu oure saueour:
was dampned to do of dawe
To be honged on a tre:
as þo was þeues lawe
But suche a tre hem wantid:
as writen is in sawe
þe kyngis tre þer to þei seide:
þei wolde of temple drawe
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ To þe temple soone þei coom:
& cut þis tre in two
As muchel as hem neded:
þei toke wiþ hem þo
þei fond hit good and esy:
to dele wiþ also

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Al quat þai wald þar-of to scap,
fand þai na letting þare,
¶ Wit-vten rott, wit-vten brest,
it smeld selcut suete,
For to mak þis werk þer-of,
wit-vten letting it lete.
Bot for to ber it vte o þe kirk [leaf 91, col. 1]
þai fand it ful vn-mete,
For þeþen moght þai for na might
it stere a fote o strete.
¶ Tua hundreth men sent caiphas
to fote a-wai þat tre,
þai most oþer heu it þare
or for to lat it be.
þe rode þai scop þan as þai wald,
als we þe taken se,
O cedre, cipres, and o pine,
Als writen es on þat tre.
¶ Apon þe hefd o þis rode,
ouer-thwart was don a brede,
þar war þe letters written in
o mani man war redd.
Quen it was wroght þai moght all
it ster vte o þe sted,
Til ur lauerd iesus crist
was þar-to self ledd.
¶ Quen he come to þat suete tre
til him þaa feluns said,
"Tak it up," coth þai, "þou seis
hu it es to þe graid."
He luted dun and kist it sun,
and at þe first braid,
Wit-vten ani help o man
apon his bak it laid.
¶ In-to þe tun forth he it bare,
be-for þat cursed lede.

COTTON

What they wold' ther'-of' shape
there-to it was full thro
¶ With-outyn rotyng or eny euylle
hit savourid' wonder swete
ffor to make this werk' ther'-of'
with-outyn let hit lete
Byforn) to ber' yt out of' chirche
they fond' it fulle vn-mete
[1For] they myght for no thyng
yt ster' oon fote in strete
[¶ Two] hundird' men sent Cayphas
to fette awey that tre
[þei] musty[n] euyr hew yt there
or els let yt be [1 MS. torn: matter supplied from Trinity MS.]
[þe rode þei shop]e as hem lyst
as we the tokyn se
[Of cidre cipres & pa]lme
as wretyn is of' tho iij°
[¶ On þe heed of þat rode:
to] set abrede was [bede
And þer vpon lettres writen:
of mony men to rede
Whenne hit was done þei alle ne myȝt
stir þe cros of þat] stede
Bytwene hem our' lord' Cryst [leaf 152]
was theder hym-self' led'
When he come to that swete tre
þe iewis to hym seid'
Take it vp þou seist wele
it is for the purveide
he lowtid' doune and kyssid' it sone
and' at þe first breide
With-outyn eny help of' man
on his bak' he it leid'
¶ Thorogh the toune he it bar'
byfor' that cursid' lede

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

All quat þai wald þar-of to schape,
fand þai na letting þare,
[w]idvten rotte, widvten brest,
it smelde selcuth suete,
Forto make þis werk þarof,
widvten letting it lete.
Bote forto bere vte of þe kirc
þa fand it ful vnmete,
For þeym might þai for na thing,
it stir a fote of strete.
[T]ua houndreth men sent cayphas
to fett a-wai þat tre,
þai most þan ouer heu it þar
or forto late it be.
þe rode þai schop þan als þai wald,
als we þe taken se,
Of cedre, cypres, and of pine,
als writen es of þaim thre.
[A]pon þe heued hei on þe rode,
ouer þar was done a brid,
þar war þe lettris written in
of mani a man war red.
[1]Quen it was wroght þai all ne mòght
stir it vte of þe stede, [1 leaf 111, back]
Bituix and þat ur lauerd crist
was þedir him-seluen ledd.
[Q]uen he come to þat suete tre
þe felunes to him said,
"Take it vp," þai said, "þu seis
hu it es to þe graid."
He lutede dune and kist it sone,
and at þe first braid,
Widvten ani help of man
vpon his bac it laid.
[I]nto þe tune forth he it bare,
bifor þat cursed lede.

GÖTTINGEN

what þei wolde þerof shape:
þerto hit was ful þro
¶ Wiþouten rotyng or any euel:
hit sauered wondir swete
For to make þis werke þerof:
wiþouten let hit lete
Biforen to bere hit out of chirche:
þei fond hit ful vnmete
For þei myȝt for no þing:
hit stire a foot of strete
¶ Two hundride men sent cayphas:
to fet awey þat tre
þei mosten ouer hewe hit þere:
or elles lete hit be
þe rode þei shope as hem lust:
as we þe tokene se
Of cidre cipres & palme:
as writen is of þo þre
¶ On þe heed of þat rode:
to set abrede was bede
And þer vpon lettres writen:
of mony men to rede
Whenne hit was done þei alle ne myȝt
stir þe cros of þat stede
Bitwene & oure lord crist.
was þider him self lede
¶ whenne he coom to þat swete tre:
þe iewes to him seide
Take hit vp þou seest wel:
Hit is to þe purueide
He louted doun & kust hit sone:
& at þe furst breide
Wiþouten any helpe of mon:
on his bak he hit leide
¶ þourȝe þe toun he hit bare:
bifore þat cursed lede

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þai mete a bisen man i-wiss,
him þai can to nede,
At tak þe tan end o þe tre
to ga þe bett*er* spede.
Half feirth of eln was þe length,
And oþer half þe brede,
And þan to mont o caluari
all þar-wit þai yede.
Apon þe mont of caluarie
þai sett þis rode tre,
Mani man folud o þe tun,
and mani o þe contre,
þat sum for god and sum for ill,
him come all for to se;
Mani þar grett and mani logh,
o þat grett assemble.
þe riche men bi-scornd him, [col. 2]
and did al þat þai moght
Hu þai moght do him most despite,
on ilk side þai soght.
A crun apon his heued þai sett
o scarpe[1] tre þai wroght, [1 *it looks like* scupe *in MS.*]
þat in a hundret stedes, i-wiss,
þe rede blod vte broght.
¶ þai clede him wit a mantel rede,
tok of his aun wede,
And siþen in his hand he sett
a mikel staf o rede;
And wit him þai plaid sitisott,
and badd þat suld rede
Quilk o þaim him gaf þe dint;
sare aght þam for hi*m* dred.
¶ þare þai aght þam for to scon,
þe folk þat þar was fell,
þe scam þai on þair laue*r*d soght,
ful tor it war to tell!

COTTON

They met a bysen man tho
and̄ hym thei did̄ nede
To take the tone end̄ off̄ that tre
to go the bett*er* spede
iiij ellyn and̄ an half̄ the lengthe
& o*þer* half̄ ellen the brede
¶ To the mount of Calvery
there-*with* so they yede
vpon that mount sone anon)
they set this rode tre
Many folowyd̄ of̄ that toun)
& many of̄ that contre
Som for good̄ and̄ som for euiłł
comen hym to se
Many wepe and many lowhyn
of̄ that grete semble
¶ Riche men scornyd̄ hym
in alle that they moughte
how they mig̃t do most dispyte
on eche side they soughte
A Croune on his hed̄ they set
of sharp tre y-wroughte
That in an C stedis y-wys
the blode out it broughte
¶ They clad̄ hym in a mantełł rede
toke of h*is* oun) wede
And̄ sethyn in his hond̄ they set
a mekyłł grete rede
And̄ to hym pleidyn abobet
and̄ bad̄ hym sey in dede
Which̄ of hem yaf̄ the stroke
sore mig̃t hym drede
¶ Sore they ought hym drede
the folk̄ that were so snełł
The dissease[2] that they hym did̄
sore yt were to telle [2 MS. dissecase]

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

þai met a bisen man i-wis,
him þai gun þai nede,
At take þe tane end of þe tre
to ga better spede.
Half feird ellen was þe lenth,
and oþer half þe brede,
And þan to the mount of caluari
all þar-wid þai ȝode.
[A]pon þe mont oliuete
þai sett þis rode tre,
Mani man folud of þat tun,
and mani of þat contre,
Sum for gode and sum for ill,
all come him forto se;
Mani þar grete and mani þar logh,
of þat gret semble.
[þ]e riche men þai skorned him,
and did all þat þai moght
Hu þai him might do mast dispite,
on ilk-a side þai soght.
A crune apon his heued þai sett
of scharp tre was wroght,
þat in a hundred stedes, i-wiss,
þe red blod vte broght.
[þ]ai cled him in a mantil rede,
toke of his auen wede,
And siþen in his hand þai sett
a mekil staf of rede;
And wid him plaid sittisott,
and bad þat he suld rede
Quilk of þaim him gaue þe dint;
sare agh þai for him drede.
Sare þai agh þaim drede,
þe folk þat war sua felle,
þe schame þai on vr lauerd soght,
ful store it war to telle!

GÖTTINGEN

16596 16600 16604 16608 16612 16616 16620 16624 16628

þei met abisen mon þo:
& *him* þei duden nede
To take *þat* on ende of *þat* tre:
to go þe better spede
Foure ellen & an half þe lengþe:
& *oþer* half ellen þe brede
To þe mou*n*t of caluory:
*þer*wiþ so þei ȝede
¶ Vpon *þat* mou*n*t soone anoon: [lf 103]
þei set þis rode tre
Mony folowed of *þat* tou*n*:
& mony of *þat* cuntre
Som*m*e for gode & som*m*e for euel:
comen him to se
Mony wept & mony lowen:
of *þat* greet semble
¶ Riche men scorned him:
in al *þat* þei mouȝt
How þei myȝte do moost despit:
on vche side þei souȝt
A crou*n* on his heed þei sett:
of sharpe tre I wrouȝt
þat in an hundride studes I wis:
þe blood out hit brouȝt
¶ þei clad *him* in a mantel reed:
toke of his owne wede
And siþen in his honde þei sett:
a muchel greet rede
And to him pleiden a bobet:
& bad him say in dede
Whiche of hem ȝaf þe stroke:
sore auȝte *him* drede
¶ Sore þei auȝte *him* drede:
þe folke *þat* were so snelle
þe disese þat þei him dud:
strong hit were to telle

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þai did him sitt als he war king,
on knes be-for him fell,
"Alhail vr king," suilk was þe hething,
þai draue him þan emell.
þai spitted on his luueli face,
þaa disciplis of hell,
þai hailsed him be-for, bi-hind,
buffet þai gaf him snell.
¶ Grett it was þat folk to see,
þat gadred to þat thrang,
Yong and ald, man and wijf,
þai weped and handes wrang.
"Yee foles mistruand folk," þai said,
"qui will yee algat hang
þe man þat neuer plight has don?
mikel ha yee don wrang."
¶ Als þai quained iesu þus,
wimmen o þat cite,
Iesus turnd him abute
and þus to þaim said he;
"Wimmen, wimmen, dos a-wai!
wepe yee noght for me,
Bot on yur childer and on yow-self,
for yeit þe dai sal be
þe baraigne blisced sal man call;
for soth þis sal men se.
[1]¶ Blisced sal men hald þair wamb
þat neuer barnes bare,
þe papp þat neuer suken was,
for in þat time o care
þe felles sal þai bidd on þam fall,
sua hidd wald þai þai ware.
Quen suilk in grene tre es wroght,
in dri sal mikel mare."

They made hym syt as her kyng
on kneis by-fore hym felle
Alle haile our kyng in scorn thei seid
thei did no-thyng welle
They spyttyn in his louely face
tho hundes alle of helle
Many a buffet of hem he bar
mo than I can telle
¶ Grete was that folk to se
that gedirrid on that throng
Yong and old man and wyff
wepe and hondes wrong
Ye foule myslevyng folk they seid
wille ye alle-gate hong
The manne that neuyr synne did
as is on you along
¶ As they rewid Iesus þus
women of that Cite
Iesus turnyd hym abowte
and þus to hem seid he
Women do wey then he seid
wepe ye not for me
But on your childryn and your-self
for yet þe day shalbe
The barayne blessid shalle men calle
forsothe þis shalle men se
¶ Blessid shalle men hold the womb
þat neuyr child bar
the pappis that ther wer sokyn
for in that tyme of car
[2]The hillis shalle they byd ouyr-falle vs
hid fayne that thei ware
When this in grene tre is done
in drie shalle muche mare

[1 leaf 91, back, col. 1]

[2 leaf 158, back]

COTTON

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY
þai did him sitt als he war king,		þei made him sitte as her kyng:
on kneis bifor him felle,	16632	on knees to-fore him felle
"All haile vr king," suilk was þe		Alheil oure kyng in scorne þei seide:
þai draue him þaim emell. [hething,		dude þei no þing welle
þai spitted on his luueli face,		þei spitten on his louely face:
þa disciplis of hell,	16636	þo houndes alle of helle
þai hailced him bifor, bihinde,		Mony buffet of hem he bare:
þai gaue him buffetes snell.		moo þen I con telle
[G]rett it was þat folk to se,		¶ Greet was þat folke to se:
þat gedrid to þat thrang,	16640	þat gedered to þat þronge
3ong and alde, man and wif,		3onge & olde mon & wif:
þai wep and handes wrang.		wepte & hondes wronge
"3e fole mistrouand folk," þai said,		3e foule mis-leuyng folk þei seide:
"qui will 3e algat hang	16644	wol 3e al gate honge
þe man þat neuer plight has done?		þe mon þat neuer synne did:
mekil haue 3e þe wrang."		al is on 3ou longe
[A]ls þai quaned iesus þus,		¶ As þei rewed ihesus þus:
wommen of þat cite,	16648	wymmen of þat cite
Iesus turned him abute		Ihesus turned him aboute:
and þus to þaim said he;		& þus to hem seide he
"Wimmen, wimmen, do wai!		Wymmen dowey þenne he seide:
ne wepe 3e noght for me,	16652	wepe 3e not for me
Bot on 3ur childer and 3ur-self,		But on 3oure childre & 3oure self:
for 3eit þe dai mon se		for 3itt þe day shal be
þe baraine blisced sal men calle;		þe bareyn blessed shal men calle:
for soth þis sal men se.	16656	forsoþe þis shul men se
[1][B]lisced sal men hald þair wamb		¶ Blessed shul men holde þe wombe:
þat neuer barnes bare, [1 leaf 112]		þat neuer childe bare
þe pappe þat neuer suken was,		þe pappes þat neuer were soken:
for in þat time of care	16660	for in þat tyme of care
þe fellis sall þai bidd on þam fall,		þe hilles shul þei bidde ouer falle vs:
sua hid wald þai þai ware.		hud fayn þat þei ware
Quen suilk in grene tre es wroght,		whenne þis in grene tre is don:
in dri sal mekil mare."	16664	in drize shal myche mare

Digitized by Google

[*The Crucifixion and Burial.*]

¶ þe knightes *þat* war wit him sent,
*ie*su þan þai vncled,
And ledd him þan to þe rode tre,
and þar-on þai him spred,
þare he gaf his suete flesche
for ur ranscu*n* in wedd.
I*esus* haf merci of us,
þat sua sare for us bledd!
¶ þai nail him apon *þat* tre
on mont caluari,
And a theif on aiþer side
þai hinged þar him bi,
þat þai suld all vnderstand
þat yede þe wai for-bi,
O þir tua theifs als qua sai,
"þair maist*er* theif am i."
þe chesun of his dede þai wrate
a-bouen his hed in hi;
¶ Abouen his hefd, als i yow tell,
a bord was festen plate,
þar-on was þe titel writen,
thoru þe rede o sir pilate
"Ihesus nazaren, o Iuus
king," þar-on þai wrate,
Of hebru, gru, and latine,
al for to scend his state.
¶ To-quils þaa godds wyþerwins
him naild to þe tre,
For þaim *þat* did him al *þat* scam,
his praier þus mad he,
"Fader," he said, "for-giue þou þaim
þat þai do gains me,
For quat þai do þai er sa blind,
þe soth þai can noght se."

COTTON

¶ Tho knyght*es* that by hym satte
they I*esu* sone vncled
And leid hym on the rode tre
ther-on they hym spred
There he yaf his blessid body
for our raunsom in wed
I*esu* haue mercy on vs
that so sor for vs bled
¶ To that tre they nailid hym
tho on mount calvery
W*ith* a thef on eythir side
then they hong hym by
That alle shuld vnd*er*stond
that yede that wey ny
Of thise ij° thevis as who seith
the mast*er* thef am I
The cawse of his deth they wroght
abovyn his hed on hy
¶ Abovyn his hed as I you telle
a borde was made fast
There-on was the tytle wretyn
by rede of pilat*es* cast
I*esus* nazarene iewis kyng
this was yt first and last
By Ebrew grew and laten
thise word*es* tho they pas
¶ While thise Cursid houndes
hym nailid to the tre
ffor hem that diddyn hym shame
h*is* praier made he
ffad*er* he seid for-yef hem
that they done to me
ffor what they do they be so blynd
hem-self cannot se

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

[*The Crucifixion and Burial.*]

[þ]e kpightes þat war wid him sett,
þai ie*s*u sone un-clede,
And ledd him to þat rode tre,
and þar-on þai him sprede,
þar he gaue his suete flesse
for vr ransun in wede.
Ie*s*u þu haue merci on vs,
þat sua sare for vs blede!
[þ]ai nailed him opon þ*at* tre,
on þe mont caluare,
And a thef on e þer side
þai hinged þar him bi,
þat þai all suld vnderstand
3ode þat wai bi,
Of þir tua theues, als qua sai,
"þair maistir thef am I."
þe chesun of his dede þai wrat
abouen his heued on hij;
[A]bouen his heued, als i 3u tell,
a bord was festind plat,
þar-on it was þe titel writen,
thoru rede of sir pilat.
"Ie*s*u*s* nazarene, of iuus king,"
þar apon he wrat,
Of ebru, gru, and latine,
for to schind his state.
[T]o quilis þai goddes wiþerwines
him nailed to þe tre,
For þaim þat did him all þat schame,
his praier þus made he,
"Fadir," he said, "forgiue þu þaim
þat þai do gaines me,
For quat þai do, þai er sua blind,
þai can noght seluen se."

GÖTTINGEN

¶ þo kny3tis þ*at* bi him sat:
þei ihe*s*u soone vncledde
And leide him on þe rode tre:
þe*r*on þei him spredde
þe*r*e he 3af his blessed body:
for oure rau*n*so*u*m in wedde
Ihe*s*u haue mercy on vs:
þ*at* so sore for vs bledde
¶ To þ*at* tre þei nailed him þo:
on mou*n*t caluory
Wiþ a þeof on ei þ*er* sid
þen*n*e þei heng him by
þ*at* alle shulde vndirstonde:
þ*at* 3ede þ*at* wey ny
Of þese two þeues as who so seiþ:
þe maistir þef am I
þe cause of his deþ þei wroot:
abouen his heed on hy
[1]¶ Abouen his heed as I 3ou telle:
a bord was made fast [1 leaf 103, back]
þe*r*onne was þe titel writen:
bi reede of pilates cast
Ihe*sus* nazarene iewes kyng:
þis was hit furst & last
Bi Ebreu. gru. & latyn:
þese wordes þo þei past
¶ whil þese cursede hou*n*des:
hi*m* nailed to þe tre
For hem þ*at* duden hi*m* shome:
his pr*e*yere made he
Fadir he seide for3yue hem:
þ*at* þei don to me
For what þei do þei be so blynde:
hem self con not se

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ A-bute his kirtel drou þai cutt,
qua suld it bere a-wai,
Til him þai mikel hething draf
þat walcand went þat wai.
"Aha! þou struier o þe temple, [col. 2]
er þou nu þar," coth þai,
"þou said þat þou suld cast it dun
and ras it þe thrid dai.
Hele þou was wont oþer men,
þi-self hele if þou mai."
¶ þas[1] oþer said, "if he be crist,
als he did men to tru, [1 MS. Ras]
He do him-self dun ó þe rode
and all we sal him bu."
Mikel hething þai of him mad,
bath sarzin and Iu,
þe teind part o þair despitt,
i mai noght tell to yow!
¶ þe theif þat biside him hang,
þai þan him can vp-braid,
"þou sauue nu bath þi-self and us
if þou be crist," he said.
þe toþer theif him gaf ansuer,
and blamed him a-braid,
þou dredes littel godd," he said,
"þat þis pine es on-laid.
¶ Littel dredes þou drightin,
ór oght his mikel might;
þe dome þat giuen es nu on us,
we thole it all wit right,
And þis man wat we wel þat he
es all wit-vten plight.
Haf merci, lauerd! on me quen þou bes
in þi rike sa bright!"
And him he gaf ful suete ansuer,
"for-soth to þe i hight,

COTTON

¶ Abowte his kyrtyll drow they Cutte
who shuld it ber away
To hym mekyll scorne they made
and also grete affray
haile þou tempill cast doun
to hym gan they say
And reysar vp as þou seidist
with-ynne the third day
Othir hast þou helid oft
hele thy-self if þou may
¶ Som seid if þou be Crist
as þou hast seid or now
Come doune thy-self of the rode
& all wolle we þe bow
Muche scorne they hym bed
that was for our prow
The tenthe part may no man telle
sothely to sey to you
¶ Off tho thevis that by hym hong
the tone hym yaf vmbraide
Save þou thy-self and vs
if þou be Cryst he seid
The todir thefe gan hym blame
with þis answere þus purveid
he seid þou dredist lytill god
that this pyne is on leide
¶ lytill dredist þou god
or his mekyll mygh̄t
The dome that is yovyn to vs
we haue yt with rygh̄t
with-outyn cawse is this man
to the deth̄ now dygh̄t
haue mercy lord he seid on me
when þou comyst to thy lygh̄t
¶ Iesu yaf to that thef
this answere of price

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

[A]bute his cirtil drou þai cutt,
qua suld it bere a-wai,
Till him þai mekil heþing made
þat walked bi þat wai.
"Haile! þu struyer of temple,
art þu nu þare," said þai,
"And said þat þu suld cast it dune,
and raisid þe thrid dai.
Haile oþer men was þu ofte wont,
þi-self hele if þu mai."
[þ]as oþer said, "if he be crist,
als he did men to trou,
He do him-self doune of þe rode,
and all we sal him bu."
Mekil heþing þai of him made,
bath sarazin and Iu,
Te teind part of þair despiitt,
i mai noght tell to ȝu!
[O]f theifs þat biside him hang,
þe tane him gane vpbraid,
"þu sauue nu bath þe-self and vs
if þu be crist," he said.
þe toþer theif him gaf ansuer,
and blamed him a braid,
And said, "þu dredes litil godd,
þat þis paine es on laid.
[L]ittil dredis þu drightin,
or his mekil might,
þe dome þat es nu giuen on vs,
we haue it all wid right;
And þis man, wat we wele *þat* he
es all widvten plight.
Haue merci lauerd! on me quen þu bes
in þi rike sua bright!"
[1]Till him he gaue ful suete ansuer,
"forsoth to þe i hight,

[1 leaf 112, back]

GÖTTINGEN

¶ Aboute his curtel drowȝe þei cut:
who shulde hit bere away
To him muchel scorne þei made:
& also greet affray
Heil þou temple caster doun:
to him gon þei say
And reiser vp as þou seidest
wiþ inne þe þridde day
o*þer*e hastou heled ofte:
hele þi self if þou may
¶ Som*m*e seide if þou be crist:
as þou hast seide ar now
Com doun þi self of þe rode:
& alle wol þe bow
Muchel scorne þei him bed:
þ*at* was for oure prow
þer tenþe part may no mon telle:
soþely to seye to ȝow
¶ Of þo þeues þ*at* bi him honge:
þe ton hi*m* ȝaf vmbreide
Saue now þi self & vs:
if þou be cr*i*st he seide
þe to*þer* þeof gon him blame:
wiþ þis vnswere þus purueide
He seide þou dredest litil god:
þ*at* þis pyne is on leyde
¶ litil dredestou god:
or his mychel myȝt
þe doom þat is ȝyuen to vs:
we haue hit wiþ riȝt
Wiþouten cause is þis mon:
to þe deþ now diȝt
Haue mercy lord he seide on me:
when*n*e þou comest to þi liȝt
¶ Ihesu ȝaf to þat þeof:
þis vnswere of *pris*

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

COTTON

þat þou sal be in paradis
wit me þis ilk night."
þis theif þat hang on his righthand,
dismas to name he hight,
Gesmas hight þat toþer theif,
þat was all maledight.
Bi þis was vndren on þe dai,
þat mirckend al þe light,
¶ þis apostlis war fledd him fra,
durst naman wit him bide,
Bot an, his moder and sent Iohn,
þat duelled ai bi his side.
Foluand him in wele and wa,
þat soght þat soruful tide,
[1]Be-side þe cros stode his mod[er] [If 92, col. 1]
þat was ful ful of woo,
And þe marie maudlayn,
And cleophe als soo.
Als he hanged on þe tre
His moder þere he seghe,
And san Iohn þe euuanglist,
þat stode his moder neghe.
"Womman," he saide, "loo þer þi son!"
And þen he saide to Iohn
"Iohn loo þer þi moder!
Ful careful is hir mone."
Als for his moder Iohn hir keped,
And in his ward hir toke,
For our louerd loued him most,
Os we rede in boke.
We fynd not þat our leuedi
þof all hir hert wore sore,
Spake no word bot maked doile,
Thort no womman more.
Hir care passed all other pine,
Comforthe wald scho non,

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

To-day þou shalt be with me
he seid in paradice
This thefe that on his right side hyng
dismas he hight þe wyse
Gesmas hight the tothir
the fend hym made nyse
¶ By this was vnder of the day [leaf 153]
the light by-gon to hide
his appostils wern flowyn hym fro
durst non with hym abide
But his moder and seint Iohn
tho duellid by his side
They sewid hym in wele and wo
& sie that sorowfull tide
ffrom then yt darkyd tille þe mone
ouer all þe world wide
¶ his modir and the mawdeleyn
and þe mary cliophe
And Iohn his der cosyn
stode by the rode tre
Iesus sie his moder wepe
of hir he had pite
Moder Iohn shalbe thy sonne
fro now in-stede of me
And she thy moder my cozyn
loke hir wele seid he
ffro then he our lady left
in his kepyng to be
¶ By this was the day so gon
that comyn was to none
Iesus wold the prophesie
to end wele were don
Then he seid me thrystes sor
a swayne start forth sone
And bed hym galle and ayzell to drynck
wary hym sonne & mone

[1] Here begins a different hand. The other 3 MSS. do not correspond with this.]

Digitized by Google

þat þu sal be in paradis
wid me þis ilke night." 16736
þis thef þat hang on his right hand,
dismas to name he hight,
Gesmas hight þe toþer thef,
þat was all maledight. 16740
Bi þis was vndrin of þe dai,
þan mirkind all þe light,
[H]is apostlis was fled him fra,
durst na man wid him bide, 16744
Bot ane, his modir and saint iohn,
þat duelled bi his side.
Foluand him in wele and wa,
þai sau þat sorful tide, 16748
Fra þan was mirknes ai to none,
ouer all þis world wide.
[H]is modir and mari magdalene,
and mari cleophe, 16752
And iohn his dere cosin,
stode bi þe rode tre.
Iesus þan sau his modir wepe,
of hir he had gret pete, 16756
"Modir, iohn sal be þi sun
fra nu, instede of me.
And þi modir, mi dere cosin,
þu loke hir hir," said he, 16760
Fra þan he his leuedi lagh[t]
in his ward for to be.
[B]i þis it was þe dai sua gane,
þat comen was to none, 16764
Iesus wald wele þe prophecis
war all til ending done.
þan he said, "me threstes sare,"
a suain stirt forth alsone, 16768
And bedd him bitter gall to drinc,
bath weri him sun and mone! [up to p. 961]

GÖTTINGEN

To day þou shalt be wiþ me
he seide in paradis
þis þeof þat on his riȝt side heng:
dismas he het þe wis
Gesmas het þe oþere:
þe fend him made nys
¶ Bi þis was vndren of þe day:
þe liȝt bigan to hyde
His apostlis were flowen him fro:
durst noon wiþ him abide
But his modir & seynt Ion:
þo dwelled bi his syde
þei sewed him in wele & wo:
& say þat sorweful tyde
Fro þenne hit derked til þe mone:
ouer al the world wide
¶ His modir & þe maudeleyn:
& marie cleophe
And Ion his dere cosyn:
stood bi þe rode tre
Ihesus say his modir wepe:
of hir he had pite
Modir Ion shal be þi son:
fro now in stude of me
And she þi modir my cosyn:
loke hir wel seide he
Fro þenne he oure lady lafte:
his kepyng to be
¶ Bi þis was þe day so goon: [leaf 104]
þat comen was to none
Ihesus wolde þe prophecie:
to ende wele were done
þenne he seide me þirstes sore:
a swayn stert forþ soone
And bed him galle & eysel to drynke:
warye him sonne & mone

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þe swerd of sorow was at hir hert,
Als sayde san symeon.
¶ þen spake our lord ful pitus-ly,
And saide, "me thristes sore," 16767
Vinegre & gall þe jews blend 13
And to his mouth put þore,
He tast it with tonge,
Bot þer-of toke he noght, 16
Alas! iesu to all þi woo,
Slik drink þai þe broght;
When he it feled he wald not drink
Bot sayd þis word ful soyn, 20
þat all herd þat stode be syde,
"Til end þis dede is doyn."
þen wex þe day dym & merke,
þat men moȝt se no light, 24
Thoru-out all þe werd [col. 2]
Os it wore merke night.
Fro vndre vnto none it last,
þe son wex blak & bloo, 28
Agayns kynd hit miȝt not schine,
And the moyne als-soo.
Litel wondre me think it was,
þaf þai miȝt not schine, 32
When þe lord of son & moyne
Tholed in erth slik pyne.
þe son withdrogh his light,
And non til erthe it sent, 36
Apon hom to schine
þat his lord so schent.
¶ Mony grete clerkez þat were
Far in other land, 40
Seghen þe son fare soo
And koud not vnderstand,
For of our lord noȝt þai knew, 43
Bot thoru clergy þai soght, [up to next col.]

þat wikked men here on erth
Godis son to ded hade broght;
And vnderstode of mans kynd
þat he hade flesche & bone. 48
Som of þaim toke cristendam,
San dynis he was one,
He wond þat time in atens,
And godisson knew he noght 52
Bot be pure clergy,
þis word com in his thoght.
He saide þat god tholed
Ded in mannes kynd, 56
Or vn-kyndly þe werld is tourned,
þes word was lang in mynd.
¶ About þe neghent oure of þe day,
Our lord loude gon cry, 60
And saide, "Eloy Eloy, lamazabatani,"
[1]þat was to say "my god, my god,
Whi has þou forsaken me;" [1 leaf 92, bk, col. 1] 64
For þe grete thraws of ded,
These ilk wordez said he.
þe Iews when þai herd þis,
þai saide, "he calles hely,
Lett vus se whether heli com 68
To liuer him in hy."
Softly spake our lord þen,
For ded was neȝe comand,
"Fader," he saide, "I here betake 72
My saul into þi hand."
Right os he saide þat word
To-geder fell his eghen,
And boghed doun his heued, 6
þe gast þen was geen.
When him was bed þat bitter drynk
Of aysell & of gall, 16780
þat blissed saul he gaf for vus, [up to next col.]

Digitized by Google

His hede doun lete he fall.
þe son wex merke, þe erth quoke,
þe stons clef als-soo,
Dede men risen out of þer graue,
þe temple vayl clef in twoo.
Syn þe erthe miȝt not thole þi ded,
Als we in boke rede,
Ful hidously þen con it quake,
When þou deed for drede.
Tres ne stons tholed it noght,
For þen brast þai als-soo,
þe clothe þat in þe temple was,
In middes it clef in twoo.
Throgh stones in sunder brast,
And ded bodyes gon rise,
Loke ilk a creature for his ded
Made doyl on þer wise.
Alas! man, whore is þi hert,
How may þou here þis?
Bot if þou quake for care,
Grete doyl of þe it is.
[1]Al creatures for his ded
made doil & pite, [col. 2]
And þou þat he deed fore
cannot sorus be.
¶ A prophet spekez of our lord
os we fynd it writen
A word of grete doyl,
os þese clerkez witen,
þe fox has his den
and ilk foghel is nest,
And man son has nothing
apon his hed to rest;
For til our lord in erth
so mikel was not leued,
Whar on þat he miȝt [up to next col.]

rest on is wery heued.
Him was not geue so mikel plas,
War-on he miȝt dee fayre,
Ne a torf of herd erth
but deed heȝe in þe air[1]
His sely lyms miȝt he not rest.
To put hom to ne fro
For non of þam miȝt other helpe,
How miȝt he haf more woo?
His armes wore so streyned oute,
His hend nayled so fast
þat he miȝt not in all his woo,
Vntil his hede hom cast,
Ne he miȝt not bere vp his hede.
Ne nawhar it doun lay,
Bot os it til his scholder fell;
Ful woo was him þat day!
Hou miȝt euer ani man
More cruel ded see,
Bitter strang & pore als so,
Iesu loued þou bee.
No wonder þof þe son wore merk,
And þe moyne als-so,
Trees & hard stones,
And clothes brast in two.
þe Iews þat him sloghe,
When þai saȝe þis cas,
Som of þam sayd "for-sothe
þat he godis son was."
Mony þat stode & saȝe
þoo mervels doyn in dede,
Torned & wore baptized,
For þai hade of him drede.

COTTON COTTON

[1—1 These lines in the MS. are written in 2 long and 2 short lines.]

Digitized by Google

¶ To that bytter drynk hym bodyn
he bed his mowthe ther-tille
he tastid it but nought he dronk
hit was so wonder ille
Alle for bled as he might
he spak thise wordes stille
To the fader I yeld my gost
now haue I done thy wille
¶ After hym was bodyn this bytter drynk
of eyzeH & of galle
his blessid soule he yaf for vs
the hed doun lete he falle
The day was derker then the night
þe erthe quoke with-alle
The stonys brast the temple clefe
in ij° bothe rofe & walle
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ So Grysly the erthe quoke
that gravis it vndid
Dyverce bodijs rose to lyf
in erthe by-for were hid
And comyn to toun among men
and ther wer knowyn & kyd
Many iewis by-gon to drede
for wondirs þo bytid
¶ The word come to Sir pilat
ther as he was stad
Of tho thynggez that then by-felle
wher-for he was vnglad

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

þen com word to *sir* pilat [leaf 93, col. 1]
Of þam þat wore þere stad, 16804
Of all thingez þat by-fell,
Wharfor he wex radd.

COTTON

Digitized by Google

[þ]at bitter drinc þat he him gaf,
he bedd his muth þar till,
He tasted it, bot noght he dranc,
for it was selcuth ill.
For þe mekil blod he bled
als he moght, spac he still,
"To þe fadir ȝeilde i mi gast,
nu haue i done þi will."
[Q]uen him was bedd þat bitter drinc
of aisel and of gall,
þat blisced saule he ȝeild for vs,
his heued dune lett he fall.
þe dai wex mirk þan þe night,
þe erd it choke wide all,
þe stanes brast, þe temple clef
in tu, bath rofe and wall.
[L]auerd! þat all þis world in hand
has lokin als a balle,
þu reu on care of cristen men
þat can bot on þe call;
Nameli on þat dreri dai,
quen þu þaim deme sall,
þu lat þaim noght þat þu sua boght
bicum þe feindes thrall.
[S]ua fersli þe erd quock
þe grauis it vndid,
þat mani man ras to þe lijf
in erd was forwid hidd.
And come to tune emang þa men,
to þair freindes þaim kidd;
þan bigan mani a man to drede
for farlis þat bitidd.
[þ]e word it come to sir pilate
to þaim þat war on stadd,
Of all-kin thinges þat bifell,
quarfor he wex ful radd.

61 GÖTTINGEN

¶ To þat bittur drynke him boden:
He bed his mouþ þer tille
He tasted hit but not he dronk:
hit was so wondir ille
Al for bled as he myȝt:
he spak þese wordis stille
To þe fadir I ȝelde my goost:
now haue I don þi wille
¶ Aftir him was boden þis bittur drynke:
of eisel & of galle
His blessed soule he ȝalde for vs:
þe heed doun lete he falle
þe day wex derker þen þe nyȝt:
þe erþe quook wiþ alle
þe stones brast þe temple cleef:
in two boþe roof & walle
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ So grisly þe erþe quoke:
þat graues hit vndid
Dyuerse bodies ros to lif:
in erþe bifore were hid
And coomen to toun amonge men:
& þere were knowen & kid
Mony iewes bigon to drede:
for wondris þo bitid
¶ þe word coom to sir pilate:
þere as he was stad
Of þo tiþingis þat þenne bifel:
wherfore he was vnglad

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

With-outen mete & drink *þat* day
In sorouyng was he sadd;
After *þe* maist*er* Iews he send,
þai com as he *þam* bad,
"Haf *ȝe* *þam* sene, what say *ȝe* me
Of thingez *þat* are doyne?"
"Oft sithes haf we sene," *þai* saide,
"*þe* clipes in son & moyne."
[1]¶ *Þen* was *þe* laȝe if ani man
At paschez to ded wore broght,
Hit schold be take doun away,
And for *þe* fest lef noght.
An old knight *þat* loued our lord,
Iosephe of abaramathy,
Vnto pilat hertly went
And asked his body.
Pilat him *gr*anted his askynge,
Agayn euen he ȝode,
Nicodem*us* he toke *with* him,
To take him doun of *þe* rode.
Pilat send & told *þe* Iews
He hade geen his body,
And bad *þat* *þai* suld loke
þat he wore ded for-thy.
þe Iews ȝode by-fore
Vnto *þe* theues twoo,
And broken bothe *þer* thees
Or *þai* parted hom froo.
Of oure lord brake *þai* no lym,
For he was ded by-fore,
Bot calden a blynd knight
To wirk after *þer* lore,
With a spere in hand
And til his hert hit sett,
þer-with he thirled h[is] hert, [col. 2]
Bothe blode & wat*er* oute lett.

COTTON

With-outyn mete or drynk[e] that day
in sorow he was byla[d]
After the mast*er* iewis he sent
they comyn as he hym bad[e]
¶ Haue ye thise wondirs sene he sei[d]
that now to-day is don)
Oft haue we seyne the clyppes seide they
boþe of sonne & mone
[. . . . . ,
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
fforth̄ come Iosepḥ of Aramathy
and[e] askyd[e] of pilat a bone
Iesu body to bury tho
he hym graunti[d] sone
¶ Moche wondird[e] pilat
his dethe so sone to se
The iewis for their[e] muche fest
that on þe morn) shuld[e] be
Seidyn no body shuld[e] be left
hongyng on no tre
Dothe hym doune as you thenckyth̄
pilat sei[d] paide be we [best[e]
The ij° they fond[e] somdele in lyf[e]
of[e] eythir they brak[e] the thie
¶ When that they to Iesu come [leaf 153, back]
they fond[e] hym dede as stone
ffor they wyst him fully dede
of hym brak[e] they no bone
But blynde longeus *with* a sper[e]
that a knyght was oon)
The iewis made[2] hym thorogh̄ his side
to putte it sone anon) [[2] iewis made repeated in MS.]
A-yenst his wille he it did[e]
therefor[e] he made mone
¶ Blode and[e] wat*er* out of his side
muche tho *þer* ranne

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

[1] Does not correspond with other MSS.]

Digitized by Google

widvten mete and drinc þat dai
in soru was he stadd;
Eftir þe maistir iuus he sent, [leaf 113]
þai come als he þaim badd,
"[H]aue 3e nu sene, quat sai 3e me
of thinges þat er done?"
"Oft siths haue we sene," said þai,
"esclepis of sun and mone."
A rightwis man was in þat lede
als þar was funden quone,
Ioseph of arimathi he hight,
till heuen þan gan he hone.
Of iesus bodi all for to beri
he askid pilate his bone,
And pilate had selcuth þat he had
giuen þe gast sua sone.
[þ]e iuus for þe mekil fest,
þat on þe moru suld be,
þai said þat bodi suld be nane
left hangand on þe tre.
"Fellis þaim dune als 3e best thinck,
for paid i am," said he,
þe tua þai fand sumdel in lijf,
of eþer þai brac þe thie.
[B]ot quen þat þai till iesus come,
þai fand him dede as stone,
For þai wist þat he was dede,
of him þai brac no bone.
Bot longeus þe blind, wid a spere
(of knightes was he one)
Thoru his side vnrekenli
apon his herte it rane;
[. . . . . .
. . . . . no gap in the MS.]
[B]lod and watir vte of his side ran,
selcuth mekil wane,

GÖTTINGEN

Wiþouten mete or drinke þat day:
in sorwe he was bi-lad
Aftir þe maistir iewes he sent:
þei coomen as he hem bad
¶ Haue 3e þese wondris seen he seide:
þat now to day are done
Ofte haue we seyn þe clippis seide þei:
boþe of sonne & mone
[. . . . . .
. . . . . no gap in the MS.]
Forþ coom Ioseph of Aramathi:
& asked of pilate abone
Ihesu body to bury þo:
he him graunted soone
¶ Muche wondride pilate:
his deeþ so soone to se
þe iewes for þe mychel feest:
þat on þe morn shulde be
Seiden no bodi shulde be laft:
hongynge on no tre
Doþ hem doun as 3ou þinkest best:
pilate seide paide be we
þe two þei fonde sumdel in lif:
of eiþer þei brake þe þe
¶ whenne þat þei to ihesu coom:
þei fond him deed as stone
For þei wist him fully deed:
of him brake þei no bone
But blynde longeus wiþ a spere:
þat a kny3t was one
þe iewes made him þour3e his side:
to put hit sone anone
A3ein his wille he hid dude:
þerfore he made mone
¶ Blood & watir out of his syde:
muchel þo þere ran

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

By þe spere til his hand
Ran doun of his blode,
He wipped is egen þer-withe
And siȝt he hade ful gode.
"Mercy," he cried, "oure lord!"
And gart cristen him I-wis,
Sithen for his luf was slayn
And a gode marter is.
þen miȝt þai in swete iesu
More blode fynd none,
Bot þat sely drope þat was
In his hert allone.
þat blode wald þai not lef
So hade þai tan þer rede,
To cleue his hert with spere
To loke if he wore dede.
¶ A! iesu, mikel was þe luf
þat þou kyd vs þore,
þat wald clene þat we wore boght
þat no defaute wore.
With þe lest drope of þi blode.
þou moght vs all haf boght,

COTTON

[*No gap in MS.*]

[1]¶ Ioseph, þat his freind was lel,
was of arimathi, [1 Here the 1st hand begins again, lf 93, bk, col. 1, l. 9.]
He granted neuer wit wil ne werc,
to þair gret felunni,
He and nichodeme als-sua,
als telles vs þe stori.
Wit leue o pilate to þe rode
þai went þam priueli,
þar sorfullest of all þai faand,
sent iohn and mari.
¶ þe rode it was wit leif and barc
florist ful selcuthli,
Fra þe middai to complin,
þat mani thoght gret ferli;
Bot þof þe Iuus þat it sagh
thoght selcut noght for-þi,

COTTON

Of[1] that[2] blode ranne to his hond[2]
sone his sight he wan [2 MS. than]
Seint Iohn it sie and[2] þus seid
his wytnes is that man
he was of Crystes frenship grete
and[2] was nye hym þan)
¶ Iosephⁿ tho his trew frend[2]
was of Aramathie
He grauntid neuer in wille ne werk[1]
to her felony
He and[2] nycodeme also
as tellyþ this story
With pylates leve to the rode
went hem preuyly
There they fond[2] the sorowfullest
bothⁿ Iohn and mary
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

And þou gaf vs ilk-a drope,
þat þere leued riȝt noght.
þe Iews miȝt do no more to þe
Of vilany & woo,
þen be-twix theues þe hange,
And *in* vile stede als-soo;
For on þe hil of caluarie
When theues taken wore,
If þat þai wore dampned
þai wore hanged þore,
Apon arode os þou was,

COTTON

For more vile ded was none
þen was on þe rode by-fore.
þat þou deed *þer* apon.
[1]þe dome was wrang, þe stede was vil,
Bot noble was þe tre, [1 leaf 93, back, col. 1]
þat þou was on to ded broght;
Loued mot þou be.
When þe Iews wist þe sothe
þat he was ded þere,
His body bode be taken doun,
For þe fest, os I saide ere.

COTTON

And of þat blod ran till hijs ei
he gate his sight on-ane. 16844
He þat sau it þus he said,
his wittnes es, saint iahne,
For þat man of his freinschip,
was sua ner was bi him ane. 16848
Ioseph, þat his freind was lele,
was of arimathie,
Ne grantted neuer wid will ne werk,
to þaire gret felune, 16852
He and sir nicodeme alsua,
als tellis vs þis storie.
wid leue of pilate to þe rode
þai went þaim priueli, 16856
þar sorfulest of all þai fant,
saint iohn and mari.
[þ]e rode it was wid lieif and brac
florist wele selcuthli, 16860
Fra þe middai to þe complene
þat mani toght farli;
Bot þogh þe iuus þat it sau
thoght selcuth ne for-þi, 16864

GÖTTINGEN

Of þat blood ran to his hond:
his siȝte soone he wan
Seynt Ion hit say & þus seide:
his witenes is *þat* man
He was of cristis frenshepe greet:
& was nyȝe him þan
¶ Ioseph þo his trewe frend:
was of aramathie
He graunted neuer in wille nor werk:
to her felonye
He & nichodeme also: [leaf 104, back]
as telleþ þis storye
wiþ leue of pilate to þe rode:
went hem priuelie
þere þei fonde þe sorwefulest:
boþe Ion & marie
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Noiþer þai gaf man, ne tok
emsample gode þar-bi;
Bot on þe morn o þat grening,
þe tre als ar was dri.
¶ Vte þai drou þaa nails thre,
And tok his bodi dun,
Wit winding clath and riche smerl,
his biriing mad þai bun.
[. . . . . .
. . . *no gap in the MS.*]
A stan he til him-self had wroght,
Ioseph, þat godd barun,
þai delued him, þat derworth,
in a yerd be þe tun.
¶ þe murning þat his mod*er* mad
mai naman rede in run.
Son o þis was tiþand tald
vnto þaa Iuus felun,
þai com to pilate and þus-gat
þai did him to resun.
"Sir," þai said, "nu we hus dred
men sal us do tresun,
¶ Sir," þai said, "he, yond *trai*tur,
yond lett*er* of vr lai,
Vs meins quils he was in lijf [col. 2]
þat we herd him sai,
þat he suld haf might and strength
to rise þe thrid dai;
For-þi es skil þir dais thre
yeming on him yee lai.
¶ If his disciplis cum bi night
to stel him son a-wai,
And sais til all, he risen es,
þar bes an iuel plai;
þan sal rise mar þan be-forn
errur of vr fai."

COTTON

[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ Out they drow the naylis iij^{e}
and^{d} toke h*is* body doun)
Wyth wyndyng-clothe of sendelt riche
made h*is* burying boun)
Wyth oynement*es* the body enbawmyd^{e}
riche of^{t} grete renoun)
In a tombe to hym-self^{e} wroughtt
Iosephn þ*at* riche baroun)
There-ynne they leide hym derworthely
in a yard^{e} be-side þe toun)
¶ The monyng that his mod*er* made
mightt no man telle ne rede
Sone was his burying cowthe
to that fals lede
They come to pilat and^{d} þ*us* seid^{e}
as they wold^{e} wede
Sir of^{t} treson) now
ow we most to drede
¶ Sir they seid^{e} of^{t} this traytour^{s}
lettar of^{t} our^{s} lay
Vs menys whan he was alyfe
some we herd^{e} say
That he shuld^{e} haue mightt and^{d} strengthe
to ryse þe iij^{e} day
And^{d} for that skylle lette wacche hym
iij^{e} dais we you p*ray*
¶ yff^{t} his dissipils come be nygtt
to stele hym vs fro
and^{d} seid^{e} to o*þer* he is resyn)
it wold^{e} kyndiltt muche wo
Alle our^{s} law in short while
might be for-done so

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

Nouþer þai gaue man, ne þai toke
ensampel god þar-bi;
Bot on þe morn of þat grening,
þe tre als ar was dri.
[V]te þai drou þe nailes thre,
and toke his bodi dune,
wid winding clath and riche smerel,
hiis birijng made þai bune.
[. . . . . .
. . . *no gap in the MS.*]
A stane he til him-self had wroght,
ioseph, þat god barune,
þai delued him þare derworthli,
in a ȝard bisides þe tune.
[þ]e murning þat his moþer made
mai na man rede in rune.
Sone of þis was tiþand tald
to þaa iuus felune,
þai come to pilate and þus-gat
þai did him resune.
"Sir," þai said, "nu will vs drede
men sal vs do tresune,
Sir," þai said, "he, yon traitur,
yon letter of vr lai,
vs menis quilis he was in liue [lf 113, bk]
þat we herde sum say,
þat he suld haue bath might and strenth
to rise þe thred day;
For-þi es skill þat daies thre
ȝeming on him we lay.
[I]f his desciplis cum bi night
to stele him þan away,
And sais till all he resen es,
þar bes ane iuel play;
þan sal rise mare þan bi-forn
euer again ur lay."

GÖTTINGEN

[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ Out þei drouȝe þo nailes þre:
& toke his body doun
wiþ wyndyng clooþ of sendel riche:
made his buriynge boun
wiþ oynementis þe body enbaumed:
riche of greet renoun
In a toumbe to him self wrouȝt:
Ioseph þat riche baroun
þerynne þei leide him derworþely:
in a ȝard bi syde þe toun
¶ þe mournyng þat his modir made:
miȝt no mon telle ny rede
Soone was his birying couþ:
to þat fals lede
þei coom to pilat & þus seide:
as þei wolde wede
Sir of tresoun now:
ow we moost to drede
¶ Sir þei seide of þis traitour:
letter of oure lay
Vs meues whil he was in lif:
somme we herde say
þat he shulde haue myȝte & strengþe:
to rise þe þridde day
And for þat skil let wacche him:
þre dayes we ȝou pray
¶ If his disciples com bi nyȝt:
to stele him vs fro
And seiden to oþere he is risen:
hit kyndeled muchel wo
Al oure lawe in short while:
miȝt be fordone so

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

"Gas," coth pilate, "and dos him kepe
þe best wis yee mai." 16902
¶ þe prince o preistes o þair lagh
went to þat monument,
And sperd it wit a mikel stan,
to turn i-nogh had tuent. 16906
þai did þair seles þar-apon,
ar þai þeþen went,
Armed knightes þar þai left
þat to þe tumb suld tent; 16910
Bot quen þat iesus ras to lijf
þaa caitefs war bot scent.
¶ Ioseph wald haf awai þe rode,
þe Iuus it him for-bedd, 16914
þat ilk night þai feld it did
awai for to be ledd;
Wit þe theifs croices tuin,
quen al war gan to bedd, 16918
And grofe þaim thre for cristen men,
wit-in a priue sted.
For-þi þai bar þe malescun
of him þat þaron bled. 16922
¶ Nu is þe croice grauen vnder greit,
and iesus vnder stan,
And hinges all hope of hali kirc
in maria mild allan. 16926
Ai til iesus þe thrid dai
had fughten gain sathan,
And werid him on his aun bit,
als hund es on a ban, 16930
¶ And als þe fisch right wit þe bait
apon þe hok es tan,
For þof he sagh him man als man,
his godd-hed sagh he nan. 16934
[1]To quils his flesche lai vnder greit,
his gast til hell es gan, [1 leaf 94, col. 1]

COTTON

pylat seid' on your best wyse
to kepe hym sone ye go
¶ The prynces of' prestes of' þe law
went to þat monvment
And' made yt sykyr as hem thoughȳt
while they wer' present
They set her selis ther'-vpon
er they then went
Armyd' knyghtes ther' they left
to þat tombe to tent
But whan he rose to lyf
tho caytifs ar' but shent
¶ Ioseph wold' haue had' the rode
þe Iewis it hym for-bede
The self' nyghȳt they yt did'
awey to be led'
with tho thevis crossis to
when men wer' in bed'
They beried' hem fro Crystyn men
in a preuy stede
There-for' they had' the maleson)
of hym þat þer-on bled'
¶ Now is the cros vnder erthe
& Iesus vnder stone
and' alle the feithȳ in holy chirche
left in mary alone
Iesus had' foughtyn with satan [leaf 154]
fro helle was comyn & goon)
And' worthid' hym on his oune
vile as hound' is on a bone
¶ As fishe with bayte was he takyn)
& on the hoke broughȳt
ffor he sie hym lyke to man
his godhede saw he noughȳt
while his fleshȳ lay vnder stone
his gost to helle soughȳt

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

"Gas," said pilate, "and dos him kepe
þe best wise þat ʒe may."
[þ]e prins of þe preistes of þe lau
went to *þat* monument,
And sperid it wid a mekil stane,
to turne enogh had tuent.
þai did þair selis þar-apon,
are þat þai þeþen went,
Armed knightes þar þai left
þat to þe tumb suld tent;
Bot quen þat he ras to liue
þai caitiues war bot schent.
[I]oseph wald haue a-wai þe rode,
þe iuus it him forbedd,
þat ilke night þaim-self it did
a-way for to be ledd;
wid þe theifs croices tuin,
quen all war gane to bedd,
And groue þaim thre for cristen men,
widin a preue stedd.
Forþi þai bar þe maliscon
of him þat þar-on bledd.
[N]u es þe crois grauen vnder grete,
and *iesus* vnd*er* stane,
And hinges all hope of hali kirc
in mari mild allane.
Ay till *iesus* þe thrid dai
had fughten again sathane,
And werid him in his auen bitt,
als hund es on a bane,
[A]nd als þe fiss wid a baite
apon þe hoke es tane,
For if he sau him man als man,
his goddhed sau he noght.
To-quilis his fless lay vnder grete,
his gast till hell es gane,

GÖTTINGEN

Pilate seide on ʒoure best wise:
to kepe *him* soone ʒe go
¶ þe *pr*inces of *pr*estis of þe lawe:
went to *þat* monument
And made hit sikur as hem þouʒt
whil þei were *pr*esent
þei sett her seles *þer* vp on:
ar þei þenn*e*s went
Armed knyʒtis *þer*e þei laft:
to *þat* toum*b*e to tent
But whenn*e* he ros to lyue:
þo caitifs were but shent
¶ Ioseph wolde haue had þe rode:
þe iewes hit hi*m* forbed
þat selue nyʒt þei hit dud:
Awey for to be led
Wiþ þo þeues croises two:
whenn*e* men were in bed
þei buried hem fro cristen men
in a pr*i*uey sted
*þer*fore þei hadde þe malisou*n*:
of hi*m* *þat* *þer*onne bled
¶ Now is þe crois vndir erþe:
& ih*esus* vndir stone
And al þe feiþ of holy chirche:
laft in mary allone
Ih*esus* had fouʒten wiþ sathan:
fro helle was comen & gone
And worþed hi*m* on his owne wile:
as houn*d*e is on a bone
¶ As fisshe wiþ bait was he taken:
& on þe hok brouʒt
For he say him lik to mon:
his godhede say he nouʒt
Whil his flesshe lay vndir stoon:
his goost to helle souʒt

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þat wit þe might of his godd-hed,
he ras him-self o-nan.
Thoru a tre, sum yee haf herd,
was al mankind mad thrall,
And thoru þis hali rode tre,
þan war we frehed all.
Again þat apell adam ete
was gin iesu þe gall,
Alle þe pines o þis werld
to tell þai war ful small,
Ogains leist of his to drei,
if i ne lei yow sall;
¶ For he þat neuer sin did,
vr sinnes all he bar,
And vili for us was ledd,
als i haf tald yow ar.
For ur sakes þat we haf don
he sufferd al þe sar,
Noght o lime of his licam
he sufferd noght to spar;
And siþen his lijf for us he gaf,
quat moght he þan do mar.
¶ He þat neuer did vilani,
ne neuer þar-to thoght,
Vr sinnes and vr wickednes
Ful dere on him he boght;
Sa wel he luued us at na thing
of him-self ne roght,
And all the wrak on him he tok,
þat oþer men had wroght.
¶ All þe thinges o þis werld
cuth noght tell þe teind,
Ne all þe hertes cuth noght thinc
hu he til us was heind.
Es nan þat he ne aght sare to reu
þe soru o suilk a freind,

COTTON

And with the mightt offt his godhede
he ros that vs hadt boughtt
¶ Thorogh a tre as ye haue herdt
was man-kyndt made thralle
Andt thorogh the holy rode tre
fredom come vs alle
Ayen the Appiht adam ete
was yeft Iesu the galle
Alle the paynys oft this worldt
to his ner but smalle
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ he that neuer synne didt
our synnys alle he bart
dispytously for vs wo ladt
buffetidt & betyn sart
ffor our sake he suffirdt þus
muche sorow & cart
lym nor lyft of his
for vs woldt he spart
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ he that nevir synne didt
ne so moche as it th[ought]
Our synnys andt our wrecchidnes
dert he hem boughtt
So welle he louydt vs that no thyng
oft hym-selft he roughtt
Alle the wrake on hym he toke
that oþer men hadt wroghtt
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

þat wid þe might of his goddhed,
he ras him-self on-ane.
[T]horu a tre, als ȝe haue herd,
was all man-kind mad thrall,
And throru his hali rode tre,
þan war we frelsed all.
Again þat appil adam ete
was giuen *iesus* þe gall,
All þe pinis of þis world
to tell þaim þai war ful small,
Again þe lest of his to drei,
if i ȝu lije na sall;
[F]or he þat neuer no sin did,
vr sinnes all he bare,
And vilelik for vs was ledd,
als i haue tald ȝu are.
For vr sakis þat we had done
he suffred all þe sare,
Noght a lim of his licame
suffred he to spare;
And siþen his lijf he for vs gaue,
quat might he þa*im* do mare.
[H]e þat did velanije neu*ere*,
ne neuer þar-to thoght,
vr sinnes and vr vilaniie
ful dere on him he boght;
Sua wele he luued vs *þat* na-thing
of him-self he roght,
And alle þe wrake on him he toke, [lf 114]
þat oþer men had wroght.
[A]ll þe tunges of þis werld
cuth noght tell þe tend,
Ne all þe hertis cuth noght thinc
hu he till vs was hend.
Es nane þat he ne aght to reu sare
þe soru of suilk a freind,

GÖTTINGEN

And wiþ þe myȝt of his godhede:
he ros *þat* vs had bouȝt
¶ þourȝe a tre as ȝe haue herd:
was mankynde made þralle
And þourȝe þe holy rode tre:
fredom coom vs alle
Aȝeyn þe appel *þat* adam eet: [leaf 105]
was ȝyue ih*es*u þe galle
Alle þe peynes of þis world:
to his nere þei but smalle
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ he þat neuer synne dud:
oure synnes alle he bare
Dispitusly for vs was lad:
buffeted & beten sare
For oure sake he suffred þus:
muchel sorwe & care
Lym*m*e on his licam ny lif:
for vs wolde he not let spare
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ He *þat* neu*er* synne dud:
ne so muche as hit þouȝt
Oure synnes & oure wrecchednes:
dere he hem bouȝt
So wel he loued vs *þat* no þing:
of him self he rouȝt
Al þe wrake on him he toke:
þat oþ*er*e men had wrouȝt
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

[*No gap in the MS.*]

þat sli baret wald on him ber
to lede us all to lend.
¶ And thinc yow na selcuth o þis,
for yeit i sai yow mar;
All þe seknes o þis werld
if a man on him bar,
And þat man of all oþer men
moght suffer all þair sar,
Ogain his pine bot of an vure, [col. 2]
ful littel or noght it ware.
Quar-thoru þat i moght liue in lijf
an hundret thusand yere,
And moght ans for his luue
ilk dai dei sere;
And al þat i moght drei to pine,
to sare and to torfere,
Again þe pine he for me drou,
bot als a noght it were.
¶ þan mai men sai wel þat his pine
es herder for to drei,
þan it war þe pine of hell,
in als lang a wai.
þa forsoth þat mai men se,
þat es a skil oght slei,
He was sa mighti in him-self,
his kind it was sa hei.
¶ And for þat *iesus* had in him
sua gret might and vertu,
þat it was neuer man þat had
sua mikel als we tru.
þof sumkin scaft moght thole þe pine
of hell, als we wat hu,
þat es to sai, witvten end,
þan semes wel, þat iesu
Thold herder pine in als lang,
men mai it well a-vou.

COTTON FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

[*No gap in the MS.*]

þat sli baret on him wald bere
to lede vs all to leind
[A]nd thinc ȝu na selcuth of þis,
for ȝeit i sai ȝu mare;
All þe sekenes of þis werld
if a man on him bare,
And þat man of all oþer men
might suffer all þair sare,
Again his pine bot als ane vre,
littel or noght it ware.
[Q]uar thoru i might liue *in* lijf
a hundred thousand ȝere,
And i might anis for his luue
ilk dai dey sere;
All þat i might drie to pine,
to sare and to torfere,
Again þe pine he for me dregh,
bot als i-noght it were.
[þ]an may men say þat his pine
was hardir for to drei,
þan it war þe pine of hell,
in als lange a quili.[1] [1 *read* quile]
Ya! forsoth þat mai men se,
þat es of skil aght sley,
He was sua mighti in him-self,
his kind it was sua hei.
[A]nd for þat *iesus* had in him
sua grete might and v*er*tu,
þat þar was neu*er* man þat had
sua mekil als we trou.
In sum-kin schaft might thole þe pine
of hell, als we wat hu,
þat es to say, widvten end,
þan semis wele, þat *ies*u
Tholed hard*er* pine in als lang,
men mai it wele avou.

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ Mans saul all thoru kind
it luues þe bodi sua,
þat it wald neuer if it moght
þe bodi self for-ga.
Do man it neuer sa mikel piue,
ne sua mikel wa,
Til bodi haf tint his wittes fiue,
þe saul wil noght þar fra.
¶ Hering, sight, smelling and fele,
cheuing er wittes five,
All sal be tint er saul pas,
quen þe hert sal riue.
Kynd na saul suffers ar
to part wit man o-liue;
Bot iesus þat was sua mighti,
sufferd herder þis strijf,
þan euer ani man was or es,
or sal be born o wijf.
¶ For sin þat suet iesus had [leaf 94, back, col. 1]
sua mikel might and main,
þan it semes wel to be,
and soth it es al plain,
þat he has a hundret sith
dublid þis ilk pain,
And es naman þat es in skil
þat agh sai her again.
¶ Quils he hang on þat suet tre
als it es for-wit tald,
His hali saul to fader his
wit uoice ful hei he yald.
þar scheud he him for mighti godd,
þat al thing has in wald,
And sua to mak vs ranscuning,
for us him-self he sald.
¶ A ha! þou blisced-est of all,
o þe quat mai i sai?

COTTON

¶ Many soule thorogh kynde
the body yt louyd so
That it wold neuyr yef yt might
þe body to parte fro
do man yet neuer so muche pyne
ne yet so muche wo
Tille body haue lost wyttes ffyve
the soule wille not go
¶ Heryng / speche / sight / smellyng
& felyng ar wyttes v.
Alle thise wille go ar the soule
when he hens shalle ryve
kynd no soule suffer may
to part fro man alyve
But Iesus that so mighty was
suffird harder stryve
Then eny man that euyr was born
or yet shalle of wyve
¶ ffor this ilk Iesu had so muche
might and mayne
That yt semyd wele to be
and sothe is it certayne
That he hym-self an hundyrd sithe
dobelid þis payne
Ther is no man that reason can
may sey her agayne
¶ While he hyng on that tre
as it byfor is told
his holy soule to his fader
with his voyce he yold
Ther he shewid hym mighty god
that alle thyng hath in wold
Thus to make our raunsom
for vs hym-self he sold
¶ A thow blessid maide of all
of the what shalle I say

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

[M]annes saul thoru kind
it louis þe bodi sua,
þat it wold neuer if it might
þe bodi self forga.
Do man it neuer sua mekil pine,
ne sua mekil wa,
Till bodi haue tint his wittes fiue,
þe saule wil noght þar fra.
[H]ering, sight, smelling and fele,
cheuing er wittes fiue,
All sal be tint ar saule passe,
quen þe herte sal riue.
Kind na saule suffris are,
to part wid man a-liue;
Bot *iesus* þat swa mighti was,
suffred harder þe striue,
þan ani man þat es or was,
or sal be born of wijfe.
[F]or þis ilke suete *iesus* had
sua mekil might and maine,
þat it semis wele to be,
and sotht it es all plaine,
þat he has an hundreth syth
dublid þis ilke paine,
And es na man þat es in skill
þat agh say here againe.
[Q]uilis he hang on þat suete tre,
als it es forwid tald,
His hali saule till fadir his
wid voice ful hei he ȝald.
þar scheud he him for mighti god,
þat all thing has in wald,
And sua to make vr ransuning,
for vs him-self he sald.
[H]a! þu blisced mai of all,
of þe quat mai i say?

GÖTTINGEN

¶ Monnes soule þourȝe kynde:
þe body hit loueþ so
þat hit wolde neuer of hit myȝt:
þe body departe fro
So mon hit neuer so muche pyne:
ny ȝitt so mychel wo
Til body haue lost þe wittes fyue:
þe soule wol not go
¶ Heryng speche siȝte smellyng:
& fele are wittes fyue
Alle þese wol go ar þe soule:
whenne þe hert shal ryue
Kynde no soule suffreþ er:
to parte fro mon a lyue
But ihesus þat so myȝty was:
suffered harder stryue
þen any mon þat euer was born:
or ȝitt shal be of wyue
¶ For þis ilke swete ihesu:
had so myche miȝte & meyn
þat hit semeþ wel to be:
& soþ is hit certeyn
þat he him self an hundride siþe:
doubled þis peyn
þer is no mon þat resoun con:
may say þer aȝeyne
¶ whil he hong on þat tre:
as hit bifore is tolde
His holy soule to his fadir:
wiþ his vois he ȝolde
þere he shewed him myȝty god:
þat al þing haþ in wolde
þus to make oure raunsoun:
for vs him self he solde
¶ A þou blessed maide of alle:
of þe what shal I say

TRINITY

[leaf 114, back]

Digitized by Google

O þi sorus, maria mild,
þou had in hert þat dai.
þat dai it was þi passiun,
mai nan sai þar-wit nai,
Quen þai þi suet sun sua sagh
be ledd wit tene and trei.
¶ Bot cummen it es þe nu þe suerd
þat thoru þi hert stang,
þat symeon wit propheci
had hight þe forwit lang.
Bot o ioi an hundret fald,
he dublid þe þi sang,
Quen he ras fra ded to life,
wit his godd-hed sa strang.
¶ For þe birth and þe passiun
o iesu þat us boght,
If he ne had risen fra ded to lijf,
had ben us all for noght.
Nu þou seis all openli,
þe fight til end es broght,
þe werld succurd, þe feind es feld,
þat man wit soru soght.
¶ All ur truth in þe, leuedi,
hang, and al ur fai,
All men was in dute and wer
bot þou, leue hali mai!
Til þi suet sun up-ras
þi trouth was stabil ai,
Hu men aght in ur lauerd to leue,
þou lerd us þare þe lai.
¶ Maria meke, þou moder es,
o reuth ful and o pite.
Mirthful maiden, mild of all!
blisced of all bu[n]te.
Qua mai tel þe teind part
þe blisced-nes o þe!

17046 17050 17054 17058 17062 17066 17070 17074 17078

[col. 2]

COTTON

Of thy sorow mary myld
þou haddist in hert þat day
That day was also thy passion)
may no man sey nay
when thow þy sonne sie so by-led
with tene & eke with tray
¶ But comyn was tho the swerd
that thorogh þyn hert stong
That Semeon with prophesie
had yt by-forn long
But yet of ioy an hundird-fold
he doublyd þe thy song
When he rose fro dethe to lyff
with his godhede strong
Bothe byrthe and passion) [leaf 154, back]
of the that vs bought
But he had resyn from deth
alle had be for nought
¶ Thus may we seyne opynly
how it to end was brought
The world socourid the fende fald
þat alle þe sorow sought
In the mary tho hyng alle
our trouthe and eke our fay
Alle men wer in doute
but þou that ilk day
¶ Tille thy swete sonne vp-rose
þou keptist alle our lay
how we shuld kepe our byleve
ther tawghtyst þou vs the way
Mary welle of mercy
willyng euyr pyte
flour of maydyn-hede
that euer was or shalbe
May no man telle the tennyth part
the blessidnes off the

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

Of þi soru, mari milde,
þu hade in hert þat day. 17046
þat dai it was þi passiune,
mai nane þarwid sai nay,
Quen þu þi suete sun sua sau
be ledd wid tene and tray. 17050
[B]ot comen it es þe nu þe suord
þat thoru þine herte stang,
þat symeon wid *pro*pheci
had hight þe forwid lang. 17054
Bot of ioy ane hundreth fald,
he dublid þe þi sang,
Quen he ras fra dede to lijf, 17057
wid his godde-hed sua strang.
Bath þe birth and þe passion
of i*esus* þat vs boght,
If he ne had resin fra þe dede,
had bene vs all for noght. 17062
Nu mai we se all opinli,
þe fight till end es broght,
þe werld succurrid, þe feind es feld,
þat man wid soru soght. 17066
[I]n þe þan, leuedi, hang all
vr trouth and fai,
All men was in dute and were
bot þu, leue hali mai! 17070
Til þi suete sun vp-ras
þi trouth was stabil ai,
Hu men agh vr lauerd leue,
þu lered vs þar þe wai. 17074
[M]ari meke, þu moder es,
ful of reuth and pete.
Mirthful maiden, mild of all!
fulfild of all bunte. 17078
Na man mai tell þe teind part
þe bliscednes of þe!

Of þi sorwe marye mylde:
*þ*ou haddest in hert þat day
þat day was also þi passiou*n*:
may no mon say nay
when*ne* þou þi son say so biled:
wiþ tene & eke wiþ tray
¶ But comen was þo þe swerd:
þat þourȝe þin hert strong
þat symeon wiþ pr*o*phecie:
had het biforn long
But ȝitt of ioye an hundride folde:
he doubled þe þi song
When*ne* he ros fro deþ to lif:
wiþ his godhede strong
¶ Boþe burþe & passiou*n*:
of ih*esus* þat vs bouȝt
But he had risen from deþ:
had ben al for nouȝt
þus may we seen openly:
how hit to ende was brouȝt
þe world socoured þe fend fals:
þat al þe sorwe souȝt
¶ In þe marye þo heng al:
oure trouþ & eke oure fay
Alle men were in doute: [leaf 105, back]
but þou *þat* ilke day
Til þi swete son vp ros:
þou keptest al oure lay
How we shulde kepe oure bileue:
*þer*e tauȝtest þou vs þe way
¶ Mary welle of mercy:
wellyng euer pite
Floure of maydenhede:
þat euer was or shal be
May no mon telle þe tenþe part:
þe blessednes of þe

Digitized by Google

Vr trouth and hope bath bar þou þan,
  ur blisced leuedi nu be.
And pais us wit þi suet sun
  þat hang for us on tre,
And help us to þat ilk sted
  þar we him euer se.
¶ Of him i haf þe passiun
  said, efter mi might,
Hu he again ur wyþerwin,
  ur bateil tok to fight.
þof his it war þe paines all,
  urs it was þe plight,
He grant us grace, haf part o blis,
  þat he til us hight;
And send us space al of his grace,
  ur wranges here to right,
þat we mai at vr ending da[i],
  cum in til heuen light. Amen
Site þaim o mang wit angels sang,
  Al on his hali hand right. Amen

Pray for vs to thy blessid sonne
in his blis we mote be

[*No gap in the MS.*]

[*No gap in the MS.*]

[*A Discourse between Christ and Man.*]

¶ "Iesus o maria born
  For sinful man þat was for-lorn,
I forsok mi fader blis,
And com in-til erth, i-wis.

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Digitized by Google

vr trouth, vr hope, all bar þu þan,
  vr beild leuedi nu be,
And pais vs wid þi suete sun
  þat hang for vs on tre.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Of him i haue þe passiun
  nu said, eftir mi might,
Hu he egain vr witherwine,
  vr bataile toke to fight.
þogh his it war þe paines all,
  vrs it was þe plight,
He giue vs grace, haue part of blis,
  þat he til his has hight.
And þat we mai widvten end,
  be wid him in his sight,
þar ioy and blis es lastand ay,
  þat es in heuenes light,
And speciali for me ȝe pray
  þat þis bock gart dight,
Iohn of lindbergh, i ȝu sai
  þat es mi name ful right.
If it be tint or dune a-way,
  treuli mi trouth i plight,
Qua bringes it me widvten delay,
  i sal him ȝeild þat night.
And qua it helis and haldis fra me,
  treuli i ȝu tell,
Curced in kirc þan sal þai be
  wid candil, boke, and bell.[1]

Preye for vs to þi blessed son:
in his blis we mot be

[*No gap in the MS.*]

[1] The long lines end here, and the bottom of the page is written in two columns again. See the facsimile.]

[*A Discourse between Christ and Man.*]

"[I]*esus* of mari born [col. 1]
For sinful man þat was for-lorn,
I forsok mi fadir blis,
And come in-til erde, i-wis.

[*No gap in the MS.*]

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

I lete me tak and herd bind
For luue i had to mans kind,
I thold pouerd, pine, and scame,
Al for sinful mans name.
Thinc, ai thinc, ai sinful man,
þou thinc on iesu, þi lemman.
I stode naked als i was born
þe wicked Iuus þaim bi-forn,
Bunden til a piler fast,
To-quils þe bandes moght last;
On mi back i bar þe rode,
Quen i vnto mi ded yode,
Had neuer man sa mikel scam
In erth for nakins blam.
þou sinful man þat gas bi me, [leaf 95, col. 1]
Duel a quile and þou mai se,
Duell a quile and fond to stan,
Bi-hald mi fote, bi-hald mi hand!
Mi bodi es wit scurges suongen,
Brest, and hand, and fote thurgh
I hing apon þis herd rode, [stungen.
For þe i gaf mi hert blode;
þe thornnes o mi hede standes,
Thirled am i, fete and handes.
Bi-hald and se mi blodi side,
þat for þi luue es opend wide;
Put in and grappe, mi suet freind,
Tak ute mi hert bituix þine hend;
þan mai þou wit þine eien se
Hu treuli man i luued þe.
Fra mi crun unto mi ta
Ful i am o pine and wa;
Bituix tua theifs hing i here
Als i theif and traitur wer,
Befor mi moder eien, mare,
Sufferd i al þis wilani. [up to p. 981]

COTTON

I let me take and hard bind [col. 2]
For luue i had to manes kind,
I tholid pouert, pine, and schame,
All for sinful manes ane.
Thinc, ai thinc, ai sinful man, [leaf 115, col. 1]
þu thinc on iesu, þi lemman.
I stod naked als i was born
þe wiked iuus þaim biforn,
Bunden till a peler fast,
To-quiles þe bandis might last;
On mi bac i bar mi rode,
Quen i to mi dede ȝode,
Had neuer man sua mekil schame
In erd for man-kin blame.
þu sinful man þat gas bi me,
Duel aquile and þu mai se,
Duel aquile and fand to stand,
Bihald mi fote, bihald mi hand!
Mi bodi es wid skurges suongen,
Breist, and heued, and fote thoru stongen
I hing apon þis hard rode,
For þe i gaue mi herte blode;
þe thornis on mi hefd standis,
Thirld am i, fote and handis.
Bi-hald and se mi blodi side,
þat for þi luue es opend wide;
Put in and grape, mi suete freind,
Take vte mi herte bituix þi heind;
þen mai þu wid þin eien se
Hu truli þat i loued ai þe:
Fra mi croune vnto mi ta
Ful i am of pine and wa;
Bituix tua theues hang i here
Als i thef and traitur were,
Bifor mi moder eien, mari,
þan tholid i all þis velani. [up to p. 981]

GÖTTINGEN

Digitized by Google

I haf þus mani blodi wondes,
And sufferd her þis herd stondes,
And ded on þis rode tre,
þou sinful man! for luue o þe.
Sin i haf þe sua dere boght,
Quat ailes þe þou luues me noght?
Wit þi sin þou pines me,
Als did þe Iuus on rode tre.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þou sinful man! if þou cuth god,
Oft bird þe thinc a-pon mi blod
Night and dai, and al þe time,
Wel bird þe thinc a-pon mi pine.
Waila wai! þou sinful man,
Ne haf i mad þe mi le*m*man,
Ne haf i gin þe al mi blis,
And mi-self þar-wit, i-wiss,
If þou neue*r* sa nobul war;
Quat thing moght i giue þe mare?
I wat neue*r* o nakins wise,
þan bird þe thinc ai to rise,
Suith to rise and faand to blin,
And for mi luue for-sak þi sin.
For-sak þi sin p*ur*[1] charite, [1 read p*ar*]
And faand to rise, and com to me!
I sal þe hals, i sal þe kiss, [col. 2]
And bring þe to mi fader blis."
Ie*s*u, for þi hali blod
þat þou sced a-pon þe rode,
þou send us grace, þou send us might,
Eue*r* and ai to luf þe right;
And sua ur si*n*nes for to sake,
þat us to ioi wit þe þou take,
And night and dai, and all time,
Sua to thinc a-pon þi pine,

COTTON

I haue nu mani blodi wondis,
And suffrid here mani stondis,
And dieid on þis rode tre,
þu sinful man! for luue of þe.
Siþe*n* i haue þe sua dere boght,
Quat ailis þe þu loues me noght?
wid þi sine þu pinis me, [col. 2]
Als did þe iuus apon þe tre,
wid athes grete and wick dede,
oft þu geris mi wondis blede.
þu sinful ma*n*! if þu cuth gode,
Of agh þe thinc apon mi blode
Night and dai, and all time,
Birt þe thinc apon mi pine.
wailewai! þu sinful man,
Ne made i þe mi lemman,
Ne haue i giuen þe all mi bliss
And mi-self þar-wid, i-wiss,
If þu neuer sua nobile ware;
Quat þa*n* might i giue þe mare?
I ne wate on nanekin wise,
þan bird þe thinc ai for to rise,
Suith to rise and fand to blin,
An for mi luue forsake þi sin.
Forsake þi sin par charite,
And fand to rise, and cu*m* to me!
I sal þe hals, i sal þe kisse,
An bring þe to mi fadir blisse."
I*esus*, for þi hali blode
þat þu sched apon þe rode,
þu send till vs grace and might,
Euer and ai to luue þe right;
And sua vr sines to forsake,
þat vs to ioy wid þe þu take,
And night and dai, and all time,
Sua to thinc apon þi pine,

GÖTTINGEN

Digitized by Google

þat we mai, quen we heþen wend,
Cum to þi ioi wit-vten end. Amen.
¶ Iesu! ioiful er þin dedes, 17189
þat þou wit to luue us ledes,
Defend þi folk nu þat þou fedis,
And giue þaim might to win þi medis.
Quen i þi bodi se þat bledis, 17193
Fulsare mi hert mi sinnes dredes,
þat vnnethes dar i sceu mi nedes
Bot wit þi hend to me þou spredis.
þi paine and ioi bath þou me redis,
And blith o saghting þou me bedis.
¶ And sais to me, "al thol i þis
To bring þe, wreched man, to blis.
If þou wil werc als i þe wiss 17201
Mi merci sal þou neuer mis."
I ask þe grace, þou sais me þis,
And kindeli bedis me to kis. 17204
¶ "Man," þou sais, "cum nerr and se,
þou wat i thol al þis for þe,
þat i am hanged on þis tre;
Quat wil þou do þan nu for me?
þus am i thrald to ma þe fre, 17209
Warr þe þou namar thrald be.
¶ Late noght in þe be tint mi dede,
And thral þe na mar wit þe fede,
For þat blod þou wist i sced; 17213
Be wise and werc efter mi rede.
O lastand lijf i giue þe bred,
¶ Ask quat þou will, am i na qued.
Ask me þi will, þin es þi nede, 17217
For am i noght of giuetes gnede.
þou mai be ful trest to spede
Wald þou for me do sumkin dede,
For-ber þat i þe sal for-bede, 17221
Do þat i bide and ha þi mede." [to p. 983]

COTTON

þat we mai, quen we heþen wend,
Cum to ioy widvten end. Amen.
[O] Iesu! ioyful er þine dedis, 17189
þat þu wid to lijf vs ledis,
þe feinde þi folk þat þu fedis,
And giue vs might to wine þi medis
Quen i se þi bodi þat bledis, 17193
Ful sare mi hert mi sinnes dredis,
þat vnethes þar i scheu mi nedis [leaf 115, back, col. 1]
Bot þi hend to me þu spredis.
þi pine and ioy bath þu me redis,
And kisse of saghtling þu me bedis.
[A]nd sais to me, "all thole i þis
To bring þe, wreche man, to bliss.
If þu will wirck als i þe wisse 17201
Mi merci sal þu neuer misse."
I aske þe grace, þu sais me "ȝeis,"
And kindli biddis me to kiss.
"[M]an," þu sais, "cum nere and se,
þu wate i tholed all þis for þe, 17206
þat i am hanged on þis tre;
Quat will þu nu suffer for me?
þus am i thralled to make þe fre,
war þu namare thralled be. 17210
[L]at noght in þe be tint mi dede,
Ne thral me namar wid þe fede,
For þat blod þu seis me schede;
Be wise and wirc aftir mi rede. 17214
Of lastand lijf i giue þe brede,
Aske quat þu wil, am i na quede.
[A]ske me þi will, þin es þi nede,
For am i noght of giftes gnede. 17218
þu mai be ful traist to spede
wald þu for me do sumkin dede,
Forber þat i þe sal forbede, 17221
þo þat i þe bidd and haue þi mede."

GÖTTINGEN

Digitized by Google

¶ Quin suld i, iesu, do þi will? [leaf 95, bk, col. 1]
Al wil tu þat i do bot il,
Bot i þat es sa dedli dill,
Me spedis ai me-self to spill,
Wit mi flexsli lust to fill.
Forget i oft þine greues grill.
¶ I mai mi-self sai walwa!
þat to mi thrist suld be sa thra,
Foluand þat flexs þat es mi fa,
Mi wai i wander in-to wa.
And ai þow sais "a ha! a ha!
Mi leue freind do namar sua;
¶ O þi misgaing þou weind again,
And i me-self al sal þe sain
Bath to giue þe might and main.
If þou wel thinc al o mi pain,
I sufferd mẽ for þe be slain,
Mi ded mai noght be don in wain.
¶ If þou wil folu me and mine
þou most nu thol sum part o pine.
For-sak þi serc o silk and line,
And temper þe wit alle and wine,
þou ful þi flexs þat wiþer-wine,
And seke þi saul medicine.
¶ For for to serue lauerds tuin
It es vngainand to be-gin,
Me to seke in lust o sin,
Mi kyngrik sua mai naman wiṇ,—
Fra blis to blis mai þou noght rin,
Ne nan þat es of adam kin."
Oft þou beddes me to lete
Apon þi lare iesu, sua suete,
For al mi mis þou wil me mete,
Mine bales ouer es bone to bete.
For-þi iesu als þou has hete,
þou gif me grace on þe to grete,

COTTON

[Q]ui ne suld i, iesu, do þi will?
All wil þu þat i do bot ill,
Bot i þat es sua dedeli dill,
Spedis ay me-self to spill,
wid mi fless lust to fulfill.
Forget i oft þis greues grill.
[I] mai me-self sai walaway!
þat to mi thrist suld be sua thra,
Foluand mi fless þat es mi fa,
Mi wai i wander in-to þe wa.
And ay þu sais, "a ha! a ha! [col. 2]
Mi leue frend do namar sua;
[O]f þi misgang þu wend again,
And i mi-self sal þe sain
Bath to giue þe might and main.
If þu will thinc apon mi pain,
I suffred me for þe be slain,
Mi dede mai noght be done in vain.
[I]f þu will folu me and mine
þu most wele thole sum part of pine.
Forsake þe sarke of silk and line,
Full þi fless[1] þi witherwine, [1 MS. fcess]
And tempre it fra ale and wine,
And seke þe saule medicine.
[M]an, to serue lauerdis tuin
It es vngainand to bigin,
Me to seke in lust of sin
Fra blis to blis þu mai noght rin.
Mi kingrike sua mai na man win,
Ne nane þat es of adam kin."
[O]ft þu biddes me to lete
Apon þi lare, iesu, sua suete,
For all mi sinnes þu will me mete,
Mi balis art þu bune to bete.
Forþi iesu, als þu has hete,
þu giue me grace on þe to grete,

GÖTTINGEN

Digitized by Google

¶ To wepe for wrang þat i haf wroght,
And euer apon þi ded haf thoght,
Hu þou for-bar us first and boght,
O þi boghtlinges hu þou boght,
Of hell quen þai soruful thoght,
For þi wit-stande na mightes moght.
¶ þat ranscuni[n]g wald i of tell,
þou spede me, lauerd! for-to spell
Hu mighteli þou harud hell,
And queld him þat all wald quell.
þe iestes o þaa Iuus fell,
Wald smor þi mightes þaim emell. [col. 2]

[T]o wepe for wrang þat i haue wroght,
And euer apon þi dede haue thoght,
Hu þu forbar vs first and boght,
Of þi choselinges hu þu broght,
Of helle quen þaa sorful soght,
For þe widstand na mightes moght.
[þ]at ransuning þat i of tell,
þu spede me, lauerd! for to spell
Hu mightili þu herid hell,
And quellid him þat all wald quell.
þe gestes of þa iuus fell,
wald smore þi mightes þaim emell.

[*Of Joseph of Arimathea.*]

¶ Lauerd, nu wit þi leue, wald i
O ioseph tell of aramathi,
Hu Iuus had til him envie,
For he þe laid in tumb to lie.
Him and nichodeme for-þi
þai carked wit þair caitif cri.
¶ þis nichodeme was, crist, þi knitht,
þat com to spek wit þe bi night;
Quen he nan oþer wai ne might,
And sagh þe dome bifor his sight,
O þi pine he was vte o plight,
For he wist well þou had þe right.
¶ Bot þat folk war sua ful o flitt,
þat he ne moght þair muthes ditt.
þaa quon þat heild wit þe þair-witt,
Wel sene it was þaim wanted wijt,
þar-for wroght nichodeme a writt,
I tell nu wit þi leue of itt.[1]

[L]auerd, wid þi leue wald i [lf 116, col. 1]
Of ioseph tell of arimathi,
Hu iuus had till him enuei,
For he þe laid in tumb to ly.
Him and nichodeme for-þi
þai karked wid þair caitiue cri.
[þ]is nichodeme was, crist, þi knight,
þat come to speke wid þe bi night;
Quen he nanoþer wai ne might,
And sau þi dome bifor his sight,
Of þi pine he was vte of plight,
For he wist þu had þe right.
[B]ot þat folk was sua ful of flitt,
þat he ne might þair muthes ditt.
þa quone þat held wid þe þair-witt,
wele was sene þaim wantand witt,
þarfor wroght nichodeme a writt,
I tell nu wid þi leue of it.

[1 *The narrative goes on at p.* 992.]

COTTON GÖTTINGEN

Digitized by Google

[*OF THE RESURRECTION.*[1]]

[2]¶ On sonoñday *in* þe daghyng, [De resurrectione] he ros fro ded to liue, [2 Here the 2nd hand again begins.]
When þe knightes sleped fast
with him þai might not striue. 4*
When he ros þe erthe con quake,
þen hade þe Iews doute,
And ded men ros of *þer graues*
and ȝode walkand aboute. 8*
In witnes þai ros *with* him,
and honou*red* his rising,
For þe Iews suld not *with*-say
þat gart to ded him bring. 12*
Our lord opend not his throgh
when he ros at morne,
No more he did his mod*er* wombe
when þat he was borne. 16*
Al hole he left his graf
when he went *þer* froo,
Als he did his modir womb,
when he was born als-soo. 20*
Wele wist our lord by-fore
all þat was to doyn,
For he ordend his ded
be cou*rs* of son & moyne; 24*
In þe hegh ful he deed,
& þat it friday were,
þe au*n*gel *grette* our leuedy,
þe same time of þe ȝere. 28*
þat ilk day seuennight bi-fore, [leaf 96, col. 1]
þat same day it is,
þat oure loue*rd* made
both heuen & erth I wis. 32*

COTTON (*INSERTION*)

þe sext day af*ter*ward
he made man als-soo,
þe seuent day toke he rest,
on þe aghtand come our woo. 36*
For on þ*at* day ad*am* ete
þe appel of þe tre,
Ful litel while it was
þat he *in* ioy wald bee. 40*
Sithen lang af*ter*ward,
fif thowsand ȝere & moo,
Our lord ȝoght to tak mankynd
and br*ing* v*us* oute of woo. 44*
þe same day þ*at* ad*am* did
þe syn agayns þe right,
þat ilk day os it felle,
godisson *in* marie light. 48*
ȝit lange bi-fore bad our lord
to moyses *in* old daghe,
Apon þe Mou*n*t of sinay,
þer he gaf him þe laghe, 52*
þ*at* men schold ilk ȝere þ*at* time
þer sac*ri*fise þore doyne,
Of a lamb þ*at* were clene
at heghe ful of þe moyne. 56*
þis bitokend þ*at* he wald
for v*us* mart*er*d bee,
þat time when þe moyn wor ful,
and by v*us* on þe tree. 60*
For þus þen bode it nede be
be þis skil þat I say,
In þe heghe fulle of þe moyne
and als on a friday. 64*

COTTON (*INSERTION*)

[1 In the Cotton MS. only.]

Digitized by Google

And on our laidy day als-soo,
þe syn was first wroght,
For-þi þat day bi reson [col. 2]
bode man agayn be boght. 68*
þese thre thinges a-bod our lord,
or he to ded wald goo,
Vre leuedy day & friday als
and ful moyne als-soo. 72*
þat friday was our leuedy day
on wilk our lord slayn was,
And þe moyne at heghe ful
þat day os god gaf gras; 76*
Bot now ful selden fallez it soo,
for-þi vse we ay
After heghe ful of þe moyne
to take þe next friday, 80*
And þat hald we our gode friday;
þe thrid day after soyne,
Hald we hely pasche day,
and so haue all men doyne. 84*
Ilk cristen man at þat day
take his flesch & his blode,
þat he gaf to strang ded 87*
for vus apon þe rode. De resurreccione

¶ MAry maudlayn & mari Iacobe,
þat was our leuedi sister,
And marie salome,
Hade boght þam oynemenz 92*
for oure lord ennoyntynge,
And went to þe sepulcre
on sononday in þe daghynge,
Toward his graf þai went, 96*
þese thre, makand þer mone,
And saide, "who sal vus helpe
to remou þat heuy stone?"
When þat our lord vp-rose 100*

þe erthe quoke & made sown,
Our lordez aungel fro heuen
to þe graf þen light doun. 104*
Of his sepulcre þore
he put away þe stone,
And þer-apon him sett, [leaf 96, back, col. 1]
faire & briȝt he shone. 108*
His lokyng was als briȝt
os is þe rede lempninge,
And als white oos snaw
was alle his clethinge. 112*
þe knightez wore so ferd
þat kepped him in þat sted,
þat þai lay ful lang
right os þai hade bene ded;
For brightnes of þis aungel 116*
sore þai were adredd.
þe clothez þat iesus was wonden in
aboute þai saȝe hom spredd,
And when þai missed his body 120*
fast away þai fledd,
And told vnto þer maisters
how þat þai hade spedd.
þese thre maries come þiderward, 124*
for drede þai stynted oft
For ferd of þe Iews,
and sithen welk ful soft.
When þai be-hild þiderward 128*
with ful drery mone,
þai saȝe þe lidd ouertorned
þat was a ful grete stone.
In[1] was in maner of a hows 132*
þat crist laide in was, [1 read It]
Grauen depe in a roche,
a wonder mikel plas;
þer was our lord sepulcre, 136*

Digitized by Google

in þe northside I-wis,
So heghe be thre spane
no nother graf þer is.
When þese wymmen come 140*
til his monument þore,
þai saȝe an aungel sit,
a ȝong child os it wore,
Cled in white clething. 144*
þen hade þai drede in thoght,
þis aungel saide to þam, [col. 2]
"wymmen dred yow noght,
ȝe seke iesu of nazarethe 148*
þat doyn was on þe tre,
He is risen & not here,
be-hald þe stede & see!
To petre & his deciples 152*
hastile tell ȝee,
þat he is risen fro ded
and gon to galile,
On-lif in flesch & felle, 156*
os he told ȝow by-fore.
Highes vnto þat plas,
for ȝe sal fynd hym þore."
For he neuend peter by name, 160*
a skill I tel yow qwy,
For he for-soke our lord,
he come not in company
Amang þe apostels for schame, 164*
for-þi his name neuend hee,
þen þai sold not him blame
þen he in wanhope bee.
And qui he for-soke our lord 168*
more þen hese falas?
It was our lordez ordinans,
for-þi no wonder has, 171*
He ordend him hede of heli kirk,
þof alle he him for-soke,
To haf mercy of synful men
ensaumple at him he toke. 175*
þus was marie maudlayn
erly forthe went,
Ho ran to peter & to Iohne, 178*
and told hou þe aungel hir sent.
"þai haf taken my lord," scho saide,
"and out of graf him broght."
þof alle þe aungel hir told
ful siker was scho noght. 183*
Peter & Iohne to-geder ran [leaf 97, col. 1]
to wit how it were,
Bot Iohne was þe swifter,
and þe ere come þere,
And loked in & saȝe þe schetez, 188*
bot he dorst not gang in.
Peter come after & in he went
or euer he wald blyn,
And saȝe þe schetez spred, 192*
and þe sudary þore leued
þat was in þe sepulcre
laide on our lordez heued.
þe went in Iohne þat first com 196*
to þe monument,
And saȝe & trawed wele
þat he away wore hent.
þai couthe not vnderstand, 200*
ne were not ȝit so wise,
To traw þat him bode nede
fro ded to lyue rise.
þen went þai home agayn 204*
þore where þai come froo,
And wend he hade bene born away,
bot maudlayn wald not soo.
Marie wald not away 208*

COTTON (*INSERTION*) COTTON (*INSERTION*)

Digitized by Google

til þat scho wist more,
With-oute þe monument scho stode,
and grette wonder sore.
Als scho stouped doune, 212*
and loked farre & neghe,
Within þe monument
two aungels scho seghe
Cled in white clothez 216*
sitand in þat stede,
þat one at þe fote of þe graf,
þat other at the hede. 219*
þe aungels saide, "womman [col. 2]
whi gretez þou so sore?"
"For þai haf taken my lord," scho seide,
"and doyne him Ine wote whore."
With þat word scho tourned hir 224*
and saȝe our lord stand nere,
Scho wend not it had bene he,
bot a gardiner. 227*
"Whi gretez þou, womman?" quod
Maudlayn said ful soyne, [our lord,
"For þai haf taken my lord,
I ne wote whore he is doyne. 231*
Sir," scho saide, "if þou him haf
auther tane away,
Tell me whore he is
þat I him take may."
"A! mary," saide our lord, 236*
and scho tourned hir in hy,
And felle vnto his fete,
and saide "raboni,"
(þat is on englis maister) 240*
and wald nede neghe him neghe.
"Neghe me not," he saide,
"yhit steghe I not on heghe
To my fader in heuen; 244*

COTTON (*INSERTION*)

bot to my brether þou goo,
And say, I to my fader wend,
þaire god & myn als-so."
Til his deciples maudlayn com, 248*
and told þam alle bi-dene
þat scho of our lord
hade bothe herd & sene.
þis was þe first time 252*
þat *iesus*, heuen kynge,
Schewed til anyman
after his vp-risyng. 255*
A grete honour to wymmen [leaf 97, back, col. 1]
did he in þat cas,
Namly to þoo þat synful are,
for scho synful was.
Here may we see ensaumple 260*
þat wymmen mony are gode,
When Iohne and Iames & þai alle
fro our lord ȝode, 263*
With brennand luf scho dwelled,
and after him scho soȝt,
And til scho wist an end
away wald scho noght.
þis was on of þe creatures 268*
þat euer on erthe was,
þat kydd most luf til our lord,
als me think in this cas.
Als mikel os scho loued bi-fore 272*
þe dele & wricchednes,
Als mikel & more loued scho crist
thoru hir grete godenes.
Scho alle-one kid him more luf, 276*
þen alle men þat wore borne,
His disiples or alle his kyn,
os I ere saide be-forne,—
Oute-taken his moder 280*

COTTON (*INSERTION*)

Digitized by Google

þat loued him tender*ly*
By-fore alkyn cr*e*atures,
and þ*at* was no ferly.
Toward desiples marie went, 284*
þe other two maries scho mett
And told hom þis ti3and,
for ioy alle thre þai grette.
And alle to-gedir þai 3ode 288*
to telle þe apostels þis.
W*ith* þese thre maries os þa went,
mette our lord I-wis,
"Hayl 3e bee!" he saide, 292*
als þai him gon mete.
þai ran to him ful soyn,
and þore þai hiled his fete, 295*
[1]"Leues þis," he saide, "& telles fast
mi brether whore þai bee, [1 col. 2]
þ*at* þai sal see me als I saide
be-for þam in galile." 299*
To his diciples 3ode þai þenne,
and fond þam gretand sore,
For þai wist not where *iesus* was,
ne sa3e of him no more. 303*
þese wy*mm*en told amang hom all
of oure lord tithing,
His desiples trawed hom noght,
bot said it was lesynge.
þen ran san pet*er* forthe, 308*
til his gr*a*f alle his one,
(3it was þis on pasche day,)
and þore he made his mone.
Our lord apered to him soyn, 312*
an alle in pr*i*uete,
Bot whore & what þai saide
nauther writen fynd wee.
First to pet*er* he aperyd 316*

COTTON (*INSERTION*)

of his desciples alle,
To gif v*us* ensaumple
neue*r* *in* wanhope falle.
¶TWo of his disciples, 320*
als þai welk þ*at* day
To þe castel of Emaus,
os it stode *in* þ*er* way;— 323*
þ*at* was fro Ier*usal*em os I vnder*s*tand
About seuen myle & a half,
halden of þ*at* land;—
Of thinges þ*at* were doyn
þai spake be-twix hom two, 328*
I*esus* com him-self,
& w*ith* þam con he go.
"What wordez are þos," he saide,
"þ*at* 3e to-gedir talk? 332*
Ful carfully me-think
be þis way 3e walk,
Whi 3e are mournand? [leaf 98, col. 1]
telles me þe cas." 336*
þen answerd on of þaim,
his name was cleophas,
"Art þou not a pilgrim
þ*at* walkes here in land, 340*
And als fro Ier*usal*em
me think þou art comand,
And knaws not of þo wonders 343*
þ*at* þere now late wore wroght?"
"What thinges?" quod our lord,
for þai 3it knew him noght.
"Of *ie*su nazarene," he saide,
"þ*at* was a pr*o*phete treu 348*
Both *in* word & dede,
þ*at* god & man knew;
And how þe pr*i*nces & þe pr*e*stes,
thoru þ*er* fals rede, 352*

COTTON (*INSERTION*)

Digitized by Google

Gart him hang on rode
and dampned him to þe ded.
We wend þat he alle Israel
of woo suld haf broght. 356*
And now is þis þe thrid day
þat all þis was wroght,
Bot wymmen flayed vus foule
with wordez þat þai saide, 360*
þat were at his sepulcre,
þer he in graf was layde.
þai saide aungels þai saȝe,
and told vus soo ilkone, 364*
And þat he was on-lif,
and out of his graf gone!
þen som of our felaghs
went vnto þat plas, 368*
And als þe wymmen told
þai fand þat it so was.
Bot him-self fond þai noght, [col. 2]
ne more of him we knaw." 372*
"A! foyls," quod our lord,
"ful latt are ȝe to traw.
In alle thinkez þat þe prophetz
han spoken I-wis, 376*
Crist nede be-hode
suffer it for his,
And soo com til his ioy."
and þus he told gode wone 380*
To þam first of moyses,
and of þe prophetez ilkone,
And expounded þe prophesyes[1]
thoru his hely lore, [1 MS. prophetyes] 384*
Of alle thingez þat wore writene
and sayd of him by-fore.
Als þai come narre þe castelle,
to-geder carpand soo, 388*

Iesus made hom semblant
os he wald ferrer goo.
Bot þai constroyned him to dwelle,
þat he no farrer might, 392*
And said, "sir, dwelle with vus,
for it is nerhand night,
And þe day is passed on,
no farrer may þou wyn." 396*
An þen our lord mildle
with þam he went in,
And with þam at þe mete he sat,
euen be-twix hom twoo. 400*
He blissed þe bred & after brak,
and gaf it þaim als-soo,
And þe[n] he fro þam went
an vanisth sodanly. 404*
When þai him misse þai loked about,
and saide þis word in hy,
"Was not our hert brennand in hus
of iesu þat was here, 408*
þat with vs spake & schewed vus
of him þat writen were?"
[2]þar eghen wore hid þat þai ne knew
þat he was in þat stede, [2 leaf 98, bk, col. 1] 412*
Als it was his aughen wille,
til he brake þer brede.
þen ros þai vp & forth went
til Ierusalem ful euene, 416*
All to-geder þai fond þore
his apostels elleuene.
And other moo of his diciples,
and told þam openly, 420*
How þai saȝe crist & with him spake,
on-liue ful verraily.
And he was risen fro deed,
and þus said þai þore, 424*

Digitized by Google

þat crist was risen & apered
to peter a while be-fore.
How he þam schewed þe prophesies,
þai told in þat stede, 428*
And how þat þai him knew
thoru brekyng of þer brede.
3it apon þe pasche day
þis thing doyne it was, 432*
þat he apered to þoo twoo,
luk & cleophas.
In-til a strang plas for drede
all þe [apostels] wore goone, 436*
And alle to-geder þai whore
sauf thomas of ynde allone.
¶ 3it apon þe same day
he schewd to þis menge, 440*
And stode amang hom alle,
and bad "pees to 3ow bee."
þen were þai stoned ilkone,
"no drede," he saide, "has 3e, 444*
Lokes side, hand, & fote, [col. 2]

COTTON (*INSERTION*)

þat I þe same [be]
Gropes & sees oueralle,
and knaw þat it be. 448*
Spirit has nauther flesch ne bone
as I now haf sothtly."
3it al þat menge hade
grete wonder in þar thoght, 452*
"Haf 3e," quod our lord,
"to þe mete dig3t oght?"
þai brog3t som of arosted fische,
a hony combe als-soo, *456
Be-for hom he ete þer-of,
þe relef gaf him froo
Til þam ilkon, & saide
"þese are þe wordez, I-wis, 460*
þat I haf spoken to 3ow,
for prophecy it is."
And told how it writen was
þat iesu crist bode nede 464*
Thole ded, & rise thridday,
and bring til end his dede. 466*

COTTON (*INSERTION*)

[*End of the Cotton insertion of "The Resurrection."*]

Digitized by Google

¶ Ioseph, wen þe Iews wist
þat he hade doluen iesu crist, 17290
Wrothe with him þai wore & wode,
Alle for-menged in þar mode.
þai send sergantz for to nym
both sir nichodem & him; 17294
[1 And oþer xij that for hym spake
when they soughte Iesu with wrake,
Alle they hem hid to queme
But forth come Sir Nicodeme] 17298
sir nichodeme sone come þan,
als þer prince & ouerman.
[1 he come to hem with-outyn spare
As in her synagog they ware] 17302
"say, ȝe man mortherar so crus,
How dare ȝe come in godis hus!"
þai said, "bot what þer-in dose þou?
þat hild agayns vus with iesu. 17306
þi part mot euer with him be."
"Amen, amen, amen," said he.
¶ þen com Ioseph of abaramathi,
vnto þe Iews & asked "qwy 17310
Blame ȝe me with-outen pliȝt,
for I aman in graf diȝt, 17312
In a toumb þat was my nawen?
me think ȝe haf to me misknawen
of þat prophetz þat ȝe gart hang,
Als men say alle with wrang." 17316
[2 At þir wordes forth þai lepe, [f. 99, col. 1]
And son laid hand on ioseph,
þair Iailers to þaim þai cald, 17319
And bad þam do him up at hald,
In a hald in prisun state, [2 Here begins 1st hand again.]
Bituixand efter þair sabat. 17322

COTTON

[1 From Laud MS. 416.]

Off Ioseph off aramathy
To speke now spede wolle y

Off[3] Ioseph when þe iewis knew
That he had buried swete Iesu
wrothe wer they to hym & wood
And alle mengid in her mode
They sent sergeauntes þen to nym
Bothe Nicodeme and hym
And oþer xij that for hym spak
when they soughte Iesu with wrake
Alle they hem hid to queme
But forth come Sir Nicodeme
ffor he was ouyr the iewis þan
As her prynce an hie man
he come to hem with-outyn spar
As in her Synagog they war
Ye men mvrdres he seid so crows
how dar ye come in goddes hows
They seid what her-ynne dost þou
That so hast spokyn for Iesu now
Thy part mote euyr with hym be
Amen Amen euer seid he
¶ Also Ioseph of Aramathie
Come forth tho & askyd why
That ye me wyte for I weH did
with Iesu body that I haue hid
In a tomb was myn owen
EuyH haue ye do wold ye be knowen
Of that rightfuH that ye did hong
And wroght hym mekyH wo with wrong
At thise wordes forth they leppe
And leid hondes on IosepH
To calle Iaylars wer they bold
And bad do hym vp in hold
do hym by kept in presoners estate
Till yt be past our sabate

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

[3 MS. Ooff; *the short lines begin again.*]

Digitized by Google

[O]f ioseph, quen þe iuus wist 17289
þat he had doluen *ie*su crist,
þai wid him ful wrath & wod,
And all formenged in þair mod.
þai sent þair sergantz forto nim 17293
Bath sir nichodeme and him;
And oþer twelue þat for him space
Quen þat þai soght *ie*su wid sake,
Al þai hidd þai*m*-self to ȝeme, 17297
Bot fort þan come sir nichodeme.
For he was ou*er* þe iuus þan,
Als þair prins and ou*er*-man.
He come to þai*m* *in* þat siquar, 17301
þat in þair sinagog þai war,
He said "ȝe men, murtherers sua curs,
Hu dar ȝe cu*m* in goddes hus!"
þai said, "bot quat þar-in dos þu?
þat sua spac and held wid *ie*su. 17306
þi part mot eu*er* and wid hi*m* be."
"Amen, amen, amen," said he.
Alsua ioseph of arimathi, [col. 2]
C[u]me forth and sais me[n] "qui,
wite ȝe me, for i wele did 17311
wid *ie*s*us* bodi, þat i haue hid
In a tumb þat was mine auen?
Ill haf ȝe done wald ȝe be knauen
Of þat sight þat ȝe did hang, 17315
And wroght hi*m* mekil wa wid wra*ng*."
[A]t þir wordis forth þai lepe,
And sone laid hand on sir ioseph,
þair iaioleris to þaim þai cald, 17319
And þaim badd do hi*m* upp in hald,
In a hald in presune state,
Bituix and eftir þair sabate. 17322

Of Ioseph of aramathi:
To speke now spede wol .I.

Of Ioseph whenne þe Iewes knew.
þat he had buried swete ihesu
wroþe were þei to hi*m* & wode
And al menged in her mode
þei sent sergeaun*t*is þenne to nym
Boþe nychodeme & him
And o*þer*e twelue þ*at* for hi*m* spake
whenne þei sou3te ihesu wiþ wrake
Alle þei hem hid take ȝeme
But forþ coom sir Nichodeme
For he was ou*er* þo iewes þan
As her pr*i*nce an hy man
He coom to hem wiþouten spare
As in her synagoge þei ware
ȝe men murþereres he seide so crous
How dar ȝe com in goddes hous
þei seide what her In dost þow
þ*at* so hast spoken for ihesu now
þi part mot euer wiþ him be
Amen amen amen seide he .
¶ Also Ioseph of Aramathie
Coom forþ þo & asked whye
þ*at* ȝe me wite for I wel dud
Wiþ ihesu body þ*at* I haue hud
In a tou*m*be was myn owen
Euel haue ȝe done wolde ȝe be knowen
Of þ*at* ri3tful þ*at* ȝe dud honge
And wrou3t hi*m* muchel wo wiþ wro*n*ge
At þese wordes forþ þei lep
And leide hondes soone on Iosep
To calle Iayleres were þei bolde
And bad do him vp in holde
Do hi*m* be kepte in pr*i*sou*n*s astate
Til hit be past oure sabate

Digitized by Google

"He has us don despit and scam
For-þi yee loke þat his licam
Be noght doluen under lame,
Bot taght to beistes wild and tame."
þan said ioseph of aramathi,
"Me-thinc ye spek als did goli,
þat vnder-tok to striue and fight
Wit child dauid gain godd almight.
For godd had said gan siþen lang,
'Mi-self es sett to wrek þe wrang.'
Pilate was þar, his blod was blend,
Quen he wessen had his hend,
'O þis man,' said he, 'lele and godd,
I am vn-saked of his blod,'
And yee me gaue to your ansuer,
'Late us and urs þe birthen ber,'
And als yee said, it sal i wene
On yow and yours bath be sene."
þai ledd ioseph, þaa bremli bald,
To prisun in a stalworth hald,
þar he o naman suld ha sight,
Ne nankins leme o dais light,
For mete and drinc bath for to fast,
And did to sper þe dors fast,
Locked bath wit-vte and in
And seild wit þair seiles tuin;
And sett þair waites þaim a-bute,
þat he suld noþer-quar get vte.
And eftir þair sabat þai badd togedir,
þat þai suld all þaim gedir þider
For to lok al wit a rede,
Hu to do ioseph to dede.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þai sperd fast wit lok and kai,
þe seles als-sua þai bar away,

COTTON

he hath vs done dispyte & shame
There-for loke that his licame
Vnder erthe not by grave
But takyn wild bestes to haue
Then seid Ioseph of Aramathie
Me thynckyþ ye speke as did goly
That vnder-toke to stryve & fight
with dauy a-yen goddes might
God hath seid gone full long
My-self shalle suffer the iewis wrong
Pilat was ther but he was blend
Whan he washyn had his hend
he seid of this man trew & good
I wilbe sakeles of his blode
And ye hym yaf to answere
lete vs and ouris þe blame bere
Now yt shalle as I fulle wene
On you and yours be alle sene
They lad Ioseph as I haue told
To preson in-to a strong hold
There he of no man shuld haue sight
Ne no lym of dais light
ffro mete and drynck for to fast
And shyt the dorys at the last
with-ynne and with-out lokyn so
The lokkys asselid with selis ij° [f 155]
They sent spius also abowte
That he shuld not passe out
After hir sabot so to-gedir
Alle wold they come thedir
ffor to loke all with oo rede
ffor to do Ioseph to dede
After that sabot-day was gon
Thedir come they euery-chon
vndid the lokkys with the key
And als the selis did awey

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

"He has done vs despite and schame
For-þi we loke þat his licame 17324
Ne be noght doluen vnder lame,
Bot taght to bestes wild and tame."
[þ]an said ioseph of arimathi, 17327
"Me thinc ȝe speke als did goli,
þat vnder-toke to striue and fight
wid child daui again god of might.
For god had said gone siþen lang
'Me self es sett to wirke þe wrang.'
[P]ilate was þar, his blode was blend,
Quen þat he wassen had his hend,
He said, 'of þis man lelè and gode
I am vnsakid for his blode,' 17336
And ȝe me gaue to ȝur ansuer,
'Lat vs and vrs þe blame bere,'
And als ȝe said, it sal i wenè
On ȝu and ȝuris bath be sene." 17340
[þ]ai ledd ioseph, þaa brimli bald,
To presune in a stalworth hald,
þar he of na man suld haue sight
Ne nanekin leme of dais light, 17344
Fra mete and drinc þat he suld fast,
And did to spere þe doris fast,
Lockid bath widvten and in, [lf 116, bk, col. 1]
And selid wid þair selis tuin; 17348
And sett þair waites þar a-bute,
þat he suld neuþerquar win vte.
And eftir þair sabath bad togedere,
þat þai suld all þaim geder deþire
For to loke all wid a rede, 17353
Hu to do ioseph to dede.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
vndid þair lock all wid þe kay,
þe selis alsua þai did away, 17358

GÖTTINGEN

He haþ vs don despit & shame
þerfore loke þat his licame
Vndir erþe not be graue
But taken wilde bestes to haue
þen seide Ioseph of aramathi
Me þinke ȝe speke as dud goly
þat vndirtoke to stryue & fiȝt
Wiþ dauid aȝeyn goddes myȝt
God haþ seide gone ful longe
Mi self shal suffre þe iewes wronge
Pilate was þere but he was blende
Whenne he wasshen had his hende
He seide of þis mon trewe & gode
I wol be sakles of his blode
And ȝe him ȝaf to vnswere
lete vs & oures þe blame bere
Now hit shal as I ful wene
On ȝou & ȝoures be al sene
þei ladde Ioseph as I haue tolde
To prisoun in to a strong holde
þere he of no mon shulde haue siȝt
Ny no leme of dayes liȝt
Fro mete & drinke for to fast
And shutte þe dores at þe last
Wiþinne & wiþoute loken so
þe lokes asseled wiþ seles two
þei sent aspies also aboute
þat he shulde not passen oute
Aftir her sabat is to gider
Alle wolde þei com þider
For to loke alle wiþ o rede [leaf 106]
For to do Ioseph to dede
Aftir þat sabot day was gone
þidur coom þei euerychone
Vndud þe lokes wiþ þe key
And als þe seeles dud awey

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Bot ioseph, þat þai left had þar,
Was son awai, bot þai ne wist ware!
Ful for-farled þan war þai,
þat þat ne wist quat to sai,
For sele and lok all fast þai fand, [col. 2]
þe keis þam-self þai had in hand.

Bothe Ioseph that thei left there
was awey they ne wyst where
So ferd and masid tho stode they
That they nyst what to sey
Sele and lok fast they fond
The key had they in her hond

[*The Resurrection of Christ.*]

¶ Quils þai spak þus o þat selcut,
A neu tiþand þam com vncuth,
Sum o þaa knightes *þat* war sent
Al for to kepe þe monu*m*ent;
And tald þam hu of angels an
Had lifted a-way *þat* mikel stan;
His clethi*n*g als þe suan his suire,
And his cher lik was slaght o fire.
"þis angel saitt apon *þat* stan,
For drede we fell als dede ilkan,
To þaa wi*m*men *þat* ie*s*u*m* soght
We herd he said, 'ne dredes noght,
Yee seke þe bodi o ie*s*u,
Raisd es he, and noght or nu.'
His wordes wel we vnderstode,
'Ie*s*us,' he said, 'was don on rode,
Es risen als he for-wit said,
Los here þe sted quar he was laid.
Bot til disciplis his sai yee,
Fra ded to lijf *þat* risen es he,
And bidd þam wend to galilee,
Als he for-tald þai sal him se.'
Of us ne thar yow noght mistrau,
For þus it was als we tel yow."
¶ þan þai badd be-for ham call
þat gett þe thoru þe knightes all,
"Q*uat* war þaa wi*m*men, wat yee, or q*ue*þen?

While they speke of þis selcowþe
A new tydyng hem come to mowþe
Oon of the knyghtes that were sent
ffor to kepe the monument
Told hem that of angils oon
had lyft awey the grave-ston
That clothid was as snow shir
And his semblaunt like to ffyr
This angil satte hym on þe stone
ffor drede we fille doune dede echon
To tho women that Ie*s*u sought
he bad they shuld drede nought
ye seke the body of Ie*s*u dere
Resyn is he / he is not her
his wordes wele we vnderstond
Ie*s*u that on Crosse did hong
is resyn as he by-fore seid
lo here the stede he was in leid
But to his dissiplis sey ye
ffrom dethe to lyff vp-resyn is he
Byd hem to Galile go fulle right
To se hym ther as he hem hight
This knyght seid leve yt wele
That I haue told euery dele
¶ Then they bad by-forn hem calle
That kept the grave the knyghtes alle
what wer tho wymmen that hym sought

COTTON

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

Bot ioseph, þat þai left had þare,
Awai was, þai ne wist quiþer ne quare!
Fulferlid all þan war þai,
þat þai ne wist neuer quat to say,
For sele and look all fast þai fand,
þe cay þaim seluen had in hand.

But Ioseph þat þei lafte þere
Was awey þei ne wiste where
So ferde & mased þo stood þai
þat þei nuste what to say
Seel & lok fast þei fond
þe kaye had þei in her hond

[*The Resurrection of Christ.*]

[Q]uiles þai spek þus of þis selcuth,
A new tiþand þaim come vncuth,
Sum of þe knightes þat war sent
All forto ȝeme þe monument;
And tald þaim of angelis ane
Had lifted awai þat mekil stane;
His clething als þe suannes suyre,
And his chere like slaght of fire.[1]
" þis angel sat apon þe stane, [1 MS. froe]
For drede we fell als dede ilk ane,
To þaa wimmen þat iesus soght
He said, we herd, 'ne dredis noght,
ȝe seke þe bodi of iesu,
Resin he es, and noght here nu.'
His wordis wele we vnderstand,
'Iesus, þat on crois hij hang,
Es resen, als he forwid said.
Lo! here þe stede quar he was laid.
Bot till his desciplis sai ȝe,
Fra dede to lijf vp-resen es he,
And bidd þaim wend into galile,
Als he for said þai sal him se.'
Of vs ne thar ȝu noght mistrou [col. 2]
For þus it es als we tell ȝu."
þan þai badd bifor þaim call
þat kepte þe graue þe knightes all,
" Wate ȝe quat þaa wimmen ware or
quepen?

¶ whil þei speke of þis selcouþ
A new tiþing hem coom to mouþ
Oon of þo knyȝtis þat were sent
For to kepe þe monument
Toldo hem þat of aungels one
Had lifte awey þe graue stone
þat cloþed was as snow shire
And his semblant like to fire
þis aungel set him on þe stone
For drede we fel doun dede vchone
To þo wymmen þat ihesu souȝt
He bad þei shulde drede nouȝt
ȝe seke þe bodi of ihesu dere
Risen is he he is not here
His wordis wel we vndirstonde
Ihesu þat on cros dud honge
Is risen as he biforn seide
Lo here þe stud he was in leide
But to his disciplis saye ȝe
From deþ to lif vp risen is he.
Bidde hem to galile go ful riȝt
To se him þere as he hem hiȝt
þis knyȝt seide leue hit wele
þat I haue tolde euerydele
¶ þenne þei bad biforn hem calle
þat kepte þe graue þe knyȝtis alle
what were þo wymmen þat him souȝt

GÖTTINGEN

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Quin had yee broght þam wit yow
þeþen?"
"þaa wimmen knau we noght," coth þai,
"Als we war ded all dun we lai,
Quen we self war vte o maght,
Hu suld þai þan for us be laght?"
þan suar þaa Iuus and war ful wrath,
"Drightin liues!"—þis was þair ath,
"We trou yow noght, wijt yee ful wel,
Your sagh es lese, euer-ilk del."
¶ þe knightes ansuerd to þaa Iuus,
"Yee ar þe folk þat ai mistruus,
Quen ye sagh him forwit your sight,
Sua mani maistris mak o might
Bath herd and sene o þat iesu,
Na selcuth yee us wil noght tru.
Yee said ar we it vnderstode, [leaf 99, bk, col. 1]
þe lauerd liues yee did on rode,
For we omen haf herd be said,
Ioseph, þat in his thrugh him laid,
Yee luked under lok and sele,
þat nan yow moght of him bitell.
Bot yee him mist þar alsun,
Als your steckles war vndon,
If yee þan rightwisli wil deme,
Yeild vs ioseph þat yee suld yeme,
And we sal iesu yeld wit dett
þat in his grafe we suld ha gett."
¶ þe Iuus said, "iesu yeild yee,
We sal yeild ioseph yee sal se,
We wat quar ioseph es al bun,
In aramathi, his aun tun."
¶ þe knightes said, "if ioseph be
In aramathi, his aun cite,
þan dar we sai o iesu þat he
Es redi stad nu in galilee.

COTTON

why ne had ye hem with you
brought
we knew hem nought þo seid they
As we wer dede alle doune we ley
when we wer so out of might
how shuld they for vs be kyth
Then swor þo iewis þat wer wroth
By levyng god þat was her oth
Beleve you not wete it well
Your sawis bene fals euer dele
The knyghtes answerd alle in greve
ye ar euyr in mysbyleve
When ye hym sie byfor your sight
So many mastries made of might
Bothe hard and sene of hym now
No marvayle though ye vs not trow
They seid wele we yt vnderstond
The lord levyth ye did on rode
Also we haue of men hard seid
Ioseph that in tomb hym leid
ye diddyn hym vnder lok and sele
That he awey shuld not stele
But ye hym myssid right sone
And non off your dorys vndon
Thus if ye rightwysly wille deme
Yeldyth Ioseph ye had to yeme
And we shulle yeld Iesu sone
Into our kepyng that was done
The iewis seid Iesus yeld ye
And we shulle Iosep ye shulle se
We wote where Ioseph is albound
In Aramathy his oune toune
The knyghtes seid if Ioseph be
In Aramathy his owne Cite
Then dar we sey off Iesu þat he
is redy now in galile

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

Qui ne had ȝe broght þaim wid ȝu þeþen?" 17392
"þa wimmen knau we noght," said þai,
"Als we war dede alle dune we lay,
Quen we self war vte of maght,
Hu suld þai þan for vs be laght?"
þan suar þa iuus þat war wrath, 17397
"Drightin liues!"—þis was þair ath,
"we tru ȝu noght, witt ȝe wele,
ȝur saues er les, euer-ilk-a dele."
[þ]aa knightes ansuerd to þa iuus,
"ȝe er þat folk þat ai mistrouis, 17402
Quen ȝe him sau forwid ȝur sight,
Sua mani maistris make of might
Bath herd and sene of þat iesu, 17405
No selcuth ȝee vs will noght tru.
He said are wele we vnderstode,
þe lauerd liues ȝe did on rode, 17408
For we of men has herd and said,
Ioseph, þat in tumb him laid,
ȝe lokid vnder lock and sele,
þat nane ȝu suld of him bitele. 17412
Bot ȝe him mist þar alsone,
Als all ȝur stedis had bene vndone,
þan if ȝe reghtwisli will deme,
ȝeild vs ioseph þat ȝe suld ȝeme,
And we sal iesu ȝeild wid dett 17417
þat in his graue we suld haue gett."
þe iuus said þan, "iesus ȝeild ȝe,
we sal ȝeild ioseph þat ȝe sal se,
we wat quar ioseph es all bune,
In arimathi, his auen tune." 17422
[þ]e knightes said, "if ioseph be
In arimath, his auen cite,
þan þar we sai of iesu þat he [leaf 117, col. 1]
Es redi stadd in galile. 17426

GÖTTINGEN

why nadde ȝe hem wiþ ȝou brouȝt

We knew hem not þo seide þei
As we were deed al doun we lay
whenne we were so out of myȝt
How shulde þei for vs be kiȝt
þenne swor þo iewes þat were wrooþ
Bi lyuynge god þat was her ooþ
We lyue ȝou not wite hit wel
ȝoure sawes ben fals euery del
þo knyȝtis vnswerede alle in greue
ȝe are euer in mis bileue
Whenne ȝe him say bifore ȝoure siȝt
So mony maistries made of myȝt
Boþe herde & sene of him now
No merueil þouȝe ȝe vs not trow
þei seide wel we hit vndirstoode
þe lord lyueþ ȝe dud on rode
Also we haue of men herde seide
Ioseph þat in toumbe him leide
ȝe duden him vndir lok & sele
þat he awey shulde not stele
But ȝe him misten aftir soone
And none of ȝoure dores vndone
þus if ȝe riȝtwisly wol deme
ȝeldeþ Ioseph ȝe had to ȝeme
And we shul ȝelde iheȝu soone
Into oure kepyng þat was done
þe iewes seide iheȝus ȝelde ȝe
And we shul Ioseph we shul se
We woot where Ioseph is al boun
In aramathy his owne toun
þe knyȝtis seide if Ioseph be
In aramathi his owne cite
þenne dar we saye of iheȝu þat he
Is redy now in galile

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

O þis sothsau þan er we bald,
Als þe angel to þaa wimmen tald."
¶ Wit þis word scomed þan þe Iuus,
To blacken þan bigan þair brous,
To-gedir þai þam-seluen drogh,
"Nu es us nede o rede i-nogh,
Bot we ne be-warr wit-stand in time,
Yon iesu all sal ger tru in him,
Ne late we neuer þis tiþand spred
All be we scent, þat godd for-bede.
þir knightes we sal giftes bede,
And we sal ditt þair muthes wit mede."
¶ A sume o penis gadird þai,
And gaf þa knightes for to sai
Til all þat þam wald tiþand frain,
At sai and ansuer þam a-gain,
At quils bi night on-slepe þai lai
Men com and stale iesu a-wai;
And said, "if ani man yow witte,
We sal yow saue and mak yow quite."
¶ Alas! alas! o couaitis,
Sua mani war it mas vn-wis!
It reues rightwisnes his wai,
And lettes man þe soth to sai.
For tor es right wai to find
To man þat in sight es blind,
Quen giftes has for-don þe sight,
Qua mai þan folu þe reul o right.
Bot iesu crist þat rightwis es,
And al he self es sothfastnes,
þof it neuer haf lasted sua lang,
A-wai to wrenk he dos þe wrang,
And sothfastnes, quen fals es fledd,
Halds foluand forth his sted.
þan sal falshed be fulli feldd,
Wit all þat wit him heilded or held.

COTTON

Off' this sothe sawe ar' we bold
The angill so to the woman told
Of' thise wordes drad the iewis
To blake tho bygon her browis
To counsele sone were they brought
Now is vs nede of' redy thought
[1]But we wythstond be tyme now
Iesu shalle make alle to hym bow
Yff' we let this tydyng sprede [1 leaf 155, back]
Alle be we shent þat may we drede
Thise knyghtes anon we yeftes bede
That we may stoppe her mowþe with
A somme of' pens gadird they [mede
And yaff' to knyghtes for to sey
To alle that wold hem tydyng frayne
To answer' hem þus ageyn
While we be nygh in slepe lay
Iesus meyne come and hym stole away
They seid if' eny man you wyte
This may you save and make quyte
Alas that tyme of covetyse
So many men yt makyth vnwyse
hyt revyth rightwysnes his wey
And lettyth men the sothe to sey
Right may come to non end
Ther' covetyse man hath blend
When yeftes haue for-done the sight
how may men folow þe rule of' right
But Iesu Cryst that rightwys is
And alle hym-self' sothefastnes
Though yt lette neuer so long
Alle-wey to wrecche he doth the wrong
And sothefast when fals is fled
Holdyth forth his owne stede
Then shalle falshed be fallid in feld
with alle þo that with hym held

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

of þis soth-sau þan er we bald,
Als þe angel to þaa wimmen tald."
[Q]uid þis word dred þir iuus,
To blaken þan bigan þair bruus,
To-gider sone þai þaim broght,
"Nu es vs nede of redi thoght,
Bot we bewar widstand in time,
þou iesu sal gere all tru in hime,
If we late ouþer þis tiþand sprede
All be we schent, þat godd forbede.
þir knightes sal we giftes bede,
And we sal ditt þair muth wid mede."
[A] sum of penis þan gadrid þai,
And gaue þe knightes forto say
Till all þat wald þaim tiþand fraine,
To sai and ansuer þaim againe,
Quilis bi night on-slepe þai lay
Iesu men come and stale a-wai;
And said, "if ani man 3u wite,
3e sal 3u saue and make 3u quite."
[A]llas! allas! of couaytise,
Sua mani war it mas unwise!
It rewis rightwisnes his way,
And lettes þaim þe soth to say.
For tor it es right wai to find,
To man þat couaitis has blind,
Quen giftes has for-done þe sight,
Qua mas þan folu þe reule of right.
Bot iesu crist, þat rightwis es,
And all him-self es sothfastnes,
þogh it neuer haue lated sua lang,
Awai to wreke he dos þe wrang,
And sothfastnes, quen fals es fledd,
Haldes foluand forth his stede.
þan sal falsed be fulli feld,
wid all þat til him heilded or held.

GÖTTINGEN

Of þis soþ sawe are we bolde
þe aungel so to þe wymmen tolde
Of þese wordes drad þe iewes
To blake þo bigon her brewes
To counsel soone were þei brouȝt
Now is vs nede of redy þouȝt
But we wiþstonde bityme now [lf 106, bk]
Ihesus shal make al to him bow
If we lete þis tiþing sprede
Alle be we shent þat may we drede
þese knyȝtis anoon we ȝiftis bede
þat we may stoppe her mouþes wiþ mede
And somme of pens gedered þei
And ȝaf þo knyȝtis for to sei
To alle þat wolde hem tiþing freyne
To vnswere hem þus aȝeyne
whil we bi nyȝte in slepe lay
Ihesus meyne coom & him stale away
þei seide if any mon ȝou wite
þis may ȝou saue & make quyte
Allas þat tyme of couetise
So mony men hit makeþ vnwise
Hit reueþ riȝtwisnes his wey
And letteþ men þe soþe to sey
Riȝt may com to noon ende
þat couetise mon haþ blende
Whenne ȝiftis haue fordone þe siȝt
How may men folwe þe reule of riȝt
But ihesu crist þat riȝtwis es
And al him self of soþfastenes
þouȝe hit lette neuer so longe
Alwey to wreche he doþ þe wronge
And soþfaste whenne fals is fled
Holdeþ forþ his owne sted
þenne shal falshede be falde in felde
Wiþ alle þo þat wiþ him helde

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Sua did þir knightes i of mele,
þai war for-boght þe soth to hele,
Als þai war for-boght sua þai did,
þat þai bath herd and sagh þai hidd.
And said, als þam was bidden sai,
Iesu cors was stoln awai.
Bot wat yee þar-wit quat þai wan
Scencip and scam o mani man,
O man þai wan scencip and scam,
And o þair luueword tint þe nam.
All fals sal far þat ilk wise,
And euer sal rightwisnes vprise,
Ful wa þam was þaa wreches wick,
Quen þis tiþand bigan to thik.
For in þat siquar vte o Iudee
Com moned men to þaim thre,
And til þat folk tald all bidene,
þat þai had wit þair eien sene.
"Iesus," þai said, "yee to ded did,
Sittand his disciplis mid
Wee sagh on mont of oliuete,
And said to þaim, 'mi breþer suete,
Yee sal wend nu ouer al þis werld,
And sais als yee haf sene and herd,
All þat will tru and baptim tak,
Sal saued be of all þair wrak.'
Quen he þam had þis talking teld,
Til heuen he stei, we all bi-held."
¶ þe prestes and þas oþer ald
Said to þam þis tiþand tald,
"And der yee suer, for godds blis,
þat yee herd and sagh al þis?"
"Ya, certanli, þat soth it es
We tak drightin til vr wittnes.
If we ne soth said, quat suld we win?
For-soth nanoþer thing bot sin."

COTTON

So dide thise knyghtes that I of mele
Yeftes made hem the soth to hele
As mede hem bade so then they did
That they harde and sie they hide
They seide as hem was bedyn sey
That Iesu corse was stolyn a-wey
But after that there-with thy wonne
Shentship and shame of many a man
Men seide hem after muche shame
And of her trowthe lost the name
Alle fals shulle ffare on that wyse
And euyr shalle rightwysnes vp-ryse
Wo was hem tho wrecchis wyke
When this tydyng by-gon to quyke
¶ In that tyme out of Iude
Offe walkyng men were comyn thre
To that folke tolde they alle by-dene
That they hade with her eien sene
Iesus they seide to dethe ye did
Syttyng his dissiplis amyde
We sey on mount of Olyuete [1 MS. on]
he seide to hem brethir swete
ye shalle wende ouyr alle þis worlde
And preche that ye haue sene & herde
Alle that yt levyth and baptyn take
Shulle savide be of alle her sake
When he hade this tale hem telde
To heuyn he stie we alle by-helde
The prestes and thise oþer olde
Seide to hem that this tale tolde
Dare ye swere the sothe y-wys
That ye harde and sie alle this
They seide certeyn the sothe it is
We take gode fully to wytnes
But we sothe seide what shulde we wyn
fforsothe no-thyng but opyn synne

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

Sua did þir knightes i of mele, [col. 2]
þai war for gifte þe soth to hele,17464
Als þai war forboght sua þai did,
þat þai bath herd and sau þai hid.
And said, als þaim was bidden sai,
Iesu cors was stolin awai. 17468
Bot wate ȝe quat þai þar-wid wan
Schenschip and chame of mani a man,
Of men þai wan schenschip and schame,
And of þar leute tint þe name. 17472
All fals sal fare on þat ilk wise,
And euer sal rightwisnes vp-rise,
Ful wa þaim was þaa wrechis wick,
Quen þis tiþand bigan to thick.
[I]n þat siquar vte of iude 17477
Of moned men was comen thre,
And till þat folk tald all bidene,
þat þai had wid þair eien sene. 17480
"Iesus," þai said, "þat ȝe to dede did,
Sittand his desciplis emid
We sau on mont of oliuete, 17483
And said to þaim, 'mi breder suete,
ȝe sal nu wend ouerall þis werld,
And sai als ȝe haue sene and herd,
All þat will trou and baptim take,
Sal sauued be of all þair sake.' 17488
Quen he þaim had þis talking teld,
To heuen he stei, we all biheld."
[þ]e preistes And þas oþer ald
Said to þaim þis tiþand tald, 17492
"And dar ȝe suere, for godes blise,
þat ȝe bath herd and sau all þise?"
"ȝa, sertainli, þat soth it es
we take drightin til vr witnes. 17496
If we ne said soth, quat suld we win?
For-soth na-thing bot sin."

GÖTTINGEN

So dude þese knyȝtis þat I of mele
ȝiftis made hem þe soþe to hele
As mede hem bad so þenne þei dud
þat þei herde & say þei hud
þei seide as hem was boden sey
þat ihesu cors was stolen awey
But aftir þat þerwiþ þei won
Shenshepe & shame of mony mon
Men seide hem aftir muchel shame
And of her treuþe loste þe name
Alle false shul fare on þat wise
And euer shal riȝtwisnes vp rise
Wo was hem þo wrecches wik
whenne þis tiþing bigon to quyk
¶ In þat tyme out of Inde
Of walkynge men were comen þre
To þat folke tolde þei al bi-dene
þat þei had wiþ her eȝen sene
Ihesus þei seide to deþe ȝe didde
Sittyng his disciplis amydde
We say on mount of olyuete
He seide to hem breþere swete
ȝe shul wende ouer al þis werd
And preche þat ȝe haue seen & herd
Alle þat hit leueþ & bapteme take
Shul saued be of al her sake
Whenne he had þis tale hem telde
To heuen he steiȝe we alle bihelde
þe prestis & þese oþere olde
Seide to hem þat þis tale tolde
Dar ȝe swere þe soþe I-wis
þat ȝe herde & say al þis
þei seide certeyn þe soþe hit is
we take god fully to witenes
But we soþ seide what shulde we wynne
Forsoþe no þing but open synne

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Wit þis þe maisters suith up stert, [If 100, col. 1]
þis word þam satt ful sar til hert,
In consail þai þaa thre men ledd,
Wit godds lai þai þam for-bedd,
And coniurd þaim, be godds lau,
þis words neuer mar to scau,
þat þai þam tald had o iesu.
" þir giftes þar-for giue we yow,"
And gaf þam giftes gret to spend,
And thre men wit þair thre þai send
Hame to þair land þam for to ledd,
Ar þair tiþand suld ferrer spredd.
þe Iuus drogh þam to-gedir þan,
A sari soruing þai bigan,
And said, " quat talking mai þis be
In israel, an ur contre."
Bot anna and caiphas, þir tua,
þat mast soght iesu for to sla,
To comforth þam þat þai sagh care,
" Do wai," þai said, " dos sua na mar,
Quer we þe knightes agh to tru,
þat gett þe graue o þat iesu,
þat tald us þat of angels an
Had lifted of þe graue þe stan.
His disciplis al mai wel fall,
Said sua to þaa knightes all,
And gaf þam giftes sua to sai,
Quils þai his bodi bar a-wai,
And leied þat þai sagh him rise.
For-soth it es nanoiþer wise,
For giftes gret of us þai tok,
And noght of urs þai for-sok,
Als we þam badd or wald bidd,
Wel wat yee þat þai sua did.
Bot þaim bird better for to bou
þair trouth til us þan to iesu."

COTTON

with this the mastirs tho vp-stert
This worldꝭ hem satte sore at hert
To counсele tho iijᵉ men they ledꝭ
On goddes halfᵗ they hem for-bedꝭ
They kurydꝭ hem by goddes aw
Thise wordes no more to shaw
That nevyr ofᵗ Iesu morꝰ spokyn be
There-forꝰ they yafᵗ hem muche mone
They yafᵗ hem yeftes grete to spendꝭ
And thre men they with hem senꝭ
To her londꝭ home for to lede
ffor yt shuldꝭ no ferther sprede
¶ The iewis drew to-gedir then
And sory sorowyng they be-gon
They seidꝭ what tokyn may this be
In Israell in ourꝰ contre
But Anna andꝭ Cayfas thise ijᵉ
That most soughꝭt Iesu to slo
To comfort hem that were in care
Do wey they seidꝭ let be yourꝰ fare
We shulle not tho knyghtes trow
That kept the grave ofᵗ Iesu now
They vs toldꝭ ofᵗ angils oon
hadꝭ lyftydꝭ ofᵗ his graue the ston
his dissipils welꝭ may ffaꝭ
Seidꝭ so to tho knyghtes alle [leaf 156]
Andꝭ yafᵗ hem yeftes so to sey
while they his body barꝰ awey
They liedꝭ that they say hym ryse
ffor-sothe it is non oþer wyse
ffor yeftes grete ofᵗ vs they toke
Andꝭ noughꝭt ofᵗ ouris they for-soke
As we hym badꝭ or wille bydꝭ
Wele ye wote that so they didꝭ
But rathir shuldꝭ they to vs take
Then to Iesu for ourꝰ sake

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

wid þis þe maistris suith vp stirt,
þis word þaim satt ful sare to herte,
In consaile þai þaa thre men ledd, [lf 117, back, col. 1]
wid goddes lai þai þaim forbedd,
And coniured þaim, bi goddes lau,
þir wordis neuermare to schau,
þat þai þaim had tald of *ie*su.
"þir guiftes her for-giue we ȝu,"
And gaf þaim giftes grete to spend,
And thre m*en* wid þaa thre þai send,
Hame to þare land þai*m* for to lede,
Are þair tiþand suld ferrer sprede.
[þ]e iuus þaim drou toged*er* þan,
And sari soruing þaim bigan,
And said, "q*uat* takening mai þis be
In israel, in vr contre."
Bot anna and cayphas, þir tua,
þat mast soght *ie*s*us* forto sla,
To conford þai*m* þai sau in care,
"Do wai," þai said, "dos sua no mare,
Queþ*er* we þe knightes aght to tru,
þat gett þe graue of þat *ie*su,
þai tald vs þat of angelis ane
Had lifted of his graue þe stane.
His desciplis wele mai falle,
Said sua till þa knightes alle,
And gaue þai*m* giftes sua to sy,
Quilis þai his bodi bar away,
And lieid þat þai sau him rise.
For-soth it es nanoþ*er* wise,
For giftes grete of vs þai toke,
And noght of vres þai forsoke,
Als we þaim badd or wold bidd,
wele ȝe wat þat sua þai did.
Bot þaim bird beter for to bu
þair thoght till vs þan to *ie*su."

GÖTTINGEN

Wiþ þis þe maistris þo vp stert
þis word hem sat sore at hert
To cou*n*sel þo þre men þei ledde
On goddes babie þei hem forbedde
þei co*n*iured hem bi goddes awe
þese wordis no more to shawe
þ*at* neu*er* of ih*es*u more spoken be
þ*er*fore þei ȝaf hem muchel mone
þei ȝaf hem ȝiftis grete to spende
And þre men þei wiþ hem sende
To her londe hem for to lede
For hit shulde no furþer sprede
¶ þe iewes drowȝe to gider þon
And sory sorwyng þei bigon
[1]þei seide what token may þis be
In israel in oure cuntre [1 leaf 108, *before leaf* 107 *in MS.*]
But Anna & caiphas þese two
þ*at* moost souȝt ih*es*u to slo
To cou*m*forte hem þ*at* were in care
Dowey þei seide let be ȝoure fare
We shal not þo knyȝtis trowe
þ*at* kepte þe graue of ih*es*u nowe
þei vs tolde of au*n*gels one
Had lifted of his graue þe stone
His disciples wel may falle
Seide so to þo knyȝtis alle
And ȝaf hem ȝiftis so to say
Whil þei his bodi bar away
þei lyed þ*at* þei say him rise
Forsoþe hit is noon oþ*er*e wise
For ȝiftis grete of vs þei toke
And nouȝte of oures þei forsoke
As we hem bad or wolde bidde
Wel ȝe woot þ*at* so þei didde
But raþ*er* shulde þei to vs take
þen to ih*es*u for oure sake

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Vp-stode and said sir nichodeme,
"God men, for goddes luue tas yeme
Quat yee sai, and sais bot right,17537
And has sum drednes o your dright;
Ne herd yee quat þis thre men said,
And on your lai þair hend þai laid
And suar, þat þai and oþer fele 17541
Sagh *iesum* wit his meigne mele
And stei up in a littel stunt [col. 2]
Til heuen fra oliuete þe mont?
And hali storis tels and sais
þat helias, in ald dais, 17546
Was taken up als vnto heuen,—
I-nogh ha yee herd þar-of neuen;—
His sun men asked *quar* he was cum-
men, 17549
And he þam said he was be-nummen,
'Reft awai for-soth es he
'Reft,' coth þai, 'hu mai þis be?
Mai fall sum gast awai him ledd,
And es vnto þe felles fledd. 17554
In israel er hei felles.
þar es he soth and noþer elles:
Bot chese we dughti men and lele
To seke þe montz of israel.' 17558
þai praid his sun him ga to seke,
And he went and oþer men *him* eke,
Bot *quen* þai thre dais had him soght,
Na tiþand hame of him þai broght.
For-þi," said nichodeme, to þaa, 17563
"Mi rede es if yee rede nu sua,
Yee seke þaa felles all to-gedir,
þat *iesus* be noght rauist þider, 17566
þat if we find him þar wit chaunce
We mai do for ur plight penance."

COTTON

¶ Then stode vp and seid Nicodeme
Good men for godd*es* love take yeme
what ye sey and seith but right
And dredyth som-what god alle-might
Herd ye not what thise thre men seid
And on your law hir hond thei leid
They swor that they and o*per* fele
Say I*esu* w*ith* his meyne mele
And stie vs fro feire and swete
ffrom the mount off Olyuete
And holy story tellyth and sayes
That Ely by old dais
was takyn vp as into heuyn
Muche haue ye herd ther-of nemyn
his sonne men askyd where he was
by-com
And he hem seid was hym by-nomyn
Raft awey forsothe is he
how they seid may th*is* be
May be sum gost awey hym led
And so to wyldyrnes is fled
In Israell bene grete fellis
There is he sothe and now-wher ellis
But chese we dowghty men and lele
To seche tho fellis off Israelle
They went forth hym to seke
his sonne and othir men eke
When they iij^{e} daies had hym sought
No tydyng home of hym they brought
Therfor seid Nicodeme tho
My rede is now yf ye wil so
ye seke tho fellis alle to-gethir
that I*esus* be not raveshid thedir
And if we fynd hym ther by chaunce
we may do for our synne penaunce

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

[V]p-stode þan and said nichodeme,
" Gode men, for goddes luue tas 3eme
Quat 3e sai, and sais bot right,
And has sum drednes of vr dright;
Ne herd 3e quat þir thre men said, [col. 2]
And on 3ur lay þair hend þai laid
And suar, þat þai and oþer fele
Sau iesus, wid his meigne, mele
And stei vp in a littel stund
To heuen fra oliuete þe munt?
And hali stori tellis and sais
þat helias, in alde dais,
was taken vp als in-till heuen,—
Inoght haf 3e herd þar-of neuen;—
His sun men askid quer he was comin,
And he þaim said he was binomin,
'Reft away for-soth es he.'
'Reft,' said þai, 'hu mai þis be,
Mai fal sum gast awai him ledd,
And es vnto þe fellis fledd.
In israel es ful grete fellis,
þar es he soth and nouþer ellis:
Bot chese we dughti men and lele
To seke þe fellis of israel.'
þai praid his sun him ga to seke,
He went, and oþer men him eke,
Bot quen þai thre dais had him soght,
Na tiþand hame of him þai broght.
For-þi," said nichodeme, to þaa,
" Mi rede es if 3e rede nu sua,
3e seke þe fellis all to-gider,
þat iesus be noght rauist þeþir,
þat if we find him þare wid chance
we mai do for vr plight penance."

GÖTTINGEN

¶ þen stood vp & seide Nichodeme
Gode men for goddes loue take 3eme
what 3e sey & seiþ but ri3t
And dredeþ sumwhat god of my3t
Herde 3e not what þese þre men seide
And on 3oure lawe her hondes þei leide
þei swor þat þei & opere fele
Say ihesu wiþ his meyne mele
And steyze vs fro feire & swete
From þe mount of olyuete
And holy story telleþ & sayes
þat elye Elie bi olde dayes
Was taken vp as in to heuen
Muche haue 3e herde þerof neuen
His son men asked where he was bicomen
And he hem seide was him binomen
Rafte awey forsope is he
How þei seide may þis be
May be sum goost awey him ledde
And so to wildernes is fledde
In israel ben grete felles
þere is he soþ & nowhere elles
But chese we dou3ty men & lele
To seche þo felles of israele
þei wente forþ him to seke
His son & opere men eke
whenne þei þre dayes had him sou3t
No tiþing hem of him þei brou3t
þerfore seide Nichodeme þo
Mi reed is now if 3e wol so
3e seke þo felles alle to gider
þat ihesus be not rauyssed þider
And if we fynde him þere bi chaunce
we may do for oure synne penaunce

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ All þe Iuus, less and mare,
O þis consail þai paid war,
And ches men þat þai wel a-woud
And wel right als þaim-self þai troud;
Bath þai soght þaim don and dale,
Bot o *ie*su herd þai na tale.
Walawai! q*uat* þai war blind,
Q*uen* þai wend *ie*su*m* sua to find.
For him to find qua will him seke,
þair mode til him þai most meke
To knau him godd of all weldand,
þan sal he find him bun at hand,
Mightili in al his nede,
To suilk he wil his bodi bede.
For þof he sitt in heuen hall,
Yeitt es he þar-wit ou*er* all,
Mightili bath ferr and nere,
And mist noiþer in heuen þen here.
þai þ*at* traistli in him truus, [leaf 100, back, col. 1]
His blissing to þaa men he buus;
Bot sua did noght þir caitif Iuus,
Sent in to clinttes and in to clous
To seke *ie*su if he was reft,
Wit ani gast and þar bi-left;
He þ*at* alle gastes, god and ill,
Has for to weld all at his will!
For-þi þaa Iuus war full medd,
þair sandes come again vn-spedd
þai war for-soght þam vp and dun;
Bot ioseph in his aun tun,
þai said þai fand, in aramathi,
For þar þai sagh him sikerli.
Princes and preistes o þe lai,
All on þis tiþand wonder þai,
And thanked þair godd of israel,
þat sua-gat can his dedis dele,

COTTON

alle tho iewis lesse and more
Of this counсele apaid they wore
And chese men þ*at* þo were myȝty
and lele to leve ynne fulle truly
Bothe sowght they doune and dale
But of Ie*su* herd they no tale
wele-awey that they were blynd
When they went Ie*su* so to ffynd
hym to ffynd who-so wille hym seke
Her mode to hym moste they meke
To know hym alle wendond
Then may they fynd hym nye at hond
Myghtly at alle his nede
To suche he wille his body bede
ffor though he sytte in heuyn hall
yet is he in Erthe ouyr alle
Mighty bothe ffarre and nere
And nowthir myste in heuyn ne here
They that truly in hym lyff
his blessyng he wille hem yef
Thise caytyf Iewis did not so now
Send hym to seche in clyffe & clow
To ffynd Ie*su* yf he were reft
W*ith* eny goste and there by-left
He that alle gostis good and ille
Hath to weld at his wille
Thus wore tho iewis alle mysled
Hir sond*es* come ayen vnsped
That had hym sought vp and doun
But Ioseph in his owne toun
They seid they sie in Aramathy
And ther they left hym sekyrly
Prync*es* and prest*es* off the lay
Off this tydyng wondir thay
And thanckyd hir god off Israell
That so coude h*is* dedis dele

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

[A]ll þa iuus, bath lesse and mare,
Of þis consaile þai paieid ware,
And ches men þat þai wele avoud
And right wele als þaim self troud;
Bath þai soght dune and dale,
Bot of iesu herd þai no tale.
Walawai! quat þa men war blind,
Quen þai went sua iesus to find.
[1] For him to find qua wille him seke,
þair mode till him þam most þai meke,
To knau him drightin all weildand,
þan mai þai find him bune at hand,
Mightili in all his nede, [1 leaf 118, col. 1]
To suilk he wille his bodi bede.
For þoght he sitt in heuenes hall,
ȝeit he is in erd ouer alle,
Mightili bath fer and nere,
And nouþer mist in heuen ne here.
þai þat traistli in him trous,
His bliscing to þa men buus;
Bot sua did not þir caitif iuus,
Sent in-to cliftes and in-to clous
To seke iesu if he war reft,
Wid ani gast and þar bileft;
He þat all gastis, gode and ill,
Has to weld all at his will!
For-þi þa iuus war ful medd,
þair sandes come again vnspedd
þat had him soght vp and dune;
Bot ioseph in his auen tune,
þai said þai sau, in arimathi,
For þar þai left him sekirli.
Princis and prestes of þe lay,
All of þis tiþan wondrer þai,
And thanked þair godd of israel,
þat suagat can his dedis dele,

Alle þe iewes lasse & more
Of þis counsel apayed þei wore
And chees men þat þo were myȝty
And lele to leue In ful trewely
Boþe souȝte þei downe & dale
But of ihesu herde þei no tale
Weylawey þat þei were blynde
Whenne þei wende ihesu so to fynde
Him to fynde who so wol him seke
Her mood to him most þei meke
To knowe him al weldonde
þenne may þei fynde him nyȝe at honde
Miȝtily at al his nede
To suche he wol his bodi bede
For þouȝe he sitte in heuen halle
ȝit is he in erþe ouer alle
Miȝti boþe fer & nere
And nouþer mist in heuen ny here
þei þat truly in him lyue
His blessyng he wol hem ȝyue
þese caitif iewes dud not so now
Sende him to seche in clif & clow
To fynde ihesu if he were reft
Wiþ any goost & þere bileft
He þat alle goostis gode & ille [lf 108, bk]
Haþ to welde at his wille
þus were þo iewes al mis led
Her sondes coom aȝeyn vnsped
þat had him souȝt vp & doun
But Ioseph in his owne toun
þei seide þei sey in aramathi
And þere þei lefte him sikurly
Princes & prestes of þe lay
Of þis tiþing wondride þai
And þonked her god of israele
þat so coude his dedes dele

Digitized by Google

þat ioseph suld be funden þus 17605
þat prisund was, and noght iesus.
¶ þai mad a gadring gret in dern,
"God men," þai said, "lok we nu gern,
Hu we moght do yon dughti gum,
Ioseph, until us for to cum, 17610
To tel vs of his aun state,
And oþer thinges þat he wate."
þai did þan for to write a writt—
þis þan was þe tenur of hit. 17614
"Pais," þai said, "ioseph and grith,
Haf þou and all þat es þe wit,
We haf we wat wel don plight,
Bath agains þe and dright, 17618
And þat-self drightin has to broght
Fra wicked wrang we on þe soght.
It sal be beit al þe to queme; 17621
Wald þou me leif freind te seme
For to cum wit us to mele;
Pais haf þou, Ioseph, and hele."
¶ þai send forth seuen men o wale,
War mast to ioseph speciale, 17626
And badd quen þai wit ioseph mett,
Wit pais and luue he suld be grett.
Son in his hand he þe letter sett,
For wel suld all þe brest be bett.
Ioseph þai faand, þe stori sais, [col. 2]
Al bun at ham in his palais; 17632
þai hailsed him wit-vten let,
And raght him for to rede þat scritte.
Quen he had þat letter redde, 17635
Vp til-ward heuen his hend he bedd,
"I blisce þe, lauerd, þou me has gett
And sauf vnder þi wenges sett;"
þaa messagers he kist þam all, 17639
And hendli gesten þam in hall,

COTTON

That he shuld be ffoundyn þus
That was in preson & not Iesus
They made a gaderyng grete & dern
And seidyn goodmen loke we yern
how we might do that dowghty grome
Iosepħ of Aramaty to vs to come
To telle his state eche grotte [1 lf 156, bk]
[1] And other thyngges that he wele wote
Then did they sone to wryte a wrytte
This was the tenour of yt
Pees it seid Ioseph and grith
haue þou and alle that is þe with
Welle we wote we haue done mys
Ayen the and thy lord that is
And god hym-self hath the broght
ffor wyckyd wrong we on the sought
Hyt shalbe bote to queme
lefe frend woldyst þou þe seme
To come with vs to speke and mele
Pees to make with vs and hele
They sendyn vij men full dere
That Iosepħs most frendes were
And bad when they with hym met
With pees and loue he shuld be gret
Sone in his hond they lettre sette
Welle shuld they seid his mysse be bette
Iosepħ they found the story seis
Redy at home in his paleis
They heilsed hym with-outyn wyte
And raught hym to rede that scryte
Sone when he had red that dede
Toward heuyn his hede he bede
I blesse the lord me kept hast yet
And saf vnder thy wyngges set
he kyste tho messangers alle
And hendely gestynnyd hem in halle

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

þat [Ioseph] suld be funden þus	17605
þat presuned was, and noght iesus.	
[þ]ai made a gedring gret in dern,	
And said, " gode men loke ȝe gern,	
Hu we might do yon doghti gome,	
Ioseph, vntil vs for to cume,	17610
To tell vs of his auen state,	
And oþer thinges þat he wate."	
þai did þan for to write a write—	
þis þan was þe tenur of itte.	17614
"Pes," it said, "ioseph, and grith, [col. 2]	
Haue þu and all þat es þe wid,	
we wat wele we haue done plight,	
Bath againes þe and dright,	17618
And self drightin has þe broght	
Fra wicked wrang we on þe soght.	
It sal be bot all to queme ;	
Leue freind wald þu þe seme	17622
For to cum wid vs to mele ;	
Pes haue þu nu, ioseph, and hele."	
[þ]ai sent forth seuen men of wale,	
war mast to ihosep speciale,	17626
And bad quen þai wid iosep mett,	
wid pes and luue he suld be grett.	
Sone in his hand þat letter sett,	17629
Ful wele suld all þat miss be bett.	
Ioseph þan þai fand, þe stori sais,	
All bune at hame in his palais ;	
þai hailsed him widvten lite,	17633
And raght him forto rede þat scrite.	
Sone quen he had þat letter redd,	
vp tillwar heuen his heued he bedd,	
" I blisce þe, lauerd, þu me has gett	
And sauf vnder þi winges sett ;"	
þa messageris he kist þan all,	17639
And hendli gestind þaim in hall,	

GÖTTINGEN

þat he shulde be founden þus	
þat was in prisoun and not ihesus	
¶ þei made a gederynge greet & dern	
And seiden gode men loke we ȝern	
How we myȝt do þat douȝti gome	
Ioseph of aramathi to vs to come	
To telle his state vche grot	
And oþere þingis þat he wol wot	
þenne dud þei soone to write a writ	
þis was þe tenure of hit	
Pees hit seide Ioseph & griþ	
Haue þou & al þat is þe wiþ	
wel we woot we haue done mys	
Aȝeyn þe & þi lord þat is	
And god him self haþ þe brouȝt	
Fro wickede wronge we on þe souȝt	
Hit shal be but to queme	
Leue frende woldestou þe seme	
To com wiþ vs to speke & mele	
Pees to make wiþ vs & hele	
þei senden seuen men ful dere	
þat Iosephes moost frendes were	
And bad whenne þei wiþ him met	
wiþ pees & loue he shulde be gret	
Sone in his hond þei lettre set	
Wel shulde þei seide his mys be bet	
Ioseph þei fonde þe story seis	
Redy at home in his paleis	
þei heilsed him wiþouten wite	
And rauȝt him to rede þat scrite	
Soone whenne he had rad þat dede	
Towarde heuen his heed he bede	
I blesse þe lord me kepte hast ȝet	
And saf vndir þi wynges set	
He cust þo messangeres alle	
And hendely gestened hem in halle	

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Ful wel war þai wit him þat night.
þe morn his ass þan can he dight,
To ierusalem he tok þe strete,
þe Iuus cum him for to mete.
And all þai said ioseph to-gedir,
"Paisful bi þi cuming hider."
And ioseph sli greting þam gaf,
"Godds peis mot yee all haf,"
He kist þaim all, wit-vten blin,
Wit nichodeme he tok his hin,
He was gestend ful wel at es.
þe toþer morn, als þe stori sais,
Come caiphas, anna, nichodemus,
þat ioseph did to resun þus,
¶ "Ioseph, to godd of israel
Scriue þe, and sai þe soth and lele
O thing þat we sal at þe frain,
þe soth we prai þe noght to lain,
All we cund þe mikel graim
For iesu þou grufe his licam;
In a hus we lokked þe,
Bot quen we com þe for to se,
O þe na taknin̄g fand we þar,
Quarfor we for-wondred ware,
And war we for þe dredand sare
Til nu. tel us nu o þi fare,
To godd and hus, wit-vten hon,
þou tell quat thing o þe was don."
¶ Ioseph ansuard, "i sal yow sai,
Yee sperd me soth on a fridai,
At euen-tide in to þat stede;
And als i stod saiand mi bede,
þe seterdai, þan at mid-night,
þat i þar sagh suilk was þe sight.
Bi nokes four þe hous up hang,
And son þar-efter, was noght lang,

COTTON

Welle ferd they with hym that nyȝt
The morow his asse did he to dight
To Ierusalem he toke the strete
The iewis hym come for to mete
To Ioseph̄ seid they alle to-gedir
Pesefull be thy comyng hethir
Ioseph̄ sone this answre yaf
Goddis pees mote ye haue
he kyst hem alle with-outyn blynne
With Nicodyme toke he his ynne
Welle was he gestid with good feith̄
The todyr morn the story seith
Come cayphas Anna nycodemys
And Ioseph̄ they askyd thus
¶ Ioseph̄ to grete god of Israeli
Shryve the and telle vs lele
Of thyng that we wylle at þe freyne
þe soth̄ we pray the not to leyne
Alle we cowde the muche grame
ffor þou burydiddyst Iesus licame
In an hous therfor we lokkyd þe
But when we come the to se
No tokyn off the ffond we there
Wherfor we for-wondird were
And for the dred we alle in care
Tylle now þou telle vs off thy fare
To god and vs telle now sone
What off the then was done
¶ Ioseph̄ seid I shalle you say
ye shytte me in oon a friday
At Euyn-tide in-to þat stede
And as I stode seiyng my bede
The saterday sone at mydnyght
That I sie this was the sight
By nokys iiij° the hous vp-hong
And sone after was yt not long

[leaf 101, col. 1]

FAIRFAX (LAUD MS.)

Digitized by Google

Ful wele war þai-wid him þat night.
þe morn his asse þan did he dight,
To ier*usalem* he toke þe strete, 17643
þe iuus him come for to mete.
To ioseph said þai all to-gedir,
"Paisful be þi coming hedir." 17646
And ioseph sli greting þai*m* gaue,
"Goddes pais þan mot ȝe all haue,"
He kisced þaim all, widvte*n* blin,
wid nichodeme toke he his in,
He was gestind ful wele at ais. 17651
þe to*þ*er morn, als þe stori sais,
[1] Come cayphas, anna, nichodemus,
þat ioseph did to resun dus, [1 leaf 118, back, col. 1]
"[I]oseph, to godd of israele 17655
Schriue þe, and sai soth a*n*d lele
Of þing þat we sal at þe frain,
þe soth we prai þe noght to lain,
All we cund þe mekil grame
For þu grof ie*s*u licame; 17660
In a hus we luked þe,
Bot quen we come þe for to se,
Of þe na takening fand we þar,
Quarfor we for-wondred ware, 17664
And war we for þe dred-ful sare.
Til nu þu tellis vs of þi fare,
Til godd and vs, wid-vten hone,
þu tell quat of þe was done." 17668
[I]oseph ansuered, "i sal ȝu say,
ȝe sperd me vp-on a friday,
At euentide into þat stede;
And als i stode saiand mi bede,
þe setirday, sone at midnight, 17673
þat i sau þan suilk was þe sight.
Bi noukes four þe hous vp hang,
And sone þar-eftir, was noght la*n*g,

GÖTTINGEN

wel ferde þei wiþ him þat nyȝt
þe morwe his asse dud he to diȝt
To ierusalem he toke þe strete
þe iewes him coom for to mete
To Ioseph seide þei alle to gider
Peseful be þi comyng hidur
Ioseph soone þis vnswere ȝaue
Goddes pees mot ȝe haue
He cust hem alle wiþouten blyn
wiþ nychodeme toke he is In
Wel was he gestened wiþ good feiþ
þe to*þ*er morn þe story seiþ
Coom cayphas Anna Nichodemus
And Ioseph þei asked þus
¶ Ioseph to grete god of israele
Shryue þe & telle vs lele
Of þing þ*at* we wol at þe freyne
þe so*þ*e we preye þe not þ*ou* leyne
Alle we coude þe muchel grame
For þou buriedest ih*es*u licame
In an hous *per*fore we louked þe
But when*ne* we coom þe to se
No token of þe fonde we þere
wherfore we forwondride were
And for þe drad we alle in care
Til now þou telle vs of þi fare
To god & vs telle now soone
What of þe þen*ne* was done
¶ Ioseph seide I shal ȝou say
ȝe spered me In on o friday
At euentide in to þ*at* stede
And as I stode seyinge my bede
[1] þe satirday soone at mydnyȝt
þ*at* I say þis was þe siȝt [1 leaf 107, *after leaf* 108 *in MS.*]
Bi nokes foure þe hous vp hong
And soone aftir was hit not long

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

I sagh cumand iesu sa bright,
Als þof it were o leuening light,
Vntil þe hus þar i was stadd,
And fell i dun, sa was i radd;
Vp he me lift, wit-vten lett,
And wit a deu mi face he wette,
And quen he wipped had mi face,
He blisced me all wit his grace,
And said, 'ioseph be noght sori,
Bi-hald on me, þis ilk es i.'
Bi-heild him als i was
And cald him maister helias,
'Helias es i noght,' he said,
'Bot iesus þat in graue þou laid.'
He ledd me to þat sted onan,
þar i had luked him in stan,
His fasciale, his windingclath,
þar war þai left, i sagh þam bath.
þat it was iesus þan wist i wel,
And cuthli for him can i knele,
And i said, 'ai lauerd! blisced þou be
And þat es cummen in nam o þe,'
And bi þe hand þan he me hent,
And forth me broght, wit-vten stent,
Right to min aun hus at hame,
And to mi quem i þeder came,
'Pes,' he said, 'haf þou ioseph,
Ga þou noght o þi hus a stepe
Til fourti dais be cummen til end,
For i to mi disciplis wend.'"
Quen nichodeme his tale has teld,
þai fell als þai in duale war dueld,
Gruflinges dun to erth plate,—
War neuer þaa Iuus als mate.
And ilkan can til oþer sai,
"Quat a sing es þis!" coth þai,

COTTON

I sie comyng Iesu so brigħt
As yt were a lemyng ligħt
In that hous there I was stadd
And I felle doune alle for-dradd
Vp he me toke with-outyn let
And with a dew my face he wet
Sone wypidd he my face
And blessidd me then with his grace
he seidd Iosepħ be not ferdy
By-holdd on me this ilk is I
I byheldd what he then was
And callidd hym master Elias
Elias am I not he seidd
But Iesus that þou in grave leidd
he ledd me to that stede anon
There I hadd hym speridd in a ston
his fudary his wyndyng[1] cloþe [1 MS. wyngdyng]
There were they left I sie hem boþe
That he was Iesus tho wyst I wele
Cowthly by-fore hym gon I knele
lordd I seidd blessidd þou be
That here is comyn in name of the
By the hondd tho he me hynt
and broughtt me forth with-outyn stynt
Right to myn owne hous at home
And to me when I theder come
Pees mote þou haue he seidd Iosepħ
Go not out of thy hous a step [leaf 157]
Tille xl dais be comyn to endd
Now to my dissipils wille I wendd
When Iosep hadd toldd this tale
They fille as they hadd dronckyn dwale
Grovelyng doune on erthe-plat
Were they nevir mete or þat
Echon to othir þus gon sey
What signe wille this be quoþ they

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

I sau comand *ies*u sua bright,
Right als it war of leuen*ing* light,
In-til þis hus þar i was stadd,
And i fell dune, sua was i radd ;
vp he me lifted, widvten lett,
And wid a deu mi face he wett,
Quen he wiped had mi face,
He blisced me all wid his grace,
And said, 'ioseph be noght eri,
Bihalde on me, þis ilk es i.'
I biheld him als i was
And cald him maistir elias,
'Helias es i noght,' he said,
'Bot *ies*us þat þu in graue laid.'
He ledd me to þat stede on-ane,
þar i had sperd him in stane,
His faciale, his winding clath,
þar war þai left, i sau þai*m* bath.
þat he was *ies*us þan wist I wele,
And cuthli for him gun i knele,
And i said, 'lauerd ! ai blisced þu be
þat here es come*n* *in* þe name of þe,'
And bi þe hand he me hint,
And forth me broght, widute*n* stint,
Right to min auen hus at ham,
And to me, que*n* i de*þer* cam,
'Pes,' he said, 'haue þu ioseph,
Ga noght vte of þi hus a step
Til fourti daies began till end,
Nu i to mj desciplis wend.'"
Quen ioseph all his tale had teld,
þai fell als þai in duale war delued,
Grouelinges dune on erd plate,—
war neuer þa iuus als mate.
And ilkan gun til o*þer* say,
"Quat a signe es þis !" said þai,

GÖTTINGEN

17677 17681 17685 17689 [col. 2] 17693 17699 17702 17706 17711

I say comyng ih*es*u so bri3t
As hit were a lemyng li3t
In þat hous þe*re* I was stad
And I fel dou*n* al for drad
Vp he me toke wiþouten let
And wiþ a dew my face he wet
Soone wiped he my face
And blessed me þen*ne* wiþ his grace
He seide Ioseph be not ferdy
Biholde on me þis ilke is I
I bihelde what he þen*ne* was
And called him maistir helias
Helias am I not he seide
But ih*es*us þat þou in graue leide
He bad me to þat stud anoone
þe*re* I had hi*m* spered in a stone
His sudary his wyndyng cloþe
þe*re* were þei lafte I say hem boþe
þat he was ih*es*us þo wist I wele
Couþely bifore him gon I knele
Lord I seide blessed þou be
þat here is comen in nome of þe
Bi þe hond þo he me hynt
And brou3te me forþ wiþoute*n* stynt
Ri3t to myn owne hous at home
And to me when*ne* I þidir come
Pees mot þou haue he seide Ioseph
Go not out of þi hous a step
Til fourti dayes be comen to ende
Now to my disciplis wol I wende
When*ne* Ioseph had tolde þis tale
þei fel as þei had dronken dwale
Grouelynge dou*n* on erþe plat
Were þei neue*r* mate ar þat
Vchone to o*þe*re þus gon say
What signe wol þis be q*uo*d þai

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

"In israel we here nu min
We knau bath ioseph and his kin."
Vp þai ras and stode þam bi,
A dughti gum þat hight leui,
"I kneu," he said, "of his kin bredd
Dughti men þat drightin dredd,
Desseli to godd praiand, [col. 2]
Wit sacrifijs and wit offrand,
Quen symeon, þat mikel prist,
þat bar the hali-gast in brest,
þat iesus tuix his handes fang,
And said, 'lauerd liued haf i lang
Bidand to se þe light of hel
þat þou has dight to israel;
Nu haf i sene it wit min ei,
Lat nu in rest þi seruand dei.'
þat ilk symeon þar was bun,
Gaf sant mari his benisun,
And til hir said, 'i wil þe warn
þat quilum sal þis ilk barn
Be to sum men in uprising,
Til oþer sum in dun falling;
He sal find mani bern vn-bain,
For mani sal him sai again.
Of his ded als þe sorful ord
Sal thril þin hert thoru als a suord.
O mani hert þe thoghtes hidd
Sal for him be knaun and kydd.'"
þan said þe Iuus, "do þan send wee
Efter þaa ilk preistes thre
þat tald þat þai sagh iesu sitte
Apon þe mont of oliuete."
And sua þai did, quen sua was dun
þaa men þai did to resun sun,
And þai ansuard, "be godd o might,
We sagh him þar wit open sight.

COTTON

In Ierusalem we her now myn
We knew bothe Iesus & his kynne
¶ vp rose tho and stode hem by.
A doughty man that hight levy
I know he seid of hem bred
dowty men that god dred
Besyly to god prayond
With sacrefice and with offrond
When Symeon þe mekyll preste
That bare the holy gost in brest
Iesus by-twene his armys fong
he seid lord levid haue I long
Bydyng the the sight of hele
That þou hast dight to Israele
Now haue I sene yt with myn eie
let me in pees thy seruant die
That ilke Simeon tho was boun
And yaf mary his benesoun
To hir he seid I wille þe warn
That yet som tyme þis ilk barin
Shalbe to som men vprysyng
And to some doune-fallyng
Many shalle he fynd to hym vnbeyne
Many shulle sey hym a-yen
The swerd of sorow and of wo
Shalle thorogh thyne hert for hym go
Of mannys hert the thoughtes hyd
Shalle for hym be knowyn and kyd
¶ Then seid the iewis now send we
Affter tho ilke prestes iij
That told they sie Iesus sete
On the mount of Olyuete
They sent for hem when þis was don
And hem thei did to reason sone
They answerd by god of might
We sie hym ther with opyn sight

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

"In ier*usalem* we here nu min
we knau bath i*esus* and his kin."
[V]p he ras and stod þaim bi,
A doghti gome þat hight leui,
"I knau," he said, "of him bredd
Dughti men þat drightin dred,
Desseli to godd praiand,
wid sacrefice and wid offrand,
Quen symeon, þat mekil prest,
þat bar þe hali-gast i*n* his breist,
þat i*esus* tuix his hend he fang,
And said, 'lau*er*d liued haue i lang
Biddand to þe þe sight of hele,
þat þu has dight to israel;
Nu haue i sene it wid min eie,
Lat nu in rest þi seruand deie.'
þat ilk symeon þar was bune, [lf. 119, col. 1]
Gaue sainte mari his benisune,
And till hir said, 'i wil þe warn
þat quilum sal þis ilke barn
Be till sum men vprising,
Till oþer sum in dune falling;
He sal find mani barn vnbain,
For mani sal sai him again.
Of his dede als þe sorful ord
Sal thril þine herte als wid a suord.
Of mani hert þe thoghtes hidd
Sal for him be knauen and kid.'"
[þ]an said þe iuus, "do nu send we,
Efter þaa ilk preistes thre,
þat tald þat þai sau i*esus* sitte
Apon þe mont oliuete."
And sua þai did, que*n* sua was done
þaa men þai did to resun sone,
And þai ansuerd, "bi gode of might,
we sau him þar wid open sight.

GÖTTINGEN

In ierusalem we here now myn
We knew boþe ih*esus* & his kyn
¶ Vp ros þo & stood hem by
A dou3ty mon þ*at* het leuy
I knowe he seide of hem bred
Dou3ti men þ*at* god dred
Bisili to god preyonde
Wiþ sacrifise & wiþ offronde
When*ne* symeon þe muchel prest
þ*at* bar þe holy goost in brest
Ih*es*us bitwene his armes fong
He seide lord lyued haue I long
Bidynge þe þe si3te of hele
þ*at* þou hast di3te to israele
Now haue I seen hit wiþ myn e3e
Lete me in pees þi seruau*n*t de3e
þ*at* ilke Symeon þo was bou*n*
And 3af marie his benesou*n*
To his he seide I wol þe warn
þ*at* 3it su*m* tyme þis ilke barn
Shal be to sum*m*en vp risyng
And to som*m*e dou*n*fallyng
Mony shal he fynde to hi*m* vnbeyne
Mony shul seye hi*m* a3eyne
þe swerde of sorwe & of wo
Shal þour3e þin hert for hi*m* go
Of mon*n*es herte þe þou3tis hid
Shul for hi*m* be knowen & kid
¶ þen*ne* seide þe iewes now sende we
Aftir þo ilke p*r*estes þre
þ*at* tolde þei sey ih*esus* sete
On þe mou*n*te of olyuete
þei sent for hem when*ne* þis was done
And hem þei dud to resou*n* soone
þei vnswerde bi god of my3t
We sey him þ*er*e wiþ open si3t

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

We sagh him þar and herd his steuen,
And openli stegh in til heuen." 17750
"On yow," he said, "al thinc us wonder,
And þaa thre men þan at sundre,
And asked ilkan seluen sere, 17753
O þair for-king fain wald þai here,
If ani gain oþer sai wald oght,
Bot all þair fanding was for noght,
For all þai said soth þat þai sei
þat ilk iesu til heuen vp stei. 17758
¶ þan said anna and caiphas,
"Vr lagh will, bath þat es and was,
þat in þe muth o tua or thre
Suld alkin soth stand and be." 17762
[1]"And quat thing sal we sai yow þan?
I-nogh was of a rightwis man, [1 leaf 101, bk, col. 1]
And paid sa wel godd in his state,
þat wit his word he was translate.
And o þe prophet als moyses 17767
þat nan wat quar he doluen es.
Bot iesus, þat in hand was laght,
And to sir pilat was bi-taght, 17770
Bath bi-scurget and bi-spit,—
For he o mani plight was wijt,—
Wonded wit spere, naild on tre,
Wit thorns crund als was he; 17774
þis menskful ioseph did him delue
In tumb þat wroght was til him-selfe,
And als thre men witnes her,
þai sagh bi-for þair eien clere
þis ilk iesus spekand wit his, 17779
And siþen stei til heuen blis."

We sie hym and herd his stevyn
And opynly he stie to hevyn
Of you they seid vs thynckyþ wonder
And did tho iij^e men in sondre
And by hem-self askyd hem sere
yf they wold lie for to here
yf eny fro oþer wold sey ought
But alle her fondyng was for noght
Alle seid right as they sey
Iesus on height to hevyn stei
¶ Thenne seid Anna & cayfas
Oure law wole bothe that is & was
That in the mowthe of ij^o or iij^e
Shuld alle the sothe stond & be
What more shulle we sey you than
I trow yt was a rightfulle man
And paide so welle god in his state
That with his word was he transolate
Of the prophete Sir moyses
That non wote wher he dolvyn is
But Iesus in hond was lawght
And to sir pilat sone be-tawght
Bothe by scorgid and by spytte
ffor he of many gilt was wyte
Woundid with spere naylid on tre
with thornys Crounyd also was he
This menskeful ioseph did hym delve
In a tombe made to hym-selve
And iij^e men als now wytnes her
They sie by-fore hir eien cler
This ilk Iesus speke with his
And sithen stie to hevyn blis.

[*The Resurrection of Simeon's two Sons.*]

Ioseph of aramathi vp-ras
And said til anna and caiphas, 17782

COTTON

Ioseph of Aramathy rose in place
And seid to Anna & cayfas

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

we sau him þar and herd his steuen,
And openli he stei till heuen." [der,"
"Of ȝu," þai said, "ȝeit thinc vs won-
And did þaa thre men þan to sunder,
And askid seluen ilkan sere, 17753
Oo þair forking fain wald þai here,
If ani gain oþer wald sai aght,
Bot all þair fanding was for noght,
For all said soth þat þai sei 17757
Iesus on hight til heuen stei.
[þ]en said anna and cayphas,
"vr lau wil, bath þat es and was,
þat in þe muth of tua or thre 17761
Suld all þe soth stand for to be."
"And quat thing sal we say ȝu þan?
Inoght it was a rightwis man, 17764
And paid sua wele god and his stat,
þat wid his word he was translate.
And of þe prophet sir moyses [col. 2]
þat nane wate quare he doluen es.
Bot iesus, þat in hand was laght,
And to sir pilate was bitaght,
Bath biskurged and bispitt,— 17771
For he of mani plight was witt,—
wonded with spere, nailed on tre,
wid thornes crouned als was he;
þis menskeful ioseph did him delue
In tumb þat wroght was till him-selue,
And thre men als nu witnes here,
þai sau bifor þair eien clere 17778
þis ilke iesus spekand wid his,
And siþen stei till heuen blis."

We sey him & herde his steuen
And openly he stey to heuen
Of ȝou þei seide vs þinkeþ wondir
And dud þo þre men in sondir
[1]And bi hem self asked hem sere
If þei wolde liȝe for to here [1 lf 107, bk]
If any fro oþere wolde saye ouȝt
But al her fondyng was for nouȝt
Alle seide riȝt as þei sei
Iheſus on heiȝte to heuen stey
¶ þenne seide Anna & caiphas
Oure lawe wol boþe þat is & was
þat in þe mouþ of two or þre
Shulde al þe soþe stonde & be
What more shul we saye ȝou þan
I trowe hit was a riȝtful man
And payed so wel god in his state
þat wiþ his word was he transolate
Of þe prophete sir moyses
þat noon woot where he doluen es
But iheſus in honde was lauȝt
And to sir pilate soone bitauȝt
Boþe biscourged & bispit
For he of mony gilt was wit
Woundide wiþ spere nayled on tre
Wiþ þornes crowned also was he
þis menskeful Ioseph dud him delue
In a toumbe made to him selue
And þre men als now witnes here
þei say bifore her eȝen clere
þis ilke iheſus speke wiþ his
And siþen steiȝe to heuen blis

[*The Resurrection of Simeon's two Sons.*]

[I]oseph of arimathi vp-ras 17781
And said till anna and cayphas,

¶ Ioseph of aramathi roos in plas
And seide to Anna & cayphas

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

"Yow thinc selcut wit right i-wiss
O *Iesus* vp-ras, for-soth it es.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Vp-risen es, dut es þar nan,
Bot he es noght risen vp allan,
For summen o þis ilk kyth
Es risen up for-soth him wit
þat sene was in ierusalem.
Ald symeon suns to barn-tem
Had suns tua, bot lang es gan
Sin þai war ded, laid vnder stan,
All war we at þair end dai
And help þam in erth to lai.
Gas, seis nu, for þe hali-dom,
And yee sal find þair tumbs tome;
In mi cite of aramathi,
þar ar þai walkand witerli.
þar ar þai samen in þat tun,
In kneling stade and orisun;
Ai vm-quil man heres þam cri,
Bot wit nan spec þai o þat bi.
Ga we nu þan lufsumli þider,
And faand we for to bring ham hider,
And we þam sal thoru coniuring,
Do tell us of his up rising."
Quen þat þai herd þis word be said, [col. 2]
Ful smertli þai þam þider graid,
Bath Caiphas and als anna,
Ioseph, and nichodeme, wit ma,
Wit an þat hight gamaliel,
Of him bot truthe es noght to tell.
þai sagh þaa tumbs, tum war þai,
til aramathi þai went þair wai,
On þir tua breþer þai hitt in hi
þar þai can in þair beddes lij.

COTTON

You thynck' wondir here-of' I-wys
Of' *Iesus* vp-ryste & sothe yt is
ye wold' nevir yt leve or now
That he was *Iesus* god' to bow
Vp-resyn he is doute is it non)
But he is not vpresyn allone
ffor som men of' this ilke kyth
Bene resyn vp forsothe hym wyth
That seyen was in Ier*usalem*
Of' old' Symeons barntem
ij° sonnys had' he long is it gon)
Syn they wer' dede and' leid' vnder stone
Alle were we at her endyng day
And' halp hem in erthe to lay
Go se now for the holy dome
And' ye shulle fynd' her gravys tome
In my Cety of' Aramathy
There ar' they walkyng wytterly
There men sene hem in þat toun)
In knelyng state & oreson) [leaf 157, back]
Euyr among men her' hem Cry
With no man speke they hem by
Go we with a wyle theder
And' fond' we to bryng hym heþer
And' we shulle hem with congeryng
make to telle of' this vp-rysyng
Sone when thise wordes wer' out-past
They hied' hem theder wonder fast
Cayfas and' Anna also
Iosep nycodeme & mo
And' oon that hight gamelieH
Of' hym is noght but trowth to telH
They sie the tombys tome þat' day
To Aramathy tho wentyn thay
With thise brethirn) they met in hy
They fond' hem in her bedes ly

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

"3u thinc selcuth wid right i-wiss
Of *iesu* vpras, for-soth it es,
For 3e ne wold it neu*er* trou,
þat he was god self and *ies*u.
vp-resin he es, dute es þair nane,
Bot he es noght vpresen allane,
For sum men of þis ilke kith
Es resen vp forsoth him with
þat sene was in ierusalem.
Of ald symeon barntem
He had suns tua, bot lang es gane,
Siþen þai war dede and laid *vnderstane*,
All war we at þar ending day,
And helped þaim *in* erd to lay.
Gas, seis nu, for þe hali-dome,
And 3e sal find þair tumbes tume;
In mi cite of arimathi,
þar er þai walkand witterli.
þar men seis þaim in þat tune,
In kneling state and orisune;
Ai vmquile men heris þa*im* cri,
Bot wid nane speke þai of þ*at* bi.
Ga we þan fulsumli þeder,
And fand we forto bri*ng* þa*im* hed*er*,
And sal we þaim wid co*n*iuring,
Ger tell vs of þis vp-rising."
[Q]uen þai herd þis word was said,
Smartli þeder þai þaim graid,
Bath cayphas and alsua anna,
Ioseph, nicodeme, and ma,
And ane þat hight gamaliel,
Of hi*m* es noght bot treuth to tell.
þai sau þa tumbes, tome war þai,
Til arimathi þai went þair wai,
On þir tua breþer þai hitt in hij,
þai fand þaim in þair beddis lij.

GÖTTINGEN

3ou þinke wondir her of I wis
Of ih*esus* vprist & soþ hit is
3e wolde neu*er* hit leue nor nowe
þ*at* he was ih*esus* god to bowe
Vp risen he is doute is hit none
But he is not vp risen allone
For som*m*en of þis ilke kiþ
Ben risen vp for soþe hi*m* wiþ
þ*at* seyñ was in ierusalem
Of olde symeones barntem
Two sones had he longe is hit gone
Siþ þei were dede & leide vndir stone
Alle were we at her endyng day
And halpe hem in erþe to lay
Goþ seeþ now for þe holy dome
And 3e shul fynde 3oure *gra*ues tome
In my cite of Aramathi
þ*er*e are þei walkynge witturly
þ*er*e men seen hem in þ*at* tou*n*
In knelyng state & orisou*n*
Euer among men here hem cry
wiþ no mon speke þei hem by
Go we wiþ a wile þidur
And fonde we to brynge hem hidur
And we shul hem wiþ co*n*iuryng
Make to telle of þis vp risyng
¶ Soone when*n*e þese wordis wore out
þei hy3ed hem þider wondir fast
Caiphas and anna also
Ioseph nychodeme & mo
And oon þ*at* het Gamaliel
Of him is not but trouþe to tel
þei sey þese tou*m*bes tome þ*at* day
To Aramathie þo wenten þai
Wiþ þese breþ*er* þei mett in hi3e
þei fonde hem in her bedes ly3e

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þai hailsed þaim wit suetli suar,
Wit kissing wirscip þai þam bar;
To iursalem wit mikel dred
In sinnagog þai can þam lede.
Quen þai in-to þat hus war ledd,
Son was in hand þe lai þam bedd,
Baþ thoru þe lagh of moysi,
And thoru þair godd adonai,
þair mikel godd of israel,
þai coniurd þam na soth to hel.
þai said, "he þat has raised yow,
Sais us now if it was iesu;
And tell us all, wit-vten strijf,
Hu yee war raised fra ded to lijf."
¶ Quen karius and lintheus
War coniurd o þaa Iuus þus,
Wit al þair flesche þai quok on-nan,
And wit þair hertes can þai gran.
Til heuen þai lifted þair eien brade,
On þair tunges þai takening made
Wit þair fingers al o þe croice,
And als sun þai spak wit woice.
"Lauerd," þai said, (þat hei drighthin
þan badd þai giue þaim parchemin)
"We sal yow write and nathing lei
All þat we herd and sagh wit hei."
Sundri þai þam fra oþer saite,
And aiþer be him-seluen wrate,
Bot þof þai sundri sittand were,
Was na-thing in þair saghes sere.

They haylid hem with muche far
And worshippid hem and with hem bare
To Ierusalem with mochill drede
To her chirch they gon hem lede
When they were in the temple wroght
Moyses law in hond was hem brought
And thorogh that lawis of moysy
And by her grete god Adonay
her mechill god of Israell
They conjourid hem no soth to hele
They seid he that hath reysid you
Sey vs yf it was Iesus now
Telle vs alle with-out stryf
how ye were reysid from deþe to lyff
¶ When Carius and lenthius
Were congeourid of thise iewis þus
with alle her flesh they quoke anon
And with her hertes yaf a grone
To hevyn they lyft her eien glad
And on her tongges thonckyng mad
with her fynggyrs of þe Croyse
And sone spak with mannys voyse
Worshippid they seid lord be þou and thyn
Anon they callid after parchemyn
We wille you wryte with-outyn lye
That we herd and saw with eie
A-twynne they sette hem to þat note
And eithir by hem-selvyn wrote
And though they sondry syttyng were
Was no-thyng in her sawis sere

[*The writing of Carius and Lenthius as to Christ's entry into Hell.*]

"Lauerd iesu crist," said þai,
"Godd, þat al mightes mai,

lord Iesu Cryst seid they
God þat alle myghtes may

COTTON

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

þai halsid þaim wid sueteli sare,
wid kissing worschip þai þaim bare;
To ierusalem wid mekil drede
In synagog þai gun þaim lede.
Quen þai in-to þat hus war lede,
Sone was in hand þe lau þaim bedd,
Bath thoru þe lau of moysi,
And thoru þair godd adonay,
þair mekil god of israel,
þai coniured þaim na soth to hele.
þai said, "he þat has raised ȝuu,
Sais vs nu if it was iesu;
And tell vs all, widvten strijf,
Hu ȝe war raised fra dede to lijf."
[Q]uen carius and lenthius
was coniured of þir iuus þus,
wid all þair fless þai quoke onane,
And wid þair hertis gun þai grame.
Till heuen þai lifted þair eien brad,
And on þair[1] tunges þe takni[n]g made
wid þair fingres all of þe crois, [1 MS. þari]
And alsone spac wid manes vois.
"Lauerd," þai said, (þat hei drighttin [2 MS. þai]
þan[2] bad þai giue þaim parchemine)
[3] "We sal ȝu write and na-thing lij
Quat we herd and sau wid ei."
Sundri þai þaim fra oþer sate, [3 col. 2]
And aiþer bi him-seluen wrate,
Bot þogh þai sundri sattand were,
was na-thing in þair saus sere.

þei heiled hem wiþ muchel fare
And worshiped hem & wiþ hem bare
To Ierusalem wiþ muchel drede
To her chirche þei gon hem lede
whenne þei were in þe temple wrougt
Moises lawe in honde was brouȝt
And þourȝe þo lawes of Moisy
And bi her grete god Adonay
Her muchel god of israele
þei coniured hem no soþe to hele
þei seide he þat haþ reised ȝou
Say vs if hit was ihesus now
Telle vs alle wiþouten strif
How ȝe were reised from deþ to lif
Whenne carius & lenthius [leaf 110]
Were coniured of þese iewes þus
wiþ al her flesshe þei quoke anone
And wiþ her hertis ȝaf a grone
To heuen þei lifte her ȝeȝen glade
And on her tongis þonkynge made
Wiþ her fyngris on þe crois
And soone spake wiþ monnes vois
worshiped þei seide lord be þou & þine
Anoon þei calde aftir parchemyne
We wol ȝou write wiþouten lye
þat we herde & say wiþ yȝe
A twyn þei set hem to þat note
And eiþer bi him seluen wrote
And þouȝe þei sundri sittyng were
Was no þing on her sawes sere

[*The writing of Carius and Lenthius as to Christ's entry into Hell.*]

"[L]auerd iesu crist," said þai,
"Godd, þat all þir mightes may,

lord ihesu crist seide þay
God þat alle myȝtis may

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þat es up-ras o ded and lijf,
And has us kyd þi right sa rif,[1]
[Lete vs lord, by leue of þe, [Arundel MS., leaf 104, col. 1]
Telle of þyn owne priuete.
þourȝe vertu of þi swete croys
Coniured are we to telle wiþ voys,
þou bad vs we shulde no mon telle,
þi dedes derne þou didest in helle,—
þo dedis of þi maieste,—
But þourȝe þi-self coniured are we,
Siþ hit is so now most we nede
þe myȝtis telle of þi godhede.
As we were stad in merkful stalle,
we & als oure elders alle,
To vs þer brast a goldein leme, [col. 2]
Briȝter þenne þe sonnes beme,
So riȝt purpur hwe is noone,
þat ilke liȝt vpon vs shone.
Adam, þat was man formast,
Bigon þenne to glade in hast,
wiþ patriarkes and prophete,
In merke setes þere þei sete,
þei seide for glad wiþ gretyng gle,
'þis ilke liȝt forsoþe is he
þat maker is of lastyng liȝt,
Now haþ he sent vs þat he hiȝt.'
þenne bigon seynt ysaye
þe holy prophete, for to crye,
'þis ilke liȝte is goddis sone
þat I in erþe telle of was wone.
þo folk in dedly derkenes stad
þis greet liȝt made hem glad.'
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
And as þis briȝtenes gon vs bolde,
Oure fadir Symeon, þe olde,

That is vp-rysyng from deþe to lyf
And hast vs kyd thy Right so ryfe
let vs lord by leve of the
Telle of thyne oune prevyte
Thorogh vertu of thy swete croyse
Congeourid ar we to telle *with* voyse
Thow bad vs we shuld no man telle
Thy dedis dern) þou diddist in helle
Thow diddyst off thy mageste
But thorogh thy-self conjeourid ar we
Synne yt is so now must we nede
The mighte*s* telle off thy godhede
¶ As we were stad in markefull stalle
we and als our Eldirs alle
To vs ther berst a goldyn leme
Brighte*r* thanne þe sonnys beme
So riche purpowr hew is non)
That ilk lyght vpon vs shon)
Adam that was man formest
By-gon then to glad in hast
With patryarke*s* and prophete
In merke setis ther they sete
They seid for glad *with* gretyng gle
This ilk lyght for-sothe is he
That maker is off lastyng lyght
Now hath he sent vs that he hight
Then by-gon seint ysay
The holy profyte for to Cry
This ilk lyght is godde*s* sonne
That I in erthe telle of was wonne
Tho folk in dedly derkenes stad
This grete light made hem glad
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
And as this brightnes gan vs bold
Our fade*r* Symeon the old

COTTON (*ARUNDEL MS.*) FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

[1 The Cotton MS. seems to have lost a leaf here, as the catchwords "þou late us" are not on the next page. The blank is filled from MS. Herald's College, Arundel 57.]

Digitized by Google

þat es upras of dede and lijf,
And has vs kid þe right sua rijf,
þu late vs lauerd, wid leue of þe,
To tell nu of þi auen *pri*uite.
Thoru dede of þi suete croice
Coniurd er we to tell wid voice,
For þu bad we suld na man tell,
þi dedis dern þu did in hell,—
þe dedis of þi maieste,—
Bot thoru þi-self co*n*iurd er we,
Siþen it es sua nu most we nede
þe mightes tell of þi godd-hede.
[A]ls we war stad i*n* mu[*rn*]ful stall,
we self and vr eldris all,
Brathli þar brast a golden leme,
Brighter þan ani sunes beme,
Sua right purprin heu es naue,
þis ilk light apon vs schane.
Adam, þat was man formast,
Bigan þan forto blith in hast,
wid patriark and wid *pro*phete,
In m[i]rk settlis þar þai sete,
Said wid gladnes gretand gle,
'þis ilke light forsoth es he
þat maker es of lastand light,
Nu has he sent vs þat he hight.'
[þ]an bigan saint isay
þe hali *pro*phete, for to cri,
'þis light it es of goddes sun
þat i in erd tell of was won.
þe folk in dedeli mirknes stadd
Sau grete light þat made þai*m* glad,
þat light es nu apon vs schede
þar we sitte in þe schadu of dede.'
[A]ls þis brightnes þus gun vs bald,
vr fadir symeon, þat ald,

17851 17855 17859 17864 17868 17872 17875 17879 [leaf 120, col. 1] 17883 17886

þat is vp risen from deþ to lif
And hast vs kud þi riȝt so rif
Lete vs lord bileue of þe
Telle of þin owne *pri*uete
þourȝe vertu of þi swete crois
Co*n*iured are we to telle wiþ vois
þou bad vs we shulde no mon telle
þi dedes derne þou didest in helle
þo dedes of þi maieste
But þourȝe þi self co*n*iured are we
Siþ hit is so now most we nede
þe mytis telle of þi godhede
¶ As we were stad *in* merkeful stalle
We & als oure eldres alle
To vs *per* brast a golden leme
Briȝter þen þe son*n*es beme
So riȝt purpre hwe is none
þat ilke liȝte vp on vs shone
Adam þat was mon formast
Bigon þen*n*e to glade in hast
Wiþ pat*ri*arkes & *pro*phete
In merke setes *þere* þei sete
þei seide for glad wiþ gretyng gle
þis ilke liȝte forsoþe is he
þat maker is of lastyng liȝt
Now haþ he sent vs þat he hiȝt
þen*n*e bigon seynt Isaye
þe holy *pro*phete for to crye
þis ilke liȝte is goddes son
þat I in erþe telle of was won
þo folk in dedly derkenes stad
þis grete liȝt made hem glad
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
And as þis briȝtenes gon vs bolde
Oure fadir Symeon þe olde

Digitized by Google

Seide wiþ bliþeful chere vs to
'þonke we god, now comeþ oure ro,
To oure lord *ie*su *cri*st ȝe blisse,
Al myȝty god his fadir isse.
In temple was he me bitauȝt,
ȝonge in armes I him lauȝt;
þe holy goost þus did me mele,
Myn yȝen lord han seen þi hele,
Whiche þou hast for þi folk diȝt
Of israel wiþ blisful liȝt.'
þo seyntis alle þere þenne stad,
Wiþ þat bigan to be more glad.
þenne coom a mon wiþouten lite,
þat semed wel to haue ben eremyte,
vche oþer asked, 'what he was yon?'
And he vnswered, 'I am Ion,
Ion is my name, voys & prophete,
Biddyng make redy þe strete,
þe weye bifore goddis face,
þat to his folk haþ granted grace.
þat *ie*sus I biheld & siȝe,
Whenne he to me was comyng nyȝe;
þourȝe þe holy goost I spake,
And seide þe lomb wiþouten sake,
He is here, & I seide lo!
þat shal þe worldis synne vndo.
þo I heef þat sackeles of pliȝt,
I sawe vp-on his licam liȝt
In shap of doufe þe holy goost,
And herde a voys fro heuen coost,
hit seide 'þis is my loued son dere,
In whom I am wel payed ȝe here.'
Comen am I Ion bifore þat kyng,
Bodeworde of him for to bryng,
Make ȝe redy wiþouten wite,
Goddes sone comeþ ȝou to visite.

COTTON (*ARUNDEL MS.*)

Seid̃ *with* blythefull̃ chere vs to
Thanck we god̃ now comyþ our̃ Ro
To our lord̃ Ie*su* Cryste ye blis
Alle-mighty god̃ h*is* fad*er* is
In temple was he me by-tawght̃
Yong in armys I hym lawght̃ [leaf 158]
The holy gost *þus* did̃ me mele
Myn eien lord̃ haue sene thyne hele
wrecche þou hast for thy folk̃ dight̃
Of̃ Israell̃ *with* blesfull̃ light̃
Tho seint*es* alle ther̃ þan stad̃
with that bygan to be mor*e* glad̃
Then come a man *with*-out lyte
That semyd̃ welle to haue bene Ermyte
Eche othir askyd̃ what he was þan
And̃ he answerid̃ I am Ioh̃n
Ioh̃n is my name noyns & prophete
Byddyng make redy the strete
The wey by-for̃ godd*es* ffface
That to h*is* folk̃ hath̃ grauntyd̃ *grace*
That Ie*sus* I beheld̃ and̃ sie
When he to me was comyng ny
Thorogh̃ the holy gost I spak̃
And̃ seid̃ the lomb *with*-outyn sake
he is here and̃ I seid̃ lo
That shalle the world*es* synne vndo
Tho I haue that sakeles of̃ plight̃
I saw vpon his lycam light̃
In shappe of̃ dove the holy gost
I hard̃ a voyce fro heuyn cost
hyt seid̃ th*is* is my louyd̃ sonne dere
In whom I am welle paid̃ ye here
Comyn am I Ioh̃n by-fore that kyng
Bodeword̃ of̃ hym for to bryng
Make ye redy *with*-outyn wyte
Godd*es* sonne comyth̃ you to vecyte

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

þan said wid blithful chere vs to
'ȝe thank drightin, nu cums i ȝu ro,
vr lauerd iesu crist þe blisse,
All-mighti godd es fader hiss.
In temple was he me bitaght,
And ȝung in armis i him laght;
þe hali gast þus did me mele,
Mine eien lauerd has sene þi hele,
þe quilk þu has þi folk fordight
Of israel, wid blisful light.'
þe saintes alle togeder stad,
wid þis bigun þai mare to glad.
[A] man come þan widuten lite,
þat semed wele haue bene hermite,
þai said till oþer, 'quat man es yon?'
And he þaim ansuerd, 'i hate iohn,
Iohn es mi nam, voice and prophete,
Biddand forto graith þe strete,
To graith þe wai for cristes face,
þat till his folk sal grant vs grace.
þat iesus i biheld and sei,
Quen he to me was comand nei;
Thoru strinth of þe haligast i spack,
And said, þe lamb widuten sack,
Los him here, i said þan, lo!
þat sal all werldes sin for-do.
Quen i haf þat sacles of plight,
I sau apon his licam light
In schap of douue þe haligast,
And herd a voice fra heuen in hast,
And said, 'þis es mi sun, mi dere,
All ȝe agh him forto here.'
Comen es i nu forwid þat king, [col. 2]
Bodword of his cum to bring,
Goddes sun sal ȝu sone visite,
He cums at hand to slak ȝur site.

GÖTTINGEN

Seide wiþ bliþeful chere vs to
þonke we god now comeþ oure ro
To oure lord ihesu crist ȝe blisse
Al myȝti god his fadir isse
In temple was he me bitauȝt
ȝong in armes I him lauȝt
þe holy goost þus dud me mele
Myne eȝen lord han seen þi hele
Whiche þou hast for þi folk diȝt
Of israel wiþ blisful liȝt
þo seyntes alle þenne þere stad
Wiþ þat bigon to be more glad
¶ þenne coom a mon wiþouten lite
þat semed wel to haue ben eremite
Vche oþere asked what he was yon
And he vnswered I am Ion
Ion is my name vois & prophete
Biddyng make redy þe strete
þe weye bifore goddes face
þat to his folke haþ graunted grace
þat ihesus I bihelde & sy
Whenne he to me was comyng ny
þourȝe þe holy goost I spake
And seide þe lomb wiþouten sake
He is here & I seide lo
þat shal þe worldes synne fordo
þo I heef þat sakeles of pliȝt
I saw vpon his licam liȝt
In shap of doufe þe holy goost [leaf 110, back]
And herde a vois fro heuen coost
Hit seide þis is my loued son dere
In whom I am wel payed ȝe here
¶ Comen am I Ion bifore þat kynge
Bodeword of him for to bringe
Make ȝe redy wiþouten wite
Goddes sone comeþ ȝou to visite

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

He þat shal louse 3ou out of bond,
Comeþ to se þis lodly lond.' 17924
Þe olde Adam had vndirstonde
In flum iordan him houen of honde,
On sceþ his sone bigon he cal,
He seide, 'sone, telle vs now al
þe soþfastenes & no þing hele, 17929
þat þou herdest of seynt mycchele
þe aungel, whenne I gan þe wyse,
To þo 3atis of Paradise, 17932
To pray oure lord god so dere,
To sende me wiþ his messangere
þe oyle of his merciful tre, 17935
þat I seke my3t anoynt wiþ be.'
þenne coom seeth & stode nere honde,
And spak þat alle my3te vndirstonde,
'I coom,' he seide, 'to paradis 3ate,
And 3erne bisou3te I þer-ate, 17940
þenne I wiþ seynt michaele met,
Soone I him, & he me, gret,
'From god,' he seide, 'I am sent.
To al monkynde take I entent.
Seeth,' he seide, 'to þe I say 17945
þou bisy þe not, from þis day,
[1]Wiþ wepynge preyere for to wynne
þe oile þat was bihet for synne, [1 col. 2]
To anoynte þi fadir adame, 17949
For his lymmes þat 3it are lame;
3it may he gete hit no wayes
Bitwene þis & þe laste dayes,
þerfore we calle hit dayes last, 17953
Whenne fyue þousonde 3eer are past.
Fyue þousonde 3eer fyue skore biskille,
þenne shal god his grante fulfille.
His owne sone shal he sende doun
In erþe to monnes saluatioun, 17958

COTTON (*ARUNDEL MS.*)

he that shalle lose you out of bond
Comyth to se this lothely lond
Tho old adam had vnderstond
In flum Iordon hym hovyn of hond
On seth his sonne by-gan he calle
He seid sonne telle vs now alle
The sothefastnes and nothyng hele
That þou hardyst of seint Mycaele
The Angill when I the gan wyse
To tho yates of paradice
To pray our lord god so dere
To send me with his messangere
The oyle off his mercyfull tre
That I seke myght anoynt with be
¶ Thou come seth and stode nere hond
And spak that alle might vnderstond
I come he seid to paradice yate
An yern by-sought I there-ate
Then I with Seint Micaell met
Sone I hym and he me gret
ffrom god he seid I am sent
To alle man-kynd take I entent
Seth he seid to the I say
Thow besy the not from this day
With wepyng praier for to wynne
The Oile that was be-hight for synne
To anoynt thy fader Adam
ffor his lymmys that yet ar lame
yet may he gete yt no wais
Bytwene this and the last days
Therefore we Calle yt dais last
When v M[1] yer are past
v M[1] yer v scor by skyll
Then shalle god his graunt full-fille
his owne sonne shalle he send doun
In erthe to mannys saluacoun

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

He þat es bred sua hei of strand,
Nu comes to se þis laithli land.'17924
[Q]ven ald adam had vnd*er*tane
þat he was houe*n* *in* flu*m* iordane,
On seth his sun lude gan he call,
And said, 'sun tell til vs all 17928
þe sothfastnes, a*n*d na thing hele,
All þat þu herd of saint michaele
Archangele, quen i þe gan wis
To þe ȝatis of paradis, 17932
To prai vr lauerd drightin dere,
To send me wid his messagere
þe oyle of his merciful tre,
þat i, seke, moght smerled be.' 17936
[þ]an come seth and stod ner-hand,
And spac þat all might vnderstand,
'I come þan to paradis ȝate
And gern bisoght i godd þar-ate,
þai i wid saint michel mett, 17941
Sone i him, and he me, grett,
'Fra godd,' he said, 'i am þe sent
Till all mankind þan take i tent.
Seth,' he said, 'to þe i say 17945
þat þu þe suink naght, fra þis dai,
wid greting praier for to gett
þe oyle þat god in hight has sett,
þi fadir wid to smerl, adam, 17949
For his limes þat ȝeit er lame;
For he mai get it nakin wais
Bituix and at þe last þais,
þarfor cal es it dais last, 17953
Quen fiue thousand ȝere sal be past.
Fiue thousand ȝere, fiue skore þar-till,
þan sal þrightin his hight fulfill.
His auen sun sal he send dune [leaf 120, bk, col. 1]
In erde, þat mani sal mistron, 17958

GÖTTINGEN

He þ*at* shal louse ȝou out of bonde
Comeþ to se þis lodly londe
¶ þo old Adam had vndirstonde
In flu*m* iurdon hi*m* houen of honde
On seth his son bigon he cal
He seide son telle vs now al
þe soþfastenes & no þing hele
þ*at* þou herdest of seynt myȝhele
þe au*n*gel when*n*e I þe gan wise
To þo ȝatis of paradise
To praye oure lord god so dere
To sende me wiþ his messangere
þe oyle of his merciful tre
þ*at* I seke myȝte anoynte wiþ þe
¶ þen*n*e coom seeth & stood nere honde
And spake þ*at* alle myȝte vndirstonde
I coom he seide to paradis ȝate
And ȝerne bisouȝte I þer ate
þen*n*e I wiþ seynt Michael met
Sone I hym & he me gret
From god he seide I am sent
To al mon kynde take I entent
Seth he seide to þe I say
þou bisie þe not from þis day
Wiþ wepyng preyer*e* for to wyn*n*e
þe oyle þat was bi het for synne
To anoynt þi fadir adame
For his lym*m*es þ*at* ȝitt are lame
ȝit may he gete hit no wayes
Bitwene þis & þe laste dayes
þ*er*fore we calle hit dayes last
When*n*e fyue þousonde ȝere are past
Fyue þousonde ȝeer fyue score bi skille
þen*n*e shal god his graun*t* fulfille
His owen son shal he sende dou*n*
In erþe to mon*n*es saluacio*u*n

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þi fadir cors he shal vp-reise,
And mony o*þer*e bi þo weyse.
So holy as he shal be noon
Hofen shal he be in flum iurdon.
Wh*enne* he shal sty3e vp of þ*at* stronde,
þe oyle he shal brynge in honde,
Of his mercy to anoynt alle wiþ
þ*at* seken trouþe wiþ grace or griþ,
And to alle þo þ*at* ben baptist
To lastyng lif in name of cryst.
þ*at* goddes sone so mychel of my3t,
Among monkynde shal he li3t,
þi fadir shal he brynge & his
Fro helle to paradys þ*at* blis."
þo patriarkes þ*at* þis herde,
Wiþ myche ioye þo þei ferde,
Mournynge among he*m* þo was gone,
Wiþ cry þei ioyeden eu*e*rychone.

Wh*enne* sathan say þo seyntes
Make al þat myry chere, [dere
þe duke of deeþ & prynce of helle
To helle bigon he þus to spelle,
'Helle,' he seide, 'make þe redy
To receyue ie*s*u hastily,
þ*at* boost him goddes sone to be.
And 3it þe deeþ ful sore drad he,
He seide for deeþ þ*at* he shulde dye,
He flessche was seke & dreurye.
Harde haþ he werred me a3ayn, [leaf 165, col. 1]
And myche marred of my mayn;
Whom I made blynde, halt, or mesele,
Wiþ his word he 3af hem hele,
I brou3te þe dede men as þyne awen,
Whiche he haþ helle fro þe drawen.'
þ*enne* vnswered helle to prynce saton,
'What is he? þ*at* so my3ty oon,

COTTON (*ARUNDEL MS.*)

Thy fad*er* cors he shalle vp-reise
And many othir by tho weyse
So holy as he shalle non
hovyn shalle he be in flom iordon
When he shalle stie vp of þ*at* stronde
The oyle he shalle bryng in hond
Of his mercy to anoynt alle *with*
That sekyn trowthe *with* grace of grith
And to alle tho that bene baptyst
To lastyng lyff in name of Cryst
That godd*es* sonne so mekyll of might
Among mankynd shalle he light
Thy fadir shalle he bryng and h*is*
ffro helle to paradice that blis
Tho patryark*es* that th*is* herd
With moche ioy tho they ferd
Mornyng among hem tho was gon
With Cry they ioydyn euerychon
¶ Whe[n] satan sie tho seint*es* dere
Make alle that mery chere
The Duke of deth and prynce of helle
To helle by-gon he þ*us* to spelle
helle he seid make the redy
To reysen Ie*s*u hastely [1 leaf 158, back]
That bostyth hym godd*es* sonne to be
[1] And yet the dethe full sore drad he
he seid for dethe that he shuld die
his flesh was syke and drury
hard hath he warrid me agayn
And muche marrid of my mayn
whom I made blynd halt or mesyll
with his word he yaf hem hele
I brogh*t* the ded men as thyn owen
whiche he hath helle fro the drawen
¶ Then answerd hem to prynce Saton
what is he that so migh*t*y oon

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

þi fadir cors vp sal he rais,
And als of oþer in þakin dais.
þou halier þan he be nane
Houen sal he be in flom iordane.
Quen he sal stei vp of þat strand,
þat oyle he sal bring in his hand,
Of his merci to smerl all wid
þat sekes treuth wid his grace or right,[1]
And till all þaa þat bers baptist
To lastand lijf in name of crist.
þat goddes sun sua, mekil of might,
þat mang mankin als man sal light,
Sal bring þi fader adam and his
Of hell to paradis of blis.' [1 *read* grith]
þe patriarkes þan herde all þis,
Ful mekil ioy þai made i-wis
Might þai na langer murni[n]g mith
wid cri þai ioy þai gun to keid.
[Q]ven sathan sau þai santes sere
Make tuix þaim sua blithful chere,
Duke of dede and prince of hell,
Till hell bigan þus to spell,
'Hell,' he said, 'ma þe redi
At receiue iesu nu in hij,
þat roses him-self goddes sun to be.
And þogh man dede dredand es he,
And said for blod þat he sal schede,
His saule was dreri for þe dede,
Hard has he werraid me again,
And mekil merrid of mi main.
þat i made wode, halt, blind, and mesel,
wid word allane he gaue þaim hele,
I taght þe dede men als þin auen,
Bot quilk he has þaim fra þe drauen.'
[þ]an ansuerd hell to prince sathan,
'Quat es he? þat sua mightful ane,

GÖTTINGEN

17959
17965
17971
17976
17982
17988

þi fadir cors he shal vp reise
And mony opere bi þo weyse
So holy as he shal be noon
Houen shal he be in flum iurdon
whenne he shal stiȝe vp of þat stronde
þe oile he shal bringe in honde
Of his mercy to anoynt alle wiþ
þat seken trouþe wiþ grace or griþ
And to alle þo þat ben baptist
To lastyng lif in name of crist
þat goddes son so muchel of myȝt
Among monkynde shal he liȝt
þi fadir shal he bringe & his
Fro helle to paradis þat blis
þo patriarkes þat þis herd
Wiþ muchel ioye þo þei ferd
Mournyng among hem þo was gon
Wiþ cry þei ioyeden euerychon
¶ whenne sathan say þo seyntis dere
Make al þat mery chere
þe duke of deeþ & prince of helle
To helle bigon he þus to spelle
Helle he seide make þe redy
To receyue ihesu hastily
þat boste him goddes sone to be
And ȝitt þe deeþ ful sore drad he
He seide for deþ þat he shulde dyȝe
His flesshe was seke & drewrye
Harde haþ he werred me aȝayn
And muchel marred of myn mayn
whom I made blynde halt or mesele
Wiþ his word he ȝaf hem hele
I brouȝte þe dede men as þin awen
Whiche he haþ helle fro þe drawen
¶ þenne vnswerde helle to princesathon
what is he þat so myȝty on

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

So myȝty & of deeþ so ferd,
Siþ alle þe men of þe werd.
vndir þe ben in watir & londe,
And þou hast brouȝte hem to myn
If þou be so myȝty þus, [honde.
What maner mon is þat *iesus*?
þat werreþ on þe eu*e*ry whore,
And siþen dredeþ deeþ so sore.
Siþ his monhede is of siche myȝt,
who may aȝeyn his godhede fiȝt?
I saye siþ he is al weldonde,
Is no þing may his wille wiþstonde.
Why dredde he deeþ wost þou not, no,
not for to bigyle þe so.
He wole þe take to wo to wende
To be *þer*-in wiþouten ende.'
Sathan þe*n*ne to helle vnswerde,
He seide, 'why art þou aferde?
Receyue ie*s*u þou liþer hyne,
Oure werreour boþe myne & þyne.
I haue oure iewis made in stryue,
wiþ bitt*er* peyne hi*m* brynge of lyue,
I made hem ryse aȝeynes him
To smyte him wiþ a spere ful grym.
Eysel I made hem menge wiþ galle,
For to slake his furst wiþ-alle.
On tre I dude hem him to hynge,
And nayles þourȝe feet & hondis styn*g*e,
þe tyme comyng is now ful nere,
þat deþ shal brynge hi*m* to vs here.'
Helle ȝaf to satan vnswere,
'At þis tyme þou hast tolde me here,
þat þis same man was he [col. 2]
þat dede men dide drawe fro me;]
For mani haf i halden here, [Cotton, lf 102, col. 1]
þat quils þai in þe werld were

COTTON (*ARUNDEL MS.*)

So mi*gh*ty and of deth so ferd
Synne alle the men of the werd
vnd*er* the bene in wat*er* and lond
and thow hast brogh*t* hem to myn honde
yf þ*o*u be so mighty þ*us*
What man*er* man is that I*esus*
That werryth on the euery whor
and sithen dredyth deth so sore
Synne h*is* manhode is of suche migh*t*
Who may ayen h*is* god-hede figh*t*
I sey senne he is alle weldand
is no-thyng may his wille *with*-stond
why dredi þ he deth wost þ*o*u not no
Not but for to be-gile the so
he wille the take to wo to wend
To be there-ynne *with*-outyn end
Satan thanne to helle answerd
he seid why art þ*o*u so ferd
resceyve I*esu* þou lythur hyne
Our warriour bothe myne & thyne
I haue our iewis made in stryve
with byttyr payne hym bryng of lyve
I made hem ryse ayenst hym
To symte hym *with* a spere full grym
Eyselle I made hem meng *with* galle
ffor to slake his thurst *with*-alle
On tre I did hem hym to hyng
and naylis thorogh fete & hondes styngge
The tyme is now comyng nere
That dethe shalle bryng hym to vs here
¶ helle yaf to satan answere
Are this tyme þ*o*u hast told me here
That th*is* same man was he
That dede men did draw fro me
ffor many haue I holdyn here
while that they in word were

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

[1] Sua mightful man for dede sua radd,
Sipen all þe mighti men er stadd.
vnþer þe bath in water and land,17997
And þu has broght þaim to mi hand.
If þu þan be sua mighti þus, [1 col. 2]
Quatkin a man es þat iesus?
þat werrais on þe euer-ai quare, 18001
And sipen es dredand dede sua sare.
Sipen his manhed es suilk of might,
Qua mai þan gain his goddehed fight?
I sai, sipen he es all weilldand, 18005
Es na thing mai his will widstand.
Qui dredes he dede? þu wate noght, na,
Noght bot forto suike þe sua
He will þe take and waif in wa
To lend þar-in euer and a.' 18010
[S]ir sathan þan till hell ansuerd,
And said, 'qui art þu sua ferd?
Receiue iesu þou witherwin,
vr werreur bath mi and þine. 18014
I haue him fandit to driue to dede,
Mine eldrin folk of iuen lede
Haue i done rise againes him,
To strike him wid a spere ful grim.
Aisel haue i blend wid gall, 18019
For to sleke his threist wid-all;
On tre i haue him gert to hing,
And nailis thoru his hend to sting;
þe time es nu comand nere, 18023
þat dede sal bring him till vs here.'
[þ]an gaf hell to sathan ansuer,
'þu said it me sum time are, 18026
þat þis ilke man was he
was wont to drau þe dede men fra me;
for mani haue i halden here,
þat quilis þai in þis werld were 18030

GÖTTINGEN

So miȝty & of deeþ so ferd [leaf 109]
Siþ alle þe men of þe werd
Vndir þe ben in watir & lond
And þou hast brouȝt hem to myn hond
If þou be so myȝti þus
What maner is þat ihesus
þat werreþ on þe euerywhore
And siþen dredeþ deþ so sore
Siþ his monhede is of suche miȝt
who may aȝeyn his godhede fiȝt
I say siþ he is al weldonde
Is no þing may his wille wiþstonde
whi dredde he deeþ wostou not no
Not but for to bigile þe so
He wol þe take to wo to wende
To be þerynne wiþouten ende
Sathan þenne to helle vnswerde
He seide whi art þou so ferde
Receyue ihesu þou liþer hyne
Oure werreour boþe myn & þine
I haue oure iewes made in stryue
Wiþ bittur peyn him brynge of lyue
I made hem rise aȝeynes him
To smyte him wiþ a spere ful grym
Eisel I made hem menge wiþ galle
For to slake his þirst wiþ alle
On tre I dud hem him to hynge
And nailes þourȝe feet & hondes stinge
þe tyme is now comynge neere
þat deþ shal bringe him to vs here
¶ Helle ȝaf to sathan vnswere
Ar þis tyme þou hast tolde me here
þat þis same mon was he
þat dede men dud drawe fro me
For mony haue I holden here
whil þat þei in world were

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Has had ded men fra me heþen,
Noght wit þair might bot his of heuen.
He þat of heuen es all weldand,
He gaf þe ded to þam praiand,
And þis *iesus* q*uat* man him knaus,
þat þus þe ded ai fra us draus;
Noght wit praier als oþer did,
Bot wit his word þat he wald bidd.
Mai fall þis es þat ilk *iesus*,
þat stincand lazaru*m* fra us
Of his erthing þe thrid dai
Laisd and him ledd a-wai,
þe quilk al ded him quick i yald,
þis word wit-stand had i na wald.'
þan gaf ansuar, þat fals fede,
þat prince es bath and duk o ded,
'þis ilk *iesus* for-soth es þat
þat greuis vs in mani-quat.'
¶ Q*uen* hell had herd sathan sau,
Said, 'of him me standes au,
Thoru vr mightes bath to-gedir
I þe for-bede þou bring him hider.
For q*uen* i word herd þat he badd
I quok for him, sua wex i radd;
And als min wicked werkes eke
For-blended wer thoru his aun speke.
Ne o lazar had we na hald,
Bot titter þan o tunge es tald,
Fra hus he lepe selcutli light,
Was neu*er* ern sa fus o flight
Til he come þar his licam lai,
And þar-wit went he forth his wai.
Als wat i nu, and wenis noght,
þat he þat suilkins mightes moght
Es god stalworth weldand in will
In manhed mighti to ful-fill,

COTTON

have reft dede men fro me even
Not *with* her mi3ht bote is of heuyn
he that is of hevyn kyng
he yaf the dede to hem praying
What is this I*esus* *with* his laws
That *þus* the dede fro*m* vs drawis
Not *with* praier as othir ded
But oo word that he wold byd
hit may be *þis* is *þat* I*esus*
That stynckyng lazar toke fro vs
Of his grave the iiijth day
he hym toke and lad away
that dede fro*m* deth to lyf he di3ht
his word *with*-stond had he no mi3ht
¶ That answerd that fals of rede
Prynce of helle & duke of dede
This ilk I*esus* sothely is he
That makyth vs oft grevyd to be
¶ Whan helle herd sathans saw
Of hym he seid me stondyth aw
Thorou3 our myght*es* bothe to-ged*er*
I the for-bede þou bryng hym he*þer*
ffor when in erthe a word he bad
y quoke for hym so was i drad
And alle my wyckyd werk*es* eke
ffordon were thorou3 hym so meke
Als of lazar had we non hold
Bot sonner þen of tong is told
ffrom vs he lep selcowþe li3ht
was nevir ern so fresh to fli3ht
Tille he come *þer* his lycam lay
And so went forth bothe her way
Welle wote y now & wene yt no3t
he that suche might*es* wro3t
ys stalworth god weldyng in wille
And manhode mighty to fulfille

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

Has ofte had dede men fra me heþen,
Noght wid þair might bot his of heuen.
He þat of heuen es all weildand, [leaf 121, col. 1]
He gaue þe dede to þaim praiand,
And þis iesus quat man him knaus,
þat þus þe dede he fra vs draus;
Noght wid praier als oþer did,
Bot wid his word þat he wald bid.
Mai fall þis es þat ilk iesus,
þat stinkand lazarun fra vs
Of his erding þe thridd dai
He losed him, and ledd away,
þe quilk al dede him quick he ȝald,
His word widstand had i no wald.'
[þ]an gaue ansuer, þat fals fede,
þat bath es prince and duke of dede,
'þis ilk iesus es for-soth þat
þat greuis vs in mani-quat.'
[Q]uen hell had herd þis sathan saw,
'Of him me standes mekil aue,
Thoru vr mightes bath to-gedir
I þe forbede þu bring him hedir.
For quen in erde word þat he bad
I quock for him, sua wex i rad;
And al mine wicked werkes eke
For-dune war thoru his auer speke.
Ne of lazarun had we na hald,
Bot titter þan of tung es tald,
Fra vs he lepe selcuthli light,
was neuer ern sua fus to flight
Til he come þar his licam lay,
And þar-wid went him forth his way.
wele wat i nu, and wenis noght,
þat he þat suilkin mightes moght
Es godd stalworth weildand in will
And manhed mighti forto fulfill,

GÖTTINGEN

Han rafte dede men fro me euen
Not with her myȝt but his of heuen
He þat is of heuen kynge
He ȝaf þe dede to hem prayinge
What is þis ihesus wiþ his lawes
þat þus þe dede from vs drawes
Not wiþ preyere as oþere did
But o worde þat he wolde bid
Hit may be þis is þat ihesus
þat stynkynge laȝer toke fro vs
Of his graue þe ferþe day
He him toke & lad away
þat dede from deþ to lif he diȝt
His word wiþstonde had he no myȝt
¶ þenne vnswerde þat fas of rede
Prince of helle & duke of dede
þis ilke ihesus soþely is he
þat makeþ vs ofte greued to be
whenne helle had herde sathan sawe
Of him he seide me stondeþ awe
þourȝe oure myȝtis boþe to gider
I þe forbede þou bringe him hider
For whenne in erþe awerd he bad
I quook for him so was I drad
And alle my wickede werkes eke
Fordone were þourȝe him so meke
Als of laȝer had we noon holde
But soñer þen of tonge is tolde
From vs he lep selcouþ liȝt
Was neuer ern so fresshe to fliȝt
Til he coom þere his licam lay
And so went forþ boþe her way
Wel woot I now & wene hit nouȝt
He þat suche myȝtes wrouȝt
If stalworþe god weldynge in wille
And monhede myȝti to fulfille

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

And es sauuer o mans lede.
And if þou hider-ward him lede,
All þat here sperd ar wit me,
In prisun o mi cruelte,
Dun in dome o ded sa dime,
To lijf he sal þam lede wit him.' [1 col. 2]
¶ To-quils þat hell and prince sathan
Made þam emell sli murnand man,

þar come a steuen als thoner blast,
A gastli uoice criand ful fast,
'þe prince of hell, vndos your yate!
þe king o blis will haf in-late.'
Quen hell herd þis, he said onan,
'þou do þe heþen fra me, sathan!
A faint fighter me thinc er þou,
Hu sal þou fight a-gain iesu?'
Wit þis gaf hell it-self a braid,
And kest vte sathan þan and said,
'Til his wicked werkes samen
Spers your yates, þis es na gamen.
Your brasin yates spers nu wele,
And bindes þam wit barrs o stele,
And forces yow wit might and m[a]in
Stalworthli to stand a-gain,
Ar we, wit all þat we wald,
Be tan in oþer mans fald.'
¶ þis herd þe santes all, and said
Till hell wit wordes of up-braid,
'Bot open up þin yates wide,
Lete in þe king, wit-vten bide!
In sal he com, þe kyng o bliss.'
Dauid saitt on hei wit þis
'Sted,' he said, 'nu tas mi saus
þat i for-tald in form daus,

COTTON

And is savyour' of' mannys sede
And yf þou hym hydyr lede
Alle that here are of' men with meyne
In preson off' my Cruelte
done by dome to deth̄ so dym
To lyff' he wille hem lede with hym)

While that helle & prince Saton)
Made to-gedyr þis mornyng mone
There come a stevyn as thonder-blast
A Gostly voys Crying fast
ye prynces off' helle vndothe your yate
The kyng of' blisse wolle haue in late
when helle this herd it seid anon)
do now go hen fro me saton) [leaf 159]
A faint fyghter me thynck art þou
how wylt þou fight with Iesu now
with that yaf' helle yt-self' abraide
And cast out þo Satan & seid
To his wyckyd werkes samen
spere your' yates þis is no gamen
your' brasyn yates sper' you welle
And byndyth̄ hem with barres of' stele
Enforsyth̄ you with might and mayne
Stalworthely to stond ayen
Ar ye with alle tho that we ne wold
Bytake in oþer mennys hold
¶ This herd tho seintes alle & seid
To helle with wordes off' vnbreid
Opyn vp the yates helle wyde
lette ynne our' kyng with-outyn abyde
he wolle in come the kyng of' blis
Dauid seid anon) with this
To end he seid now comyþ my saws
That I seid by old Daws

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

And es sauueor of manes lede. 18067
And if þu hedir him lede,
All þat her here spred wid me,
In presun of mi creuelte, 18070
Dune in dome of dede sua dim, [col. 2]
To lijf he sal þaim lede wid him.'
[T]Oquilis þat hell and prince sathan
Made þaim emell sli murnand mane,

þar com a steuen als thoru blast,
A gasteli voice criand ful fast, 18076
'3e princes of helle, vndos 3ur 3ate!
þe king of blis will haue in-late.'
Quen hell herd þis, it said on-ane,
'þu do þe heþen fra me, sathan!
A faint fighter me thinc ert þu, 18081
Hu sal þu fight again iesu?'
wid þis gaue hell it-self a braid,
And kest vte sathan þan and said,
'Till his wicked werkis samen 18085
Speris 3ur 3atis, þis es no gamen.
3ur brasen 3ates nu sepere 3e wele,
And bindes þaim wid bar of stele,
And forces 3u wid might and main
Stalworthli to stand again, 18090
Are 3e, wid all þaa þat we wald,
Be tane in oþer menes halde.'
[þ]is herd þe saintes all, and said
Til hell wid wordes of vpbraid, 18094
'Bot opin vp þin 3ates wide,
Lat in þe king, widvten bide!
In sal he c[u]me, þe king of blis.'
Dauid said on hij wid þis
'Sted,' he said, 'nu tas mi saus 18099
þat i fortald in forme daus,

GÖTTINGEN

And is saueour of monnes sede
And if þou him hidur lede
Alle þat here are of men wiþ meyne
In prisoun of my cruelete
Done bi dome to deþ so dym
To lyf he wol hem lede wiþ him

Whil þat helle & prince sathon
Made to gider þis mournyng mone
iþere coom a steuen as þondir blast
A goostly vois criynge fast [1 leaf 109, bk]
3e princes of helle vndoþ 3oure 3ate
þe kyng of blis wol haue in late
whenne helle þis herde hit seide anone
Do now go hennes fro me sathone
A feynt fi3tere me þinke art þow
How woltou fi3te wiþ ihesu now
wiþ þat 3af helle hit self abreid
And cast out þo sathan & seide
To his wicked werkes samen
Spere 3oure 3atis þis is no gamen
3oure brasen 3atis spere 3e wele
And byndeþ hem wiþ barres of stele
Enforseþ 3ou wiþ my3te & meyn
Stalworþely to stonde a3eyn
Ar 3e wiþ alle þo þat we ne wolde
Be take in oþere mennes holde
¶ þis herde þo seyntis alle & seide
To helle wiþ wordes of vmbreide
Open vp þi 3ates helle wide
Let in 3oure kyng wiþouten abide
He wol in com þe kyng of blis
Dauid seide anoon wiþ þis
To ende he seide now com my sawes
þat I seide bi olden dawes

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

His merci es knaun, þat lauerd king,
And his selcuthes til ur oxspring.'
þat brast þe brasen yates sa strang,
And stelen croc þat þai wit hang.
¶ Said ysai þan, þat prophet,
'þis es þat i yow quilum het,
Vp sal þe dede rise, i yow said,
Vte o þair graf þar þai ware laid;
And þan þai sal be blith and glaid,
þe folk þat er in erth stadd,
For fra þe lauerd þar light sale
A deu, al for to mak þam hale,
On þam sal spred, thoru his might,
Als he in adam time hade hight.
To ded i said, 'quar es þi stang?'
Till hell, 'quar ar þi mightes strang?'
Quen þai had herd þis of ysai,
þe santes all þai gaf a cri
Till hell, 'vn-do þin yates suith!
þou ert nu crachun fra þis sith.
Hell,' þai said, 'ouercummen er þou
And euer wit-vten might fra nu?'
And eft þar come a mikel steuen,
Als it a thoner war of heuen,
'Open yur yates! yee princes, wide,
To blisful king, wit-vten bide!
He will cum in, þat king o bliss.'
Bot quen þat hell had herd al þis
þat suilk a steuen tuis had þam soght,
He said, als he had wist it noght,
'þat king o blis, quat es he, þat?'
Dauid þan said, 'wel wat i quat
þe words þat i here of cri,
Ful wel i knau þam,' said daui;
'For i wit propheci it hight
Thoru þe haligast might,

COTTON

his mercy is knowyn that lord kyng
And his selcowthes to our of-spryng
Than brest tho brasyn yates strong
And stelyn lokkes that ther-on hong
Then seid Isai the prophite
This is that I sum-tyme be hight
Vp shuld the dede ryse and seid
Out of the grave he was ynne leid
Then they shuld be mery and glad
The folk that in wo were stad
ffor ffro that lord shalle come in dole
A dew of rede to make hem hole
On hem to spryng by his might
As he in Adams tyme hight
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
When they hard this off Isai
Tho seintes alle yaff a Cry
To helle / vndo the yates fast
Now art þou wreche doun cast
helle they seid ouyr-comyn art þou
And euyr with-outyn might fro now
And eft ther come a mochill stevyn
As yt were a thonder of heuyn
Opyn your yates ye princes wyde
To blessefull kyng with-out abyde
he wolle come yn / that kyng of blis
When that helle had herd this
That this stevyn ij had sowght
Alas he seid that I was wroght
The kyng off blisse what is he þat
Dauid seid I wote wele what
Thise wordes that I here-of Cry
Welle I know hem seid dauy
ffor I with prophesy had hight
By the holy gostes might,

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

His merci his knauen, þat lauerd king,
And his selcuthes til vr ospring.'
þan brast þe brasen 3ate sua strang,
And stelin lock þat þar-on hang.
[þ]an said ysai, þat prophete,
' þis es þat i quilum 3u hete,
vp sal þe dede rise, i 3u said,
vte of þair graue þai war *in*-laid;
And þan þai sal be blith and glad, [lf 121, bk, col. 1]
þat folk þat er in erd stad,
For fra þe lauerd þar-*in* light sale
A deu, al forto make þaim hale,
On þaim sal sprede, thoru his might,
Als he in adam time had hight.
To dede i said, 'q*uar* es þi stang[1]'?
To hell, 'quar es þi mightes.strang'?
Quen þai had herd þis of ysai, [1 MS. stand.]
þe santes all þai gaue a cri
Till hell, 'vndo þin 3ates suith!
Nu ert þu crachun fra þis sight.
Hell,' þai said, 'ouercomen art þu
And euer widvten might fra nu?'
[A]nd 3eit þar comen a mekil steuen,
Als it war a thoner of heuen,
'Opin 3ur 3ates! 3e p*r*inces, wide,
To blisful king, widvten bide!
He wil cu*m* in, þat king of blis.'
Bot q*uan* þat hell had herd all þis
þat þis steuen tuis had þai*m* soght,
He said, als he had herd it noght,
' þat king of blis, quat es he, þat?'
Dauid said þan, 'wele wate i quat
þir wordes þat i here of cri,
Ful wele i knau þaim,' said daui;
'For i wid p*r*opheci had hight
Thoru þe haligastes might,

GÖTTINGEN

His mercy is knowen þat lord kyng
And his selcoupes to oure ospring
þenne brast þo brasen 3ates strong
And stelen lokes þat þere on hong
þenne seide Isay þe prophete
þat is þat I som tyme bihete
Vp shulde þe dede rise I seide
Out of þe graue he was In leide
þenne þei shulde be mery & glad
þe folke þat in wo were stad
For fro þat lord shal com in dole
A dew of redde to make hem hole
On hem to sprede bi his my3t
As he in Adames tyme hi3t
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Whenne þei herde þis of Isay
þe seintis alle 3af a cry
To helle vndo þi 3atis fast
Now artou wrecche dou*n* cast
Helle þei seide ou*er*comen art þow
And eu*er* wiþouten my3te fro now
And efte þ*er* coom a mechel steuen
As hit were a þondir of heuen
Open vp 3oure 3atis 3e p*r*inces wide
To blisful kyng wiþouten abide
He wol com In þat kyng of blis
whenne þat helle had herde þis
þat þis steven twyes had sou3t
Alas he seide þat I was wrou3t
þe kyng of blis what is he þat
Dauid seide I woot wel what
þese wordis þat I here of cry
Wel I knowe hem seide dauy
For I wiþ p*r*opheci had hi3t
Bi þe holy gostis my3t

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

And þat i tald had for-wit þan
I sai þe nu, wele i it can.
þe lauerd þat es sua mikel o might,
þat es sa strang and stijf in fight,
þe blis-ful kyng þis es þat ilk,
For þar mai be nanoþer suilk.
He þat bi-heild fra heuen dun
To here þe plaint of his prisun,
Of his sinful sighand sa sare,
To lese þam o band and care.
And þou hell, sua fule stinkand thing,
Vn-do, lete in þe blisful king!'
¶ Quils dauid talked þus til hell
Sli words als yee here me tell,
þat kyng þat al has in his weld,
He come in wit a blisful beild,
þe lauerd self in his godd-hede
Wit-in þe scape of ur manhede.
þaa waful wras sa dedli dim,
All lighted þe lem þat come wit him,
Brast all þe bandes of ur sete,
And visite us wit grett delite,
In þat mirknes þar we lai,
Euer in night wit-vten dai.
¹¶ Quen hell and ded sagh it be sua,
þai and þair werkes ful o wa, [¹ col. 2]
þai war for-wondred o þat light,
In þair contre þai sagh sa bright.
Quen þai sa brathli iesu sagh,
O mang þair settles stad sa lagh,
O þair pride thoght þam litel plau
And gaf a cri wit mikel au;
'Quat ert þou, þus es hider cummen,
þus has hus in þi pouste nommen?
Wi quat ert þou þat es sa wight
Vr scenscep for to scau to dright?

COTTON

That I told̄ by-for̄ of̄ than
I sey you now welle yt can
That lord̄ that is with-outyn wrong
And̄ euyr in myght̄ aliche strong
This blesfull̄ kyng it is that eche
ffor ther̄ may be non̄ oþer suche
he that by-held̄ ffrom heuyn doun̄
To here the playnt off̄ his preson
how they in synfull̄ syȝhyng war̄
he thought̄ to lose hem out of̄ car̄
Now thow helle fulle of̄ styng
Vndo let ynne thy blesfull̄ kyng
While Dauid seid̄ thus to helle
Suche wordes as ye herd̄ me telle
The kyng that alle thyng hath̄ in weld̄
he come ynne with a blesfull̄ beld̄
The lord̄ hym-self̄ in his godhede
Come ther̄ for to do that ded̄
Tho wofull̄ were so dedly dym
Alle lig[h]tyd̄ the lym that come of̄ hym
he brest the bondes off̄ our̄ synne
And̄ made vs heuyn ayen to wyn̄
ffro that derkenes there we lay
There euyr is nyght̄ and̄ euyr day
Tho helle and̄ deth̄ sie it be so
they and̄ her werkes full̄ of̄ wo
They wer̄ for-wondyrd̄ of̄ that light̄
In her contrey they sie no bryght̄
when they Iesus opynly saw
Among her setes there downe so low
Of̄ her pride thought hem no prow
They yaff̄ a Cry lowde y-now
What art þou þus hethir comyn
Thow hast vs with thy poste nomyn̄
what art þou that art so wyght̄
Our̄ shentship to shew in sight̄

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

And þat i tald of forwid þan
I sai 3u nu, wele i it can.
þe lauerd þat es sua mekil of might,
þat es sua strang and stif in fight,
þe blisful king þis es þat ilke,
For þar mai be nanoþer suilk.
He þat biheld fra heuen doune
To here þe plant of his presune,
Of his sinful sighand sua sare,
To lese þaim vte of band of care. [1 col. 2]
[1]And þu hell, sua fule stinkand sting,
vndo, late in þe blisful king!'
[Q]uilis dauid teld þus till hell
Sli wordis als 3e herd me tell,
þat king þat all has *in* his weild,
He come in wid a blisful beild,
þe lauerd him-self in his goddhed
wid-in þe schapp of vr manhed.
þa waful wras sua dedeli dim,
All lighted þe leme þat come wid hi*m*,
Brast all þe bandes of vr site,
And visited vs wid grete delite,
In þat mirknes þar we lay,
Euer in night widuten day.
[Q]uen hell and dede sau it be sua,
þai and þair werkis ful of wa,
þai war for-wondrid of þat light,
In þair cu*n*tre þai sau sua bright.
Quen þai sua brathli ie*s*u sau,
Emang þair settlis stad sua lau,
Of þair prid thoght þai*m* littel plau
And gaue a cri wid mekil au;
'Quat ert þu, þus es heder come*n*,
þu has vs in þi pouste nomen?
Quat es þu þat es sua wight
vr schenschip forto scheu to dright?

þat I tolde bifore of þan
I say 3ou now wel I hit can
þat lord þat is wiþouten wrong
And euer in my3t I liche strong
þis blisful kyng hit is þat iche
For þere may be noon oþere siche
He þat bihelde fro heuen dou*n*
To here þe pleynt of his pri*s*ou*n*
How þei in synful sikyng ware
He þou3te to louse hem out of care
Now þou helle foule of stynke
Vndo let In þi blisful kyng
whil dauid seide þus to helle
Suche wordis as 3e herde me telle
þe kyng þat al þing haþ in welde
He coom in wiþ a blisful belde
þe lord hi*m* self in his godhede
Coom þere for to do þat dede
þo woful were so dedly dym
Alle li3ted þe leme þat coom of him
He brast þe bondes of oure synne [f 111]
And made vs heuen a3ein to wynne
Fro þat derkenes þere we lay
þere euer is ny3t & neue*r* day
¶ þo helle & deeþ say hit be so
þei & her werkes ful of wo
þei were forwondride of þat li3t
In her cuntre þei say so bri3t
whenne þei ihesu openly sawe
Among her setes þer dou*n* so lawe
Of her pride þou3te hem no prow
þei 3af a cry loude I now
what art þou þus hider comen
þou hast vs wiþ þi pouste nomen
What artou þat art so wi3t
Oure shenshepe to shewe in sei3t

Digitized by Google

Sua prisful quar es þou o pight,
þat lastand signe þe bers wit,
þat thoru þe wreth o þi maieste
Condemps þus all ur pouste?
Quat ert þou, sua grett, sua small?
þou ert sa lagh sa hei wit-all,
Bath als king and emparur
And scapp o thrall sa stijf in stur,
Sua stijf in stur, and king o blis,
Ded and alsua liuand es,
þat þe croice bar on him slan,
And ded lai luken vnder stan.
In þi deiing all thynges dred,
þe sternes in þair mightes medd,
Bituix þe ded fre ert þou nu,
Vr legionus all droues þou.
And quat art þou þat louses þaa
þat formast sin sua band in wa?
þat casten war in caitif-te,
To formast fredom mas þou fre.
Quat er tu þat sua wit þi leme
Lightes adam barn-teme,
þat blind lai thoru mercknes o plight,
And þou þat sceus sa selcut light?'
¶ þus said all þaa legiuns
O feindes, casten als crachuns,
þat þai sua brathli dun war cast,
þai war ful dred and al agast.
Wit a voice all þai cried þan,
'Quepen es þou sua selcut man,
Man sua mighti, mikel and scene,
And siþen of all costes clene,
For þe erthis werld þat has ben ai [lf 103, col. 1]
Vr vnderlut als to þis dai,
þat aght us rent o yong and ald,
Bot neuer þai suilk a rent us yald.

COTTON

So prycefull what art þou of pyth
The lastyng syne that beryst þe with
That thorow wreche off thy mageste
Condempnyst þou alle our pouste [lf 152, back]
what art þou so grete and smalle
That art so low and hie with-alle
Bothe as kyng and Emperour
In shappe of thralle so styf in stour
So strong þou art and kyng of blis
Dede were þou and levyng is
On the Crosse wore þou slone
Ded lay þou lokyn vnder stone
In thy dying alle thyng drad
The sterris in her mightes made
Of that deth fre art þou now
Oure legions alle distrowbelyst þou
What art þou that lowsist so
That formest synne bond to wo
Tho that were cast in Caytyfte
To formest fredom makyst þou free
What art þou þat with thy leme
lightynnest adams barniteme
That blynd lay by darkenes of synne
To muche light þou brynggist ynne
Thus seid alle tho legions there
Of fendis that doune-castyn were
Tho that so breuely were doune-cast
They were full ferd and sore a-gast
With oo voice alle Cried þan
Whethyn art þou so selcowþe man
So mighty a man & so shene
And then of alle synnys clene
ffor alle this world yt hath bene ay
Our vndirlowte tylle now this day
To bryng vs rent of yong and old
But nevir suche rent as þou yt yold

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

Sua prisful quat ert þu of pith,
þat lastand signe þe beris wit,
þat thoru wreth of þi maieste
Condempnid þu þus all vr pouste?
Quat ert þu, sua grete, sua small?
þu ert sua lau and hei wid-all,
Bath als king and emperur
In schap of thral sua stith in stur,
Sua stith in sture, and king of bliss,
Dede and alsua liuand es;
þat þe croice bare on þe slan,
Dede lay luken vnderstan.
In þi deieng all thinges dred, [leaf 122, col. 1]
þe sternis in þair mightes med,
Bituix þi dede fre es þu nu,
vr legions all droues þu.
[A]nd quat es þu þat louses sua
þat formast sin sua band in wa?
þat casten war in caitiuite,
To formast fredom mas þu fre.
Quat es þu þat sua wid þi leme[1]
Nu lightes adam barn-teme, [1 MS. lime]
þat blind lay thoru mirknes of plight,
And þu þaim scheus sua selcuth light?'
þus said all þa legions
Of feindes, castin als crachuns,
þat þai sua brathli dune war cast,
þai war ful dred and all agast.
wid a voice all þai crid þan,
'Queþen es þu sua selcuth a man,
Sua mekil man, mighti and schene,
And siþen of all costes clene,
For erdes werld þat has bene ay
vr vnderlute all to þis day,
þat agh vs rent of 3ong and ald,
Bot neuer suilk a rent þai vs 3ald.

GÖTTINGEN

So prisfil what art þou of piþ
þe lastyng signe þat berest þe wiþ
þat þour3e wreche of þi maieste
Condempnest þou al oure pouste
What art þou so greet & smal
þat art so lowe & he3e wiþ-al
Boþe as kyng and emperour
In shap of þral so stif in stour
So strong þou art & kyng of blis
Deed were þou & lyuyng is
On þe crois were þou sloon
Deed lay þou loken vndir stoon
In þi de3ynge alle þing dradde
þe sterres in her my3tis madde
Of þat deþ fre art þou now
Oure legiouns alle disturbest þow
What art þou þat lousest so
þe formast synne bond to wo
þo þat were cast in caitifte
To formast fredome makestou fre
what art þou þat wiþ þi leme
li3tonest Adames barmteme
þat blynde lay bi derkenes of synne
To mychel li3t þou bringest Inne
þus seide alle þo legiouns þere
Of fendes þat doun casten were
þo þat so bremely were doun cast
þei were ful ferde & sore agast
wiþ a vois alle cried þan
Whennes art þou so selcouþ man
So mi3ty a mon & so shene
And þenne of alle synnes clene
For alle þis world hit haþ ben ay
Oure vndirloute til now þis day
To bringe vs rente of 3onge and olde
But neuer suche rent as þou hit 3olde

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

A ded man suilk als tis es an
Til us ne sent þai neuer nan.
Quat art þou þan þat es sa bald
Cummen þis wise in-til vr hald?
þat es noght for vr pines radd
Bot louses þat in þaim er stadd.
Quatkin maistri mas þou on hus?
Mai fall þou ert þat ilk iesus
þat us sathan vr prince of tald,
And o þi ded on rode sa bald,
þat thoru þi ded apon þat tre,
All þis werld suld bou to þe.'
Wit þis can iesus him to wreth
Als þof he brath had bene in breth.
Sathan, þat pinful prince, he laght
And vnder might of hell him taght,
And adam til-ward him he drogh,
þar blis o brightnes was i-nogh.
Hell hint þam þat gera[r]d grim!
And selcut snarpli snibbed him,
'þou prince o tinsel and þou duk
O wastful werr, sir belzabuk,
Skorning þou art o god angel,
Despit of al rightwis and lel;
þe king o blis qui did þou hang
And hight us haf sa mikel fang.
Bot nu þi sothed wel es kydd,
þat litted wist þou quat þou did;
Lou! nu hu þis iesus her
Thoru light of his godhed sa cler,
Vr mirckenes driues he all dun,
þe bandes broken of ur prisun.
þis bunden has he reft us fra,
And all þat wepe wit-in vr waa,
þai faild us sua at vr bidding
Es all for-dun for þair praiing.

COTTON

A dede man suche as þou art oon
To vs ere sent yt nevir non
What art þou that art so bold
To come this wyse in-to our hold
That art not for our pynys drad
But lowsyst tho in payne be stad
What manar mastry makyst þou on vs
May ffalle þou art that ilk Iesus
That Satan our prynce vs of told
And of thy dethe on rode so bold
That thorogh thy deth vpon that tre
Alle this world shuld bow to the
With that Iesus wrath by-gan
Sone was yt sene of Satan pan
Satan that paynefull prynce he lawght
And vnder mygh of helle by-tawght
And adam toward hym he drow
There blisse of brightnes was ynow
helle hent then that Gerard grym
And wonder sharply snybbyd hym
¶ Thow prince he seid of loos & duke
Of wastfull werk Sir belsabub
Out-cast þou art of godds Angille
dyspyte of alle rightwys and lele
The kyng of blisse why diddist þou hong
To do vs lese that we had long
But now thy foly wele is kyd
Lytill wyst þou what þou did
lo now how this Iesus here
Thorogh ligh of his godhede clere
This markenes dryvith doun
And bondis brekyth off his presoun
his boundyn hath he reft vs fro
And alle that wepyn within our wo
They serve vs so that our byddyng
ys alle for-done with her praying

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

A dede man suilk als þis es ane
Til vs ȝeit sent þai neu*er* nane.
Quat es þu þan þat es sua bald
Comen þis wise intill vr hald?
þat es noght for vr pines radd
Bot louses þa in þai*m* er stadd.
Quatkin maistri mas þu on vs?
Mai fall þu art þat ilk ihesus
þat sathan vr pr*i*nce vs of tald,
And of þi dede on rode sua bald,
þat thoru þi dede apon þat tre,
All þis werld suld bou to þe.'
[w]id þis gan I*e*sus him to wreth
Als þou he brath had bene *in* breth.
Sathan, þat pinful pr*i*nce, he laght [col. 2]
And vnd*er* might of hell bitaght,
And adam till ward he drogh,[1] [1 MS. droght]
þar blise of brightenes was enogh.
Hell hint þan þat gerard grim!
And selcuth snapli snybbid him,
'þu pr*i*nce of tinsel and þu duke
Of wastful werk, sir belzabuk,
Schorning þu ert of gode angele,
Despit of all rightwis and lele;
þe king of blis qui did þu hang
And hight us haue sua mekil fang.
Bot nu þi sothhed wele es kid,
þat littil wist wist þu qu*at* þu did;
Lo! nu hu þis i*esus* here
Thoru light of his goddhed clere,
þe mirknes driues all dune,
And þe bandes brekes of vr pr*e*sun.
His bunden has he reft vs fra,
And all þat wepe widin vr wa,
þai faiel[2] vs sua þat vr bidding
Es all fordone wid þair pr*a*iing.

GÖTTINGEN [2 MS. saiel]

A deed mon suche as þou art one
To vs er sent hit neuer none
What art þou þat art so bolde
To com þis wise into oure holde
þat art not for oure pynes drad
But lousest þo in hem bistad
What maner maistry makestou on vs
May falle þou art þat ilke Ihesus
þat sathan oure pr*i*nce vs of tolde
And of þi deeþ on rode so bolde
þat þourȝe þi deþ vp on þat tre
Al þis world shulde bowe to þe
Wiþ þat ihesus wraþþe bi-gon
Soone was hit sene of sathan þon
Sathan þat pyneful pr*i*nce he lauȝt
And vndir myȝt of helle bitauȝt
And Adam toward him he drowȝe
þere blis of briȝtenes was ynowȝe
Helle hent þenne þat gerard grym
And wondir sharply snybbed him
¶ þou prince of loos he seide & duk
Of wastful werk sir belsabuk
Out cast þou art of goddes au*n*gele
Dispit of alle riȝtwis & lele
þe kyng of blis whi dostou honge
To do vs lese þat we had longe
But now þi foly wel is kyd
Litel wistou what þou did
Lo how now þis ihesus here [leaf 111, back]
þourȝe liȝt of his godhede clere
þis merkenes dryueþ dou*n*
And bondes brekeþ of þis pr*i*sou*n*
His bou*n*den haþ he rafte vs fro
And alle þat wepen wiþinn*e* oure wo
þei serue vs so þat oure biddyng
Is al fordone wiþ her pr*e*ying

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Nu es all vr kingdom for-dune,
O man-kind mon we gett ful fune,
For þar-wit nu þai threttt us sare
þat ded war ful vnlouwis are,
þat neuer moght be blith ne gladd. [col. 2]
Quils þai in caitifte war stadd.
Sathan, þou fader of wickedhed,
Quarfor did þou suilk a dede?
Lo! þir þat lang vnder us has bene
Wit-vten hope in trei and tene,
Nu es here nan þat wil þam mene,
Ne tere a-pon þair chekes sene.
Ha! sathan prince of hell here,
And þou þat es þar-of porter,
All þat þou wan and mad þe rike
Thoru adam and þe tre wit suike,
And thoru þe tinning of paradis,
Nu has þou tint on oþer wis,
þou has tint thoru þe rode tre,
And gladscip al es gan fra þe.
Sin þou þe king o blis werraid
And sua þi-self has vnder-laid,
Fra nu for, vnderstand þou wele
Hu fele pines ai sal þou fele,
Hu feil, hu lastand, and hu hard
þat þou sal drei wit-in mi ward!
Ha! prince sathan, duk o dede,
Heifd o pride, qui gaf þou rede
þis ilk iesu to crucifi,
Wit-vten skil, vn-rightwisli?
Qui was þou þar-to sa bald
To bring þat rightwis in vr hald?
þat saccles hider for to lede?
Ill has þou don þe-self to spede,
For mani wick and misdede
Has þou her nu tint for-þi.

COTTON

Now is our kyn[g]dom for-done alle
Of mankynd gete we full smalle
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Satan fadir off wyckydhede
Why hast þou done suche a dede
Tho that han long vnder vs bene
Wyth-out hope in tray and tene
None is that wille hym deyne
A tere of his eien lete reyne
A Satan prynce of helle her
And þou that art there-of porter
Alle that þou wan the to lyke
Thorogh adam and the tre *with* swyke
Thow madist hem lese paradice
hem hast þou lost now othir-wyse
Thow hast hem lost by his rode tre
And now shulle they go from the
With the kyng of blisse hast þou werrid
And so thy-self ovyr-tarvid
ffro now vnderstond yt wele
ffull many paynys shalt þou fele
ffull fele lastyng and fulle herd
Thow shalt dry *with*-ynne my ward
Have prynce Satan duke of dede
hede off pride why yaf þou rede
That ilk Iesus to Crucefie
With-outyn skylle vnrightfully
Why was þou there-to so bold
To bryng that rightwys in our hold
That sakeles hethir for to lede
[1]Evylle hast þou done thy-self to spede
ffor many wyckyd and mysse-ded
hast þou lost here for-thy [1 leaf 160]

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

Nu es vr king-rike all for-done,
Of m*a*nkind mon w[e] gete ful fone,
For þar-wid nu þai thret vs sare
þat dede war ful vnlouwis are,
þat neu*er* might be blith ne glad.
Quilis þai in caitifte war stad.
Sathan, þu fadir of wicked-hede,
Quarfor has þu done suilk a dede?
Lo! þir þat lang vnd*er* vs has bene
widvten hope in tray and tene,
Nu es nane þat wil þaim mene,
Ne tere apon þair chekes sene.
[H]a! sathan prince of hell here,
And þu þat es þar-of portere,
All þat þu wan a*n*d mad þe rike
Thoru adam a*n*d þe tre wid suike,
And thoru tining of paradise, [If 122, bk, col. 1]
Nu has þu tint on oþer-wise,
þu has tint thoru his rode tre,
And gladschip all es gane fra þe.
siþen þu þe king of blis werraid
And sua þe-self has vnder-laid,
Fra nu forth, vnd*er*stand þu wele,
Ful mani pines sal þu nu fele.
Hu fele, hu lastand, and hu hard
þat þu sal drei widin mi ward!
[H]a! prince sathan, þu duke of dede,
Heued of p*r*ide, qui gaue þu rede
þis ilk i*esus* to crucifi,
widuten skil, vnrightwisli?
Qui was [þu] þarto sua bald
To bring þat rightwisnes i*n* to vr hald?
þat sackles hider forto lede?
Ill has þu done þe-self to spede,
For mani wick and misdedi
Has þu nu here tint forþi.'

GÖTTINGEN

Now is oure kyngdome fordone al
Of monkynde gete we ful smal
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Sathan fadir of wicked hede
Whi hastou done suche a dede
þo þat han longe vndir vs bene
Wiþouten hope in tray & tene
Noon is þat wol him deyne
A teer of his eȝen let reyne
A sathan p*r*ince of helle here
And þou þat art þerof portere
Al þat þou wan þe to like
þourȝe Adam & þe tre wiþ swike
þou madest hem lese paradise
Hem hastou lost now oþere wise
þou hast hem lost bi his rode tre
And now shul þei go from þe
Wiþ kyng of blis hastou werrayed
And so þi self foule bitrayed
Fro now vndirstonde hit wele
Ful mony peynes shaltou fele
Ful fele lastyng & ful harde
þou shal dreȝe wiþ ynne my warde
Haue p*r*ince sathan duke of dede
Heed of p*r*ide whi ȝaf þou rede
þat ilke ih*esus* to crucifie
Wiþouten skil vnriȝtwislye
Whi wastou þerto so bolde
To bringe þat riȝtwis in oure holde
þat sakeles hidur so to lede
Euel hastou done þi self to spede
For mony wickede & mis dedy
Hastou lost here for-þi

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ Quils þat hell and sir sathan
Mad þis þair mening o þair man,
þe king o blis, als was his will,
Hell þan said he þus-gat till,
'þe prince sathan, sal lenge in pine
Euer nu vnder pouste þine,
In-sted of adam and his broide,
And all min rightwis men and gode'
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Wit þis he strecked for[th] his hand,
And said til his þat he þar faand,
'Cums to me mi santes nu,
All nu þat licknes has on yow,
Cums nu hider yee all to me, [leaf 103, bk, col. 1]
þat thoru þe warlau and a tre
All dampned war, nu sal ye se
A tre do him to dampned be,
To ded you deme he did sa dim
Nu sal þat ded be dempt on him.'
Alsuith was al þat godd geing
Lopen vnder þat lauerdes weing,
Adam he be þe righthand ches,
And said, 'adam i give þe pes,
To þe and all childer þine,
And til all oþer rightwis mine.'
Adam fell dun for-wit his fete
And spak til him, wit wonges wete,
'Lauerd,' he said, 'i sal þe prais,
For þou tan me to þi pais;
þar i wit mi faas was vm-sett
I cald on þe, þou has me bett;
þou has me werd all fra þe wrak
O þaim þat lepe vn-to þe lake,
All his santes nu sal yee sing,
In his wirscip þat es vr king.

COTTON

Whyle that helle and foule Saton
Madyn þus her morenyng mone
The kyng of blisse as was his wille
helle he seid this maner tylle
Prynce Satan shalle duelle in pyne
Euyr vndir pouste thyne.
In stede of Adam and his brode
And alle rightwys men and good
To me fro you shalle I draw
That of you shalle they stond non aw
With that he strawte forþe his hond
And seid to his that he there fond
Come to me my seintes now
Alle that my lyknes hath on you
Comyth now hethir alle to me
That thorogh the fend and a tre
Alle dampnyd were now shalle you sene
A tre hath done hym dampnyd bene
To deth he demyd you so dym
Now shalle that dome fallyn on hym
¶ Anon was alle that feyre gaderyng
lopyn vnder our lordes wyng
By the right hond he adam chese
he seid Adam I yef the pese
To the and chyldryn thyne
And to alle rightwys myne
¶ Adam ffille doune to his fete
And spak to hym wordes swete
lord he seid I thanck the
That to thy pees hast brought me
There I was with my fois mysferd
I callid on the þou hast me herd
Thow hast delyuyrd me fro þat wrake
Of hem that lepyn in-to the lake
Alle his seyntes now ye syng
In his worship that is our kyng

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

[Q]uilis þat hell and sir sathan
Made þus þair menin*g* o þar mane,
þe king of blis, als was his will,
Hell þan said he þus-gat till.
'þe pr*i*nce sathan, sal lend i*n* pine
Euer vnd*er* pouste þine,
Instede of adam a*n*d his brode,
And all mi rightwis me*n* a*n*d gode
To me fra 3u nu sal i drau,
þat of 3u sal þaim sta*n*d nan au.'
wid þis he streked forth his ha*n*d,
And said til his þat he þar fand,
'Cum to me mj santes nu,
All þat mi liknes has on 3u,
Cumes nu heder all to me,
þat thoru þe warlou and a tre
All dampned war, nu sal 3e se
A tre did him to dampned be,
To dede 3u deme he did sua dim [col. 2]
Nu sal þat dede be dampned ôn him.'
[A]lsuith was all þat leue geing
Lopin vnd*er* þat lauerd weing,
Adam bi þe right hand he ches,
And said, 'adam i giue þe pes,
To þe and all childer þine,
And till all oþer rightwis mine.'
[A]dam fell dune bifor his fete
And spac to him, wid wondis wite,
'Lau*er*d,' he said, 'i sal þe p*r*ais,
For þu has tan me to þi pais,
þar i was wid mi fais vmsett
I cald on þe, þu has me bett;
þu has me werid all fra þe wrake
Of þaim þat lepe in-to þat lake,
All his santes nu sal 3e sing,
In his worschip þat es vr king.

GÖTTINGEN

¶ Whil þat helle & foule sathone
Maden þus her mournyng mone
þe kyng of blis as was his wille
Helle he seide þis man*er* tille
Prince Sathan shal dwelle in pyne
Euer vndir pouste pyne
In stude of Adam & his brode
And alle ri3twis men & gode
To me fro 3ou shal I drawe
þat of 3ou shul þei stonde noon awe
wiþ þat he strau3te forþ his honde
And seide to his þat he þer*e* fonde
Comeþ to me my seyntis now
Alle þat my likenes haþ on 3ow
Comeþ now hidur alle to me
þat þour3e þe fend and a tre
Alle dampned were now shul 3e seen
A tre haþ don hem dampned ben
To deþ he demed 3ou so dym
Now shal þat doom falle on him
¶ Anoon was al þat feire gederynge
Lopen vndir oure lordes wynge
Bi þe ri3t honde he Adam chees
He seide Adam I 3yue þe pees
To þe & to alle childre þyne
And to alle ri3twis myne
¶ Adam fel dou*n* to his fete
And spake to hi*m* wordes swete
Lorde he seide I þonke þe
þat to þis pees hast brou3te me
þer*e* I was wiþ my foos mys ferde
I calde on þe þou hast me herde
þou hast delyuered me fro þat wrake
Of hem þat lepen in to þe lake
Alle his seyntis now 3e synge
In his worshepe þat is oure kynge

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

For him to grem it es full grill,
For lastand lijf es in his will.' 18318
And all þai santes þan kneled dun,
And all þai sang þus, wit a sun,
'Cummen er tu nu lauerd, vr dright,
Vr ranscuner als þou has hight; 18322
þat þou thoru prophet tald and tight
Nu es it fulfilled be-for vr sight,
Thoru þi croice þou has us boght,
And for us artu hider soght
Fra ded of hell all to lais us,
All has þi ded us sauued þus.' 18328
'Lauerd,' þai said, al wit a steuen,
'Als þou has sett þi merck in heuen
O þi blis lauerd godd, sa gode,
And has þe kenening[1] þe rode
Raised in erth of ur ranscum; 18333
þou sett it lauerd in erth her dun,
To knau þi croice wictori, [1 *read* takening]
þat ded haf here namar maistri.'
¶ þe lauerd lift hand, wit-vten bade,
And on adam a croice he made. 18338
On all his santes þat þar were [col. 2]
His saing laid þat drightin dere,
þat lauerd leif, wit-vten stint;
Bi þe righthand he adam hint, 18342
His santes all þat he had soght,
He has þam vte o prisun broght.
þan cried dauid wit steuen strang,
'Yee sing þe lauerd an vncuth sang,
Singes til him a sang vncuth, 18347
For he has wroght ful gret selcuth.'
þan ansuerd all þat clene couent,
'Sli blis he has his santes lent,
Sing we þan sin it es sua,
Amen,' þai said, 'alleluia.' 18352

COTTON.

ffor hym to grove yt is full grylle
lastyng lyf is in his wylle
alle tho seintes knelid doun
And seid alle with oo sown
Comyn art þou god & man of myght
Our rauñsomer as þou vs hight
Alle that þou seidist by prophecy
Thow hast ffulle-fillid fulle myghtfully
Thorough thy Crosse þou hast vs bowght
And for vs also hethir sowght
ffrom deth of helle to losyn vs
[. . . *no gap in the MS.*]
lord they seid alle with a stevyn
As þou hast set þy marke in hevyn
Of thy blis lord god so good
And hast the tokyn off the rode
Reysid in erthe of our rauñsom
Thow fette yt lord in helle doun
To know þe thy crosse victory
That deth haue here no mastry
Our lord toke vs his hond fulle glad
And on Adam a Crosse he made
And on alle his that tho there wer
he leid his blessyng Iesu dere
That lord anon with-outyn stynt
Adam by the right hond hynt
his owne seintes that he sowght
he hem out of preson brought
Then Cried Dauyd with stevyn strong
Syng we this lord an vncowþe song
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Than answerd alle that clene covent
To blisse hath his seintes sent
Syng we to hym with-outyn pere
Amen and Allel[u]ia here

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

For him to greme it es ful grill,
And lastand lijf es in hijs will.'
All þe saintes þan kneled dune, 18319
And all þai said þus, wid a sune,
'[N]u comen art þu lauerd, vr dright,
vr ransuner als þu has hight, 18322
þat þu thoru prophete tald a[n]d tight
Nu es fulfild bifor vr sight,
Thoru þi croice þu has vs boght,
And for vs has þu hedir soght
Fra dede of hell to lousen vs, 18327
All has þi dede vs sauued þus.'
'Lauerd,' þai said, all wid a steuen,
'Als þu has sett þi marke in heuen
Of þi blis lauerd godd, sua gode,
And has þe taken of þi rode 18332
Raised in erd of ur ransup;
þu sett it lauerd in hell þar dune,
To knau þi croice victori, 18335
þat dede haue here na mare maistri.'
[1]þe lauerd lifted hand, widvten bad,
And on adam a croice he mad. [1 leaf 123, col. 1]
On all his saintes þat þar were 18339
His blising laid, þat iesu dere,
þat lauerd dere, widvten stint;
Bi þe right hand he adam hint, 18342
His auen saintes all þat he had soght,
He has þaim all of presun broght.
[þ]an crid daui wid steuen strang,
'3e sing þe lauerd an vncuth sang,
Singes till him a sang vncuth, 18347
For he has wroght ful gret selcuth.'
þan ansuerd all þat clene couent,
'Sli blis he has his saintes sent,
Sing we þan siþen it es sua, 18351
Amen,' þai said, wid 'alleluya.'

GÖTTINGEN

For him to greue hit is ful grille
lastyng lif is in his wille
Alle þo seyntis kneled doun
And seide alle wiþ a soun
Comen art þou god & mon of myȝt [lf 113]
Oure raunsonere as þou vs hiȝt
Al þat þou seidest bi prophecie
þou hast fulfilde ful myȝtilye
þourȝe þi cros þou hast vs bouȝt
And for vs also hidur souȝt
From deþ of helle to lousen vs
Al haþ þi deeþ vs saued þus
Lord þei seide al wiþ a steuen
As þou hast set þi marke in heuen
Of þi blis lord god so gode
And hast þe token of þe rode
Reised in erþe of oure raunsoun
þou sette hit lord in helle per doun
To knowe þe þi crois victory
þat deþ haue here no maistry
Oure lord toke vs his hond ful glade
And on Adam a crois he made
And on alle his þat þo þere were
he leide his blessyng iheſu dere
þat lord anoon wiþouten stint
Adam bi þe riȝt honde hint
His owne seyntis þat he souȝt
He hem out of prisoun brouȝt
þeñne cried dauid wiþ steuen strong
Synge we þis lord an vncouþ song
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þenne vnswered alle þat clene couent
To blisse haþ his seyntis sent
Synge we to him wiþouten pere
Amen alleluya here

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

In þat felauscip þar was
A prophet þat [hight] micheas;
'Quat godd,' he said, 'es lauerd als þou,
þou ert wel worthi to bou,
þou þat þi wreth sua suetli slakes,
And fra þi folk þair sinnes takes.
þi wiling merci beris wit-in,
And sua þou slockens al vr sin;
þou has þam drund and don forfare,
Als þou til ur for-eildres suare.'
þe sentes all gaf þair ansuare,
'þis es vr godd for euer-mar,
Lauerd and godd he sal be ur,
And euer mar vr gouernur,
Wit-vten end nu be it sua,
'Amen,' þai said, 'alleluia.'
Abacuc can þan to mele
'þou es þe lauerd,' he said, 'of hele,
Til all þi peple for to bring
Vte of thralhed til þi chosling.'
þi sentes said nu euer and aa
'He es blisced! amen! Alleluia!'
Alsua did þan ilk prophet,
Foluand þat blisful lauerd fete,
'Amen, alleluia!' þai sang,
And ai honurd him all a-mang.
Vr lauerd adam bi þe hand laght,
And to sant michael him bi-taght,
In paradis þat blisful stede,
Wit all þe felauscip he ledd. [1 lf 104, col. 1]
[1]Bot son quen þai war commen wit-in,
Of eldrin men þai mette wit tuin; De enoch & elya
þat þai war ald was eth to se,
þan said þe santes, 'quat men er yee?
þat war noght ded in hell wit us,
In paradis in bodi es þus?'

COTTON

¶ In that place tho ther' was
A prophite hight mechias
Who may be lord he seid as þou
Alle thyng is worthy the to bow
That þou thy wreche so swetely slakyst
And fro the folk' her synnys takyst
Thy wille is mercyfull with-ynne
And so thow doist awey our' synne
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Tho seintes seidyn alle thor'
This is our' lord god for euyr-mor'
lord and god he shalbe oure
And evir-more our' gouernoure
With-outyn end now be yt so
Amen Allel[u]ia song they tho
Abacck' tho by-gan to melle
And seid þou art lord of' helle
Alle thy peple þus to bryng
Out of' thraldom to thy gaderyng
Tho seintes songyn evir among
Amen Allel[u]ia in song
And so did eche good prophete
[2]ffolowyng that blessid lordes fete
Amen Alleluya song they [2 leaf 160, back]
And honurid hym evir by the wey
Oure lord by the hond Adam Cawght
And to seint Micaell hym bytawght
Into paradice sekyrly
Was led that blyssid company
Sone whan they were comyn ynne so
Of' old men met they ij°
That they wer' old was ethe to se
Tho seintes seid what ar' ye
That were not ded in helle with vs
But in paradice to byd þus

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

[I]n þat felauschip þar was
A prophete, þat hight micheas;
'Quat godd,' he said, 'es lauerd als þu!
þu ert worthi vnto to bu,
þat þu þi wreth sua sueteli slakis,
And fra þi folk þair sinnes takis.
þi willing merci beris wid-in,
And sua þu slokenis all vr sin;
þu has þaim druned and don forfare,
Als þu till vr foreldris suare.'
þe sainte all gaf þar ansuer,
'þis es vr godd for euermar,
Lauerd and god he sal be vr,
And euermar or gouernur,
wid-vtenen end nu be it sua,
Amen,' said þai, 'alleluya.'
[A]bacut þan gun to mele
And said, 'þu es lauerd of hele,
Till all þi pepule forto bring
vte of thralhed till þi chosling.'
þe saintes sad nu euer and a
'He es blisced! amen! alleluya!'
[A]lsua did þan ilka prophete,
Foluand þat blisfu[l] lauerd fete,
'Amen, alleluya!' þai sang,
And ai onurd him emang.
vr lauerd bi þe hand adam laght,
And to saint michel him bitaght,
In-to paradis þat blisful stede,
All þat felauschip he ledd.
[B]ot sone quen þai war comen widin,
Of eldrin men þai mett þar tuin,
þat þai war ald was ith to se,
þan said þe saintes, 'quat men er ȝe?
þat war noght dede in hell wid vs,
Bot in paradis in bodi þus?'

GÖTTINGEN

¶ In þat place þo þere was
A prophete het mechias
who may be lord he seide as þow
Al þing is worþi þe to bow
þat þou þi wreche so swetely slakest
And fro þi folke her synes takest
þi wille is merciful wiþynne
So þou dost awey oure synne
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þo seyntis seiden alle þore
þis is oure god for euermore
Lord & god he shal be oure
And euermore oure gouernoure
Wiþouten ende now be hit so
Amen alleluya songe þei þo
¶ Abacuc þo bigon to melle
And seide þou art lord of helle
Al þi pepul þus to brynge
Out of þraldome to þi gederynge
þo seyntis songen euer among
Amen alleluya in song
And so dud vche good prophete
Folewynge þat blessed lordes fete
Amen alleluya songen þei
And honoured him euer bi þe wey
Oure lord bi þe hond adam cauȝt
And to seynt myȝhele him bitauȝt
Into paradis sikurly
Was lad þat blessed company
Soone whenne þei were comen In so
Of olde men mette þei two
þat þei were olde was eeþ to se
þo seyntis seide what are ȝe
þat were not deed in helle wiþ vs
But in paradis to bide þus

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

An o þaa tua ansuerd þat floch,
'Mi nam,' he said, 'es cald enoch;
þis man,' he said, 'þat es mi fere
Elias hatt wit-vten were;
Vn-to þis blis bath war we broght,
Bot neuer o ded yeitt wist we noght.
Here sal we leng in lijf lastand,
Til anticrist be comen in land
To fight again þat wiþerwin,
Wit signes of ur lauerd drightin.
In iursalem we sal be slain,
þe thrid dai rise up again,
Be-for þat wiþerwin sa prud
We sal stei vp vte ouer þe clode.'
Quils þai spac þus, þar come ouerthuert
A wreche man, vngodli gert,
On his schuldres a croice he bar,
Of him þai all for-wondred war,
þat said, 'quat ert þou þat es here,
þat has to theif sua like a chere?
And hu come þe sa grathli gode
þat þou on schuldre bers þe rode?'
'Soth,' he said, 'i mai noght nite,
Strang theif i was worthi to wite,
Ful mikel harme wroght i in land,
And þar-for was i hint in hand.
þe Iuus me hang bi-side iesu,
Bot his takeninges did me to tru
þat he of all was gouernur,
þat i sagh stir al for his stour.
I praid o me þat he suld reu,
To me he said, 'i hight þe tru
þat þou þis ilk dai sal be
In blis in paradis wit me.'
þis taken he taght me þan o pris,
'Ga forth,' he said, 'to paradis

COTTON

The tone answerd to þat flok
he seid my name is callid Ennok
This man he seid that is my fere
Elie hight with-outyn wer
Into this blysse were we broght
But nevir of deth wyst we right noȝt
here shalle we be in lyf lestond
Tylle antecryst be come to lond
To ffight ayen that Cursid fend
With synys of our lord hend
In Ierusalem we shulle be slayne
The third day to ryse ayen
By-for that ylk fend so prowde
We shulle stie vp to the clowde
While they þus spak come hem by
A wrecchid man full wonderly
On his shulder a crosse he bar
On hym alle a-wondird war
They seid what art þou þat art here
And hast to thef so lyke a chere
how come þou to that good
That on thy shuldre beryst a rode
¶ Sothe he seid to hem a-non
A strong thef then was I oon
Muche harme did I in lond
Therefor was I hent in hond
Iewis me hanggyd Iesu be-side
Me and my felow fulle of pride
I see by Iesu dowghty dede.
That he was god men ought to drede
I praide hym he shuld on me rew
To me he seid I hight the trew
That þou this ylk day shalt be
In blisse of paradice with me
This tokyn he tawght me of price
Go forth he seid to paradice

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

Ane of þaa ansuerd þat flocke,
And said, 'mi name es cald enoke
þis man,' he said, 'þat is mi fere
He has hate widuten were;
vnto þis blis bath war we broght,
Bot neuer of dede ȝeit wist we noght.
Here sal we lend in lijf lastand,
Til ante-crist be comen in land
To fight a-gain þat witherwin,
wid signes of vr lauerd drightin.
In ierusalem we sal be slain,
þe thrid dai ris vp again,
Bifor þat witherwin sua prud
we sal stei vp thoru þe clude.'
[Q]uilis þai þus spac, þar comouerthuert
A wreche man, vngodeli gret,
On his schulder a croice he bare,
Of him þai all for-wondrid ware,
þai said, 'quat ert þu þat es here,
þat has to thef sua like a chere?
And hu come þe sua graithli gode
þat þu on schuldir beris þat rode?'
'Soth,' he said, 'i mai noght nite,
Strang theif i was worthi to wite,
Ful mekil harm wroght i in land,
And þar-for was i hint in hand.
Iuus me hanged beside ihesu,
Bot his takeninges did me tru,
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
I praied þat he suld on me reu,
To me,' he said, 'i hight þe treu
þat þu þis ilk dai sal be
In blis of paradis wid me.'
þis takin he tagh[t] me þan of pris,
'Ga forth,' he said, 'to paradis

GÖTTINGEN

þe ton vnswered to þat flok
He seide my name is calde enok
þis mon he seide þat is my fere
Helye het wiþouten were
Into þis blis were we brouȝt
But neuer of deeþ wiste we ȝit nouȝt
Here shal we be in lif lastonde
Til anticrist be comen to londe
To fiȝte aȝeyn þat cursede fende
Wiþ signes of oure lorde hende
In ierusalem we shul be slayn
þe þridde day to rise aȝayn
Bifore þat ilke fend so proude
We shall stiȝe vp to þe cloude
Whil þei þus spak coom hem by
A wrecched mon ful wondirly
On his shulder a crois he bare [leaf 112, back]
Of him alle awondride ware
þei seide what art þou þat art here
And hast to þeof so like a chere
How coom þou to þat gode
þat on þi shulder berest a rode
¶ Sooþ he seide to hem anoon
A strong þeef þenne was I oon
Muche harm dude I in londe
þerfore was I hent in honde
Iewes me honged ihesu bi syde
Me & my felowe ful of pride
I say bi ihesu douȝti dede
þat he was god men auȝte to drede
I preyed hym he shulde on me rewe
To me he seide I hete þe trewe
þat þou þis ilke day shal be
In blis of paradis wiþ me
þis token he tauȝte me of pris
Go forþ he seide to paradis

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

And if þe yate-ward þe witstand,
Sa him þou has ful gode warand;
Iesus godd sun sai þou, [col. 2] 18427
þat on rode naild was right nu
Sent þe þider;' and þus he wroght,
And suith þat angel in me broght
In paradis, on þe right side, 18431
Here he said, 'a quil þou bide,
Til adam, fader of al man-kin,
Be comen wit his folk here-in, 18434
Wit all his childer, lele and gode,
In crist þat lauerd was don on rode.'
Prophetes and patriarches eke.
Quen þai had herd þe theif speke,
All þai cried wit a steuen, 18439
'Blisced be þe lauerd of heuen,
O merci fader wit-vten mis,
þat suilk grace grantes til his,
Sinful men þaim for to ledd 18443
In paradis, and for to fede
Vntil his pastur þat es sa rike,
þar liue es lastand euer ilike.'—
To þat pastur he mot vs bring, 18447
þat bath ur keper es and king!
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ þir war þe priueteis wee scau,
Ikarius and mi felau, 18452
We breþer tua, bot noght we dere
O þaa dernhede tell you namar.
Sant michael for-bot on us laid;
'Gas to your breþer forth,' he said,
'In iursalem and þar sal yee 18457
Criand in orisun ai be,
In orisun and in kneling;
Louand iesus vp-rising 18460

COTTON

yf the yate-ward þe with-stond
Sey hym þou hast good warond
Iesu Godde*s* sonne sey þou
That on rode was naylid now
Send the theder and þus ewroght
And sone the angil in me brought
In paradice on this right side
here he seid a while þou byde
Tylle Adam fader of alle man-kyn
Be comyn with his folk here-ynne
With alle his childryn that bene good
In Cryst that done was on the rode
Tho prophete*s* and patryarke*s*
When they had herd this thef sey þus
Alle they Cried with a stevyn
Blessid be þou lord off hevyn
ffader of mercy with-outyn mysse
That suche grace hath sent to his
Synfull men for to þus lede
In paradice and hem to fede
In-to this pastour Endles riche
There lyf is lastyng euyr elyche
To that pastour he vs bryng
That is our makar heuyn kyng
This ilk pastour is heuyn blysse
Therto vs bryng Iesu with his

Tthise wer the previteis we saw
ICarius and my felaw
We brethren ij° but not dar we
Telle mor of that prevyte
Seint micaelle fforbode on vs leid
Gothe to your brethyr forth he seid
To Ierusalem and there shulle ye
Crying in your oresons be
In Oresons muche knelyng
preysyng Cryste*s* vp-rysyng

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

And if þe ȝateward þe widstand,
Sai him þu has ful god warand;
Ie*sus* goddes sun sai þu,
þat right on rode was nailed nu
Send þe þed*er*;' and þus i wroght,
And suith þat angel in me broght
In paradis, on þe right side,
And here he said, 'a quile þu bide,
Til adam, fadir of all man-kin,
Be comen wid his folk here-in,
wid all his childer, lele and gode,
In crist þat laue*r*d was done on rode."
Prophetis and patriarkes eke.
Quen þai had herd þis thef speke,
All þai crid wid a steuen,
'Blisced be þe laue*r*d of heuen,
Fadir of merci widuten miss,
þat suilk a grace has sent till hijs,
Sinful men þaim forto lede
In paradis, and forto fede
vntill his pastur þat es sua rike,
þar lijf es lastand euer elike:'—
To þat pastur he mot vs bring,
þat bath vr keper es and king!
þat pastur es cald heuen blis,
þar-till vs bring, ie*sus* wid his.
[þ]ir war þe preuites we sau,
Icarius and mi felau,
we breþer tua, bot noght we dar [col. 2]
Of þaa priuetes tell no mare.
Saint michel forbod on vs laid;
'Gas to ȝur breþer forth,' he said,
'In ierusalem and þar sal ȝee
Criand in orisuns for to be,
In orisuns and in kneling;
Louand ie*sus* vprising

If þe ȝatewarde þe wiþstonde
Say hi*m* hast good waronde
Ihe*sus* goddes son sey þow
þat on rode was nayled now
Sende þe þider & þus I wrouȝt
And soone þe au*n*gel In me brouȝt
In paradis on þis riȝt side
Here he seide awhile þou bide
Til Adam fadir of al mon kyn
Be comen wiþ his folke her-In
wiþ alle his childre þat ben gode
In crist þat done was on þe rode
þo pro*p*hetes and patriarkus
When*ne* þei had herd þis þeof þus
Alle þei cryed wiþ a steuen
Blessed be þou lord of heuen
Fadir of mercy wiþouten mys
þat suche grace haþ sent to his
Synful men for to þus lede
In paradis & hem to fede
Into his pasture endeles riche
þe*re* lif is lastynge euer I liche
To þat pasture he vs brynge
þat is oure makere heuen kynge
þis ilke pasture is heuen blis
þe*r*to vs brynge ihesu wiþ his
¶ þese were þe pr*i*uetees we sawe
Icarius & my felawe
We breþ*er* two but not dar we
Telle more of þat pr*i*uete
Seynt Miȝhele forbode on vs leide
Goþ to ȝoure breþ*er* forþ he seide
To Ierusalem & þe*re* shul ȝe
Cryinge in ȝoure orisones be
In orisones mychе knelyng
Preisyng cristis vp-risyng

Digitized by Google

þat sua wit him has raised yow.
And yee sal be, sua wil *ie*su,
Als dumb o speche wit ilk man
¶ Til yow speke and bituix þan
þat he has lent his leue yow to
His dern priuetes vn-do.'
And siþen he badd yow son onan
'Wend vte ouer þe flum iordane,
Feirs find þar sal yee ma
þat vp ar raised wit yow tua,
Witnes for to scau o sight,
þat risen es *ie*sus als he hight.'
For he has gr*an*ted us bot thrin [leaf 104, bk, col. 1]
Dais to hald ur paschas in,
Vr freindes wit-in witnesing
O laue*r*d *ie*sus vp-rising,
And o þe hali flu*m* iordan
Vr baptising ha we tan,
A clething giuen es us ilkan,
In erth mai be nu quitt*er* nan.
And q*ue*n we sal haf halden þaa
Thre dais o paskes wit-vten ma,
We sal be rauist forth a-wai,
Sal na ma[n] se us fra þ*at* dai.
We haf yow tald al þe sothsau
Of all þat we ha leue to scau;
Bot loues nu vr laue*r*d dright,
And knau yow til him o yur plight,
And dos yur penance quils yee mai:
His pes be wit yow: and has god dai."
¶ Q*ue*n writen it was þat þai wald write,
Karius þan tok up his scrite
And gaf til anne and caiphe,
And to gamaliel, þir thre;
Bot lenthius yald up his teme
Bath to ioseph and to nichodeme.

COTTON.

That *with* hym hath̄ you reysid̄ so
he wylle that ye wer̄ e-go
By dombe of̄ speche to eche man
[1]That to you spekyth̄ telle that þan)
That he hath̄ lent is leue you to [1 lf 161]
his derne pryviteis to vndo
Affter he bad̄ vs sone anon)
Wendyth ouyr the flom iordon
fferis shulle ye fynd̄ there mo
That vp be resyn *with* you ij°
Wytnes forth̄ shew in sight̄
That he is resyn vp as he hight̄
he hath̄ vs grauntyd̄ for our̄ prow
This tyme to hold̄ our̄ paske now
Oure frend*es* to do to wytnessyng
Of̄ his holy vp-rysyng
To þe holy flom Iordan
Our̄ baptym now haue we tane
A Clothyng is comyn vs vpon
So white in world̄ was nevir non)
When we shulle haue holdyn þo
Thre dais of̄ paske *with*-outyn mo
We shulle be raveshid̄ forth̄ awey
Shalle no man se vs fro that day
We haue you told̄ the sothe law
Of̄ alle that we haue leve to shaw
Worship ye euyr god̄ of̄ migh̄t
And̄ shryve you of̄ your̄ synnys righ̄t
And̄ dothe penauñce while ye may
his pese be *with* you haue good̄ day
¶ When wretyn was what þey wold̄
Cari*us* then toke his scryte [wryte
Ayen to Anna and̄ Cayphe
And̄ to Gamalieh̄ thise iij°
But lenthe*us* yaf̄ þo vp his teme
To Iosep and̄ to Nicodeme

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY
þat sua wid him has raised ȝu.	18461	þat wiþ him haþ ȝou reised so
And ȝe sal be, sua well *iesu*,		He wol þat ȝe where ȝe go
All dumb of speche wid ilk man		Be dou*m*be of speche of vche man
Till ȝu spekand, bituix and þan		þat to ȝou spekeþ til þat þan
þat he haue lent his leue ȝu to	18465	þat ȝe haue lent his leue ȝou to
His dern p*ri*uetes for to vndo.'		his derne p*ri*uetees to vndo
And siþen he bad vs sone on-ane,		Aftir he bad vs soone anone
'veind þu euer þe flum iordane,		wendeþ ouer þe flom iurdone
Feris sal þe find þar ma,	18469	Feres shul ȝe fynde þ*er*e mo
þat vp es raised wid ȝu tua,		þat vp be risen wiþ ȝou two
wittnes forto schau of sight,		witenes for to shewe in siȝt
þat resen es *iesus* als he hight.'	18472	þat he is risen vp as he hiȝt
For he has granted vs bot thoru		He hath vs grau*n*ted for oure prow
Dais to hald vr paskes nu,		þis tyme to holde oure paske now
vr frendis widin wittnesing,		Oure frendes to do to witenessyng
Of vr lauerd *iesu* vprising,	18476	Of his holy vp-risyng
And of þe hali flom iordane		To þe holy flu*m* iurdane
vr baptizing þa*n* haue we tane,		Oure baptizyng now haue we tane
A clething giuen es vs ilkane,		A cloþinge is comen vs vp on
In erd mai be nu quitter nane.	18480	So whit in world was neu*er* noon
And quen we sal haue halden þaa		when*ne* we shul haue holden þo
Thre das of pask widuten maa,		þre dayes of paske wiþouten moo
We sal be rauised forth awai,		We shul be rauysshed forþ away
Sal no man se vs fra þat day.	18484	Shal no mon se vs fro þat day
we haue ȝu tald all þe soth-sau		We haue ȝou tolde þe soþe sawe [f 118]
Of all þat we haue leue to schau;		Of al þat we haue leue to shawe
Bot louis nu vr lauerd dright,		worshipe ȝe euer god of myȝt
An knau til him of ȝur plight,	18488	And shryue ȝou of youre synnes riȝt
An dos ȝur penans quilis ȝe may:		And doþ penau*n*ce whil ȝe may
His pes be wid ȝu: a[*n*]d haues gode day."		His pees be wiþ you haue good day
[1][Q]uen written was þat þai wald write,		when*ne* writen was þ*at* þei wolde write
Carius þan tok his scrite [1 leaf 134, col. 1]		Carius þen*ne* toke his scrite
Againe till anna and cayphe,	18493	Aȝein to Anna & Caiphe
And to gamaliel, þir thre;		And to Gamaliel þese þre
Bot lentheus ȝald vp his teme	18495	But lentheus ȝaf þo vp his teme
Bath to ioseph and to nichodeme.		To Ioseph & to Nichodeme

Digitized by Google

þai war transfigurd als tite,
Was neuer i-wis snau sa quite;
þai war a-wai fra sight of ei
Moght neuer man þam siþen se.
þe writtes þat þai left þan þar,
Noiþer o þam es oþer mare,
Ne noght a letter oþer lesse,
Bot als þe tan þe toþer es.
¶ þat gadring o þe Iuus hale,
Quen þai had herd þis selcut tale,
þai said, "for-soth, þis ilk dede
Was don wit mightes o godd-hede."
Fra sinagog þai went þam vte,
Wit mikel bisines and dute.
A-pon þair breistes can þai bulk,
And ilkan til þairs in to sculk.

Transfugird were they alle so tyȝt
Was nevir snow half so white
Awey they went fro sight of eie
Was nevir hem sethyn sie
Tho wryttes that they left thor
Nothir was then othir mor
Not a letter mor ne lesse
But as the tone þe toder was
This turnyd þe iewis in-to bale
When they herd þis wonder tale
fforsothe they seid this ilk dede
Was done by mighte of godhede
ffro the tempyll went they out
With muchill busynes & dowte
On her brestes gon they bolk
And echon to her in-to skulk [1]

[1 *Laud extract ends here.*]

[*Pilate's Letter to Rome.*]

¶ Ioseph and nichodeme his fere
þai did at write þis stori here,
To sir pilate þai it vn-did,
All þat þe Iuus said and did.
In synagog, wit-vten lite, [col. 2]
Pilate did þaa gestes write,
In comun bokes o þair lai,
Bath þat he sagh and herd sai
O iesu and the Iuus state;
Letteres to rome þar-of he wrate,
Quar-of þis was þe bi-gining,
"Pounce pilate gert claudi þe king!"
Said, "littel es gan sin it be-tidd
þat was bi-for min eien kidd,
þe Iuus wit þair envie and hete
Has slain þair aun godd sa grete;
þat suld be godd til þair oxspring,
Keneli þai dempt him to hing.

COTTON

Ioseph & nichodeme his fere. [leaf 76]
þai did to write þis stori here
to sir pilate þai hit vn-did
& to þe iewes made hit kid
In þe sinagog wiþ grete delite
pilate lete þa gestis write
In commune bokis of his lay.
baþ atte he sagh & herde say.
of ihesu & of þe iewes state
letterres to rome per-of he wrate.
quar-of þis was þe be-gynning
¶ Ponce pilate gretes claudi þe king
litel is gane sin hit be-tidde.
þat was be-for þine eien kid.
þe iewes wiþ þaire enuy & hete
has slaine þaire awen god sa grete
þat sulde be god til þaire ospring
keneli þai demed him to hing.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þai war transfigurd als tite,
was neuer snau half sua quite;
þai went awai fra sight of eie
Moght neu*er* man þai*m* siþen seie.
þe writtes þat þai left þaim þare,
Nouþ*er* of þaim es oþer mare,
Ne noght a letter oþer lesse,
Bot als þe tane þe toþer es.
[Þ]At gadring of þa iuus hale,
Quen þai had herd þis selcuth
þai said, "for-soth, þis ilke dede, [tale,
was done wid mightes of godd-hede."
Far synagog þai went þaim vte,
wid mekil besines and dute.
Apon þair breistes gun þai bulk,
And ilkan to þair in þai skulc.

Transfigured were þei also tite
Was neu*er* snow half so white
Away þei went fro siȝt of eȝe
Was neu*er* mon hem siþen seȝe
þo writtes þ*at* þei lefte þore
Nouþ*er* was þen oþ*er*e more
Not a lettre more ny les
But as þe ton þe toþ*er* wes
¶ þis turned þe iewes into bale
when*ne* þei herde þis wondir tale
For soþe þei seide þis ilke dede
was done bi myȝtis of godhede
Fro þe temple went þei oute
wiþ muchel bisynes & doute
On her brestes gon þei bulk
And vchone to her In to sculk

[*Pilate's Letter to Rome.*]

[I]osepht and nichodem hijs fere
Did to write þis stori here,
To sir pilate þai it vndid,
All þat þe iuus said and did.
In synagog, widvten lite,
Pilat did þa gestes write,
In comune bokes of þair lay,
Bat þat he sau and herde say
Of ie*s*u and þair iuus state;
Lettres to rome þar-of he wrate,
[Q]uare-of þis was þe biginnin*g*,
"Ponce pilate gret claude þe king!"
Said, "littel es gane siþen it bitid
þat was bifor min auen eien keid,
þe iuus wid þair envie and hete
Has slain þair auen god sua grete;
þat suld be godd till þair ospring, [col. 2]
Keneli þai demid him to hing.

GÖTTINGEN

Ioseph & Nichodeme his fère
Dud to write þis story here
To sir pilate þei hit vndide
As hit bifel in þat stide
In þe tempul wiþouten lite
Pilate dud þis story to write
In comune bokes of her lay
Boþe þ*at* he saw and herde say
Of ih*es*u & þese iewes dede
Lettres to Rome he wroot good spede
Of whice þus was þe bigynnyng
Ponce pilate grett claude þe kyng
Litil is goon siþ hit bitidde
Bifore myne eȝen hit was kidde
þ*at* iewes wiþ enuye & hete
Haue slayñ her owne god so grete
þ*at* was þe god of her ospringe
Kenely þei him demed to hynge

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

O quam þair eldres had a hight,
þat to þam suld þair aun dight
His angel send al dun til þaim
þair worthi king him for to claim.
And þai þis hight þat was sa scene,
Suld tid þam thoru a maiden clene;
þis ilk man was son to þam sent
Bath in time and nu present,
Quils i was baili o þair lau,
Quen sum men o þaa Iuus sau
þis ilk man do signes sere,—
þe blind to se, þe dumb at here,
To parlesi and to mesele,
And to þe wode, gifand þair hele,
Redi to rais þe ded til hand,
And til his will þe wind to stand,
Apon þe see wit-vten wete
Gangand als apon a strete;—
And oþer takens fele vn-teld,
þat þai for godd sun him heild.
þe princes als his ful faas
Wit onst a night again him ras,
Als prisun þai him tok for-þi,
And taght him me als þair baili.
O mani wranges þai him wreid,
And mani lesing on him leid,
þai said he was a traitur
And agains þair lagh a treietur
I troud al þat þei me tald,
And beft to þaim up i him hald,
[1]And þai him hang, suilk was þair red,
And delued him quen he was ded.
And o mi knightes sum þai sett
For to do his graf be gett, [1 leaf 105, col. 1]
And þar-apon þai did þair sele,
þat na man suld his bodi stele.

COTTON

of quam þaire eldres had a hiȝt
þat to ham sulde god of miȝt
his angel sende doun for þaime.
þaire worþi king him for to claime
& atte þis hiȝt atte was sa shene
sulde tide ham þorou a maiden clene
þis ilk man was ham sent.
we sagh̄ him alle in present.
quilest I. was Iustice of þat lagh̄
quen sum men of þa iewes sagh̄
þis ilk man do signes sere.
þe blinde to se þe doumbe to here
to parlesi & to mesele.
& to þe wode gifande þaire hele
redi to raise þe ded til hande
& til his wil þe winde to stande
a-pon þe see wiþ-outen wete
dry to walke a-pon his fete
& oþer takenis & mani vn-talde
for god sone men muȝt him halde
þe princis als his ful faes
wiþ pompe & pride againe him ras
as þrisoun þai him toke for-þi.
& toke him in-to my bailli.
of mani wrangis þai him wreyed
& mani lesing on him lied.
þai saide he was a tregitour
& againe þaire lagh̄ traitour
I trawed alle atte þai me talde
a-gaine to ham I. him vp-ȝalde.
& þai him hanged suche was þaire rede
& dalue him quen he was dede.
& of my kniȝttis vj. I.-sette.
for to do his graue be-gette.
& þer-a-pon I. sette my sele.
þat na man sulde þe bodi stele.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Of quam þair eldris had ane hight,
þat to þaim suld þair auen dright
His angel send dune for þaim,
þair worthi king him forto claim.
þat þai þis hight þat was sua schene,
Suld tide þaim thoru a maiden clene.
þis ilke man was to þaim sent
Bath in time and in present,
Quilis i was baile of þair lau,
Quen sum men of þa iuus sau
þis ilke man dos signes sere,—
þe blind to se, þe dumb to here,
To parlesi and eke to mesele,
And to þe wode, giuand þair hele,
Redi to raise þe dede till hand,
And till his will þe wind to stand,
Apon þe see, widvten wete,
Gangand als apon a strete;—
And oþer takeni[n]ges fel vnteld,
þat þai for goddes sun him held.
þe princes als his ful fas
wid enst and nith again his ras,
Als presun þai him toke for-þi,
And bitaght him me als þair bailli.
Of mani wranges þai him wreid,
And mani lesing on him lieid,
And said he was a tregettur,
And again þair lau traitur.
I troud all þat þai me tald,
And beft to þaim i him vp ȝald,
And þai him hanged, sli was þair rede,
And deluid him quen he was dede.
And of mi knightes sum þat sett
Forto do his graue to gett,
And þar-apon þai did þar sele,
þat no man suld his bodi stele.

GÖTTINGEN

To her eldres had he hiȝt
þat to hem wolde he of his myȝt
His aungel fro heuen sende
Fro her foos hem to defende
þis heste among hem shulde bene
þourȝe a mayden good & clene
þis ilke mon was to hem sent
Now in my tyme & my present
whil I was demer of her lawe
whenne somme of þo iewes sawe
þis ilke mon do miracles sere
Blynde to se & doumbe to here
To palesie & to mesele
And als to wode he ȝaf her hele
Redi to reise þe dede to honde
And to his wille þe wynde to stonde
Vpon þe see wiþouten wete
Goynge as vpon a strete
And oþere tokenes fele vntelde
þat þei for goddes son him helde
þo princes of prestis his fulle foos
wiþ wraþþe & envye on him roos
As prisoun þei him toke for-þi
And him bitauȝte to my baily
Of mony wrongis þei him wryed
And mony lesynges on him lyed
þei seide he wrouȝte bi wicche-craft
And wiþ þe deuel was bilaft
I leued al þat þei me tolde
And so to hem I him vp ȝolde
þei him henge suche was her reed
And grauen he was whenne he was ded
And of mony knyȝtes somme set I
To kepe his graue sikurly
þere vpon was done her sele [leaf 113, bk]
þat noon shulde þe body stele

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þe thred dai ras he fra ded to lijf,
Bot þan bigan a neu strif
Son bituix þam and min kynghtes,
For þan bigan þai to bede þam hightes
For to lei of his vp-rise,
Bot þof þai tok þair giftes o prise
Fra þat Iuen folk sa fell,
þe soth bi-houed þaim al-gat tell.
þai sagh him rise fra vnder stan,
And þat þai had fals giftes tan.
For-þi, sir king, i warn þe nu
þat þou na lesing here o tru,
And namli to þe sagh of Iuu,
For þus-gat did þai wit *iesu*.
Ha! ha! quat þair will was wick
þat werraid him bath ded and quick."
Nu haf yee herd be tald þe pas,
Hu þat he harud hell and ras.
¶ *Quen* he for us was boght and sald
Was tua and thritti winturs ald,
And monet sex and wyckes tua,
Quen he þe Iuus lete him sla.
Bot we sal bath sua vnd*er*-stand,
Iuus and sarzins him slogh wit hand.
þe skil þar-of it was for-þi,
þat he þam bath come for to bi;
þat ilk dai þan dede he,
His mod*er* was gret wit aue,
Tua night he in sepulcre lai,
And noght bot an-lepe dai.
þe nightes tuin bi-takens bath
þe bodi dede and the saul bath;
þe dai bitakens þe ded of him
þat lightend has ur ded sa dim;
Quils his licam lai vnd*er* stan,
In gast es he til hell gan,

COTTON

¶ þe þrid day ras he to life.
bot þen be-gan a new strife.
be-twix þa iewes & my kniȝtis
& þai ham gaf grete giftis
for to laine his vprise
al if þai toke þa giftes of *prise*.
of þa men þat ware sa felle
þe soþ be-houed ham algate telle
þai sagh him rise fra vnder stane
& atte þai had fals giftes tane
for-þi sir king' I. warne þe now.
atte þou na lesing' *þer*-of trow.
ne leue natalis of na iew.
for þus-gatis did þai wiþ ih*esu*.
A of wille quat þai ware wik'
at wroyed him baþ dede & quik'.
now haue ȝe herd' talde þe pas.
how he heried helle & ras.
quen he for vs was boȝt & salde.
he was ij. & xxx. ȝere alde.
& moneþes vj. & wokis twa.
quen he þe iewes lete him sla.
bot *cer*tan ȝe salle vnderstande
iew*us* & sarasines slogh̄ him wiþ hande.
þe skil *þer*-of was for-þi.
þat he þam baþ come for to by.
þat ilk dai þen died he.
his moder grot was wiþ aue.
ij. niȝt he in sepulcre lay.
& noȝt bot an. anlepy day.
þe niȝtis twin be-takenis to.
þe bodis dede & saulis also.
þe dai be-takenis dede of him.
atte has liȝtened alle oure dim.
¶ quilest his licame lay vnderstane
In gaste til helle is he gane

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þe thrid dai ras he to lijf, [lf 124, bk, col. 1]	þe þridde day he roos to lif
Bot þan bigan a nu strijf	But þo bigonne a newe strif
Bituix þaa iuus and mi knightes,	Bitwene þe iewes & my kny3tes
For þan bigan þai bede þaim giftes	For þei seide as þei sey wiþ si3tes
Forto lei of his vp-rise,	Grete 3iftis toke þei for þat prison
Bot þou þai toke þe gifte of pris	To hele þat he was so vp risen
Fra þat men folk sua fell,	Fro mony iewes þat were fele
þe soth bihoued þaim algat tell.	þe soþe algate shulde þei hele
þai sau him rise fra vnder stane,	þei say him rise out of his graue
And þai þat had fals giftes tane.	þo kny3tis to whom þei 3iftis 3aue
For-þi, sir king, i warn þe nu	þerfore I warne þe sir kyng
þat þu na lesing here-of trou,	Trowe þis for no lesyng
And nameli to þe sau of iuu,	And namely leue her of no iwe
For dusgat did þai wid iesu.	For al þus dud þei wiþ ihesu
Aha! quat þair will was wick	þus were þe iewes fals & wik
þat werraid him bath dede and quick."	þei werred on ihesu deed & quyk
Nu haue 3e herd be tald þe pas,	Maugrey þe iewes his fals foos
Hu þat he herid hell and ras.	þus he heried helle & roos
[Q]uen he for vs was boght and sald	whenne he for vs was bou3t & solde
was tua and threiti weinter ald,	Two & þritty 3eer he was olde
And monethes sex and woukes tua,	Moneþes sixe & wikes two
Quen he þe iuus lete him sla.	whenne he þe iewes lete him slo
Bot we sal bath sua vnderstand,	But we shul þus vndirstonde
Iuus and sarzins him slou wid hand.	Iewes & sarasynes him slow3e with
þe skill þar-of it was for-þi,	þe skil þerof was For þi [honde
þat he þaim bath come forto bi.	þat he hem boþe coom to by
þat ilk þai þan deied he,	þat ilke day de3ed he
Als his moþir was gret wid aue,	þat his modir was gret wiþ aue
Tua night he in sepulcre lai,	Two ny3t he in sepulcre lay
Bot noght bot anlepi day.	But not but oon hool day
þe nightes tune bitakenes bath	[. . . . .
þe bodili dede and saulis[1] bath; [1 MS. [aulis]]	. . . . .
þe day bitakind ded of him	. . . . .
þat lightend all vr ded sua dim;	. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Quilis his licam lai vnder stane,	whil his licam lay vndirstone
In gast es he to hell gane,	His goost was to helle gone
GÖTTINGEN	TRINITY

Digitized by Google

His bodi here, his gast was þar,
His goddhede wanted noþer-quar.
Vntill hell þat lauerd him light, [col. 2]
On paske-dai als at mid-night;—
For wel þou sal it vnder-tak
þat ilk time he sent his wrake
Apon þe egipcians vn-lel,
þat he did sla wit his angel;
þat ilk [time] on nightertale,
He broght his frendes vte o bale,
þat es fra hell to paradis.
And quen his will was for to rise,
Til his licam he went again,
And ras up thoru his aun main.
þe seuend dai in paske-tide,
He ras arli, wit-vten bide,
Bath godd and man als he was ar,
Vndeiand nu for euermar,
For wit his fight again vr fede,
Ouercommen he has þe lastand dede.
¶ And þus bicome þat oile in place,
þat godd had adam hight o grace;
Lang moght adam thinc þe space
O fleming fra þat lauerd face,
Four thusand yere, þat was þe tale,
And four hundret and four al hale
Was adam bidand in his bale,
Thoru dome vnto þat diming dale.
His lijf was in þis werld her
[Nine] hundret and thritte yere,
Blisced be þat king and clerc
þat sua can sauue his hand-werc;
And blisced be sco þat vs bar,
Suilk a saluing vs til vr sare.
þat ilk leuedi mot lene us lare
In his louing to tell hir mare.

COTTON

his bodi here his gaste was þare
his godhede wanted naure-quare.
vn-til helle þat lorde him liȝt
on paske-day riȝt atte midniȝt.
for wete ȝe wele & vnder-take.
þat ilk time he sende his wrake
a-pon þe egipciens vn-lele [leaf 76, back]
þat he did sla wiþ his angel.
þat ilk time on niȝtertale
he broȝt his frendis out of bale.
þat is fra hel to paradis
& quen his wille was for to rise
til his licam he went a-gaine
& ras vp þorou his awen maine
¶ þe vij. dai in paske-tide.
he ras erli wiþ-outen bide.
boþ god & man for euer-mare
& neuer do dey as he did are.
for wiþ his fiȝt againe þe quede
ouer-commin he has þe lastand dede

And þus bicome þat oile to place
þat god has hiȝt adam of grace
lange muȝt adam þink þe space
of fleming fra þat lordes face
iiij. þousand ȝere þen was þe tale
& iiij. hundre & iiij. hale.
was adam bitande in his bale.
þorou dome vn-to þat deming dale
¶ his life was in þis werlde here
ix. hundre & xxx. ȝere.
blessed be þat king & clerk.
þat squa can saue his hande-werk
& blessed be ho þat vs bare
suche a saluing tille our sare
þat ilk lauedi lene vs lare.
in his louing to telle now mare.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

His bodi here, his gast was þar,
His goddhede wanted nouþer-quar.
Into hell þat lauerd him light, [col. 2]
On pask-dai als on midnight;—
For witt ȝe wele and vnder-take
þat ilke time he sent vs wrake
Apon þe egypciens vnlele,
þat he did sla wid his angele;
þat ilke time on nightertale,
He broght his freindis vte of bale,
þat es fra hell to paradis.
And quen his will was forto ris,
Till his licam he went again,
And ras vp thoru his auen main.
þe seuend dai in pask tide
He ras arli, widvten bide,
Bath godd and man als he was ar,
vndeiand nu for euermare,
For wid his fight again vr fede,
Ouercomen he has þe lastand dede.
[A]nd dus bicome þat oyle in place,
þat god hight adam of grace;
Lang might adam thinc þe space
Of fleming fra þat lauerd face,
Four thousand ȝere, þan was þe tale,
Four hundred and four all hale
was adam bidan in his bale,
Thoru dome into þat dinning dale.
His lijf was in þis werld here
Neine hundreth and thritti ȝere,
Blisced be þat king and clerk
þat sua kan sauue his hand-werk;
And blisced be scho þat him bare
Suilk a saluing till vr sar.
þat ilk leuedi mot lene vs lare
In his louing to tell nu mare.

GÖTTINGEN

His body here his goost þere
His godhede wantide nowhere
Into helle þat lord liȝt
On paske day as at midnyȝt
For wite we wel and vndirtake
þat ilke tyme he sent wrake
Vpon þe egipciens vnlele
þat he let sle wiþ his aungele
þat ilke tyme on nyȝturtale
He brouȝt his frendes out of bale
þat was fro helle to paradise
And whenne his wille was to rise
To his licam he went riȝt
And roos vp bi his owne myȝt
þe þridde day in certeyn tide
He roos erly wiþouten abide
Boþe god & mon as he was ore
Vndyinge for euermore
For wiþ þe myȝt of his godhede
Ouercomen he haþ þe lastyng dede
þus coom þat oyle in place
þat god het Adam of grace
Longe myȝte Adam þinke
From þe siȝt of þat kyng
Foure þousonde. foure hundride & foure
was adam bidyng in his bale [bi tale
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
His lif was in þis world here
Nyne hundride & þritty ȝere
Blessed be þat kyng & clerk
þat so con saue his hondewerk
Blessed be she þat him bare
Suche a saluyng to oure sare
þat ilke lady sende vs grace
Of his preysing to speke sum space

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

[*Christ is like a Lion.*]

¶ Leon o rightwisnes has raised
Him-self, and his prisun laisd,
Leon man mai him clepe be right,
For mai na best be mare o might.
And oþer alsua þar es resun
Qui he es takend to leon,
Leon quelpe q*uen* it es born
Lijs ded ai to þe thrid morn,
Wit-vten lijf of ani lime;
His fader coms þan til him,
And wit his cri þ*at* es sua grise, [leaf 105, bk, col. 1]
He gifs his quelpe lijf to rise.
Sua did *iesus*, vr champiun,
þof he lai ded for vr ranscun,
Q*uen* þ*at* his fader wàld, he badd
His sun vp-ras us al to gladd.
O leon al-sua þe kind es hei,
Hu lukes slepand neu*er* his ei;
Ne *iesus*, þof his gast he yald
His goddhede þ*at* has all in wald,
Moght neu*er* dei [ne] neu*er* sall,
Ne slepe, þ*at* has to wak us all.

Lyou*n* of riȝtwisnes has raised
him-seluen & his p*r*isou*n*s laused
lyou*n* man mai him calle wiþ riȝt
far mai na best be mare of miȝt.
& oþ*er* alsqua þ*er* is resou*n*.
quy he may be calde leou*n*.
liou*n* quelp quen hit his borne.
lyes dede ay til þe þrid morne
wiþ-outen life of ani lim.
his fader comis þen til him.
& wiþ his cry þ*at* is sa grise
he geres his quelp for to rise.
¶ squa ferde ih*es*us our scaumpiou*n*.
alle lay he dede for our raunsou*n*.
quen his fader rise him bad.
vp he ras vs alle to glad.
of liou*n* alsqua þe kinde is heye.
he loukis slepand neu*er* his eye.
ne ih*es*us þou he his gaste ȝalde
his godhede þ*at* has al *in* walde
muȝt neu*er* dey ne neu*er* salle
ne slepe þ*at* has to wake vs alle

[*Our Lord's Life after he had risen.*]

¶ þat king, q*uen* he was risen to lijf,
Sceud him til his disciplis rijf,
Come and yode to þaim vmstunt,
And ete and dranc als he was wont;
Wit þam he lenged four[ti] dais,
And sermon[d] (als þe stori sais)
Of heuen blis þ*at* es sa hei,
And q*uen* his will was for to stei,
To gader all his to-gedir he badd;
And q*uen* þai war all samen stadd,

COTTON

¶ þat king' quen he was risen to life
he shewed him til his disciplis rife
come & ȝode til ham sum stont
& ete & drank' als he was wont
wiþ ham he lenged xl. days.
& preyched als þe story says.
of heyuen blis þ*at* is squa heye
& quen his wil was for to steye.
to come to-gedder al his he bad
& quen þai ware alle sa*mm*yn stad

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

[*Christ is like a Lion.*]

[L]Eon of reghtwisnes has raised
Him-seluen, and his *presun* laised,
Leon m*en* mai him clepe wid right,
For mai na best be mare of might.
And alsua þar es oþer resun [lf 125, col. 1]
Qui he es takened to a leon, 18644
Leon quelp quen it es born
Liges dede to þe threid morn,
widvten lijf of ani lim, 18647
His [fadir] comis þan to him;
And wid his cri þat es sua greis,
He giues his quelp lijf forto rijs.
Sua did i*esu*, vr champioun, 18651
þou he lai dede for vr ransoun,
Qu*en* þat his fad*er* wald, he bad
þe sun vpras vs alle to glad.
Of leon alsua þe kind es hey, 18655
Slepand loukes he neu*er* his eie,
Ne i*esus*, þou his gast he ȝald
His godd-hede *þat* has all i[n] wald,
Moght neu*er* dei ne neu*er* sall, 18659
Ne slepe, þat has to wake vs all.

¶ þe liou*n* of riȝtwisnes þus reised
His dedes made his godhede p*rey*sed
Lyon men may h*im* clepe wiþ riȝt
For may no beest be more of myȝt
Also *þer* is anoþ*er* resoun
whi he is tokened to a leou*n*
þe leou*ns* whelpe when*ne* hit is born
Liþ deed til þe þridde morn
wiþouten lif of any lym
His fadir þen*ne* comeþ to him
And wiþ his cry þ*at* is so grise
He ȝyueþ his whelpe lif to rise
So dud ih*es*u oure champiou*n* [leaf 114]
þo he lay deed for oure rau*n*sou*n*
whenne his fadir wolde he made
Him vp to rise vs alle to glade
Of leou*n* also þe kynde is heȝe
Slepyng loukeþ he neu*er* his eȝe
Nor ih*esus* þouȝe he his goost ȝalde
His godhede þ*at* haþ al in walde
Miȝte neu*er* deȝe ne neu*er* shal
Ny slepe þat haþ to wake vs al

[*Our Lord's Life after he had risen.*]

[þ]at king, qu*en* he was resen to lijf,
Scheud him till his desciplis rijf,
Com and ȝode to þa*im* vmstunt, 18663
And ete and dranck als he w*as* wo*nt*;
wid þa*im* he dueld fourti dais,
An sarmoned (als þe stori sais) 18666
Of heuenes blis þ*at* es sua hei,
And qu*en* his will was forto stei,
To gadir all his togeth*er* he badd;
And þai war all samen stadd, 18670

þ*at* kyng þo he was risen to lif
Shewed him to his disciples rif
Coom & ȝode ofte hem among
And also eet wiþ hem & dronk
wiþ hem he dwelt fourti dayes
And p*rech*ed as þe story sayes
Of heuen blis þat is so hyȝe
And when*ne* his wille was vp to stiȝe
To geder alle his to gider he bad
Soone þei were to gider lad

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Iesus him kidd til þaim all neu,18671
To frest if þai in trouth war tru,
þair mistruing for to misprais,
And vte o wan-hope for to rais.
For son þar was o þat gedring, 18675
þat troud noght wel his up-rising;
Bot þair mistrouth, þe soth to sai,
Es strenghing of vr trouth to dai;
Gret sikernes til us it was, 18679
þe mistruing o sant thomas,
For he wald trau on nankin wise
þat lauerd iesus suld sua vp-rise;
Of his up-ras he was in were 18683
And said, "for thing þat i mai here
Mai i trou he up-risen es,
Til i mai se and fele his flexs,
þe thirles bath o hand and fete,18687
And of his side þe wond wete;
Quen [I] ha graped þir wit hand,
þe soth þan most i vnderstand."
Bot iesus þat sli brest wald bete,
Thomas lufsumli he lete 18692
To put his hand in at his side,
Al for to grape his wond wide,
And said, "thomas þou fele and se [col. 2]
Quer i me-self or noght it be, 18696
And mistru noght þat es to tru,
Bot stand in stedfast trouth fra nu."
Quen thomas þat to crist was cuth,
Herd þis talkin o iesu muth, 18700
"þou ert," he said, "nu lauerd min
And þou art als mi dere drightin."
"For þou," coth he, "þe soth has sene,
Nu þou it wate wit-vten wene 18704
Bot þa men sal be benedight
Sal trou in me wit-vten sight."

COTTON

ihesus kid ham to ham al new.
to fraist if þai in trauþ ware trew
þaire mistrowning' for to mispraise
& out of wanhope for to raise
for sum þer was of þat gedring'
atte trawed noȝt his vprising'
¶ bot þaire mistrouþ for-soþ to say.
is strenþing' of our trauþ to day.
grete sikernes til vs hit was
þe mistrowing' of saint thomas.
for he walde traw on nankin wise
þat is lorde ihesus sulde squa vprise
of vprising' he was in were
he saide for þing' þat I. mai here
nyl I. traw vp-risin he is.
til I. him se & fele his flesshe
þe þirlis baþ of hende & fete
& of his side þe woundis wete
quen I. haue graped þer wiþ hand
þe soþ þen moste I. vnderstande
bot ihesus þat alle balis mai bete
thomas louesumli he lete.
to putte his hande in atte his side.
& for to grape his woundes wide.
& saide thomas þou fele and se.
queþer I. my-self or noȝt hit be
& mistrou noȝt atte is to trow.
bot stande in ste[d]fast trauþ fra now.
¶ quen thomas þat to crist was couþ
herd þis talking' of his mouþ.
þou art he saide lorde mine.
& þou art als my dere driȝtine
for þou quoþ he þe soþ has sene
now þou wate wiþ-outen wene
bot blessed mote alle þa be [leaf 77]
þat trawes hit & sese noȝt me

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Iesus him kid to þaim all nu,
To fraist if þai *in* trouth war tru,
þair mistrouning forto misprais,
And vte of wanhope forto rais.
For sum þar was of þat gadring,
þat troud noght ȝeit his vprising;
Bot þair mistrovth, soth to sai,
Es strinthing of vr troght to-day;
Gret sekirnes till vs it was,
þe mistrouuing of sant thomas,
For he wald trou on nakin wise [col. 2]
vr lauerd iesu suld sua vprise;
Of his vpris he was in were
And said, "for thing þat i mai here
Mai i trou he vpresin es,
Till i mai se and fele his fless,
þe thirles bath of hend an fete,
And of his side þe wondes wete;
Quen i haue graped þa wid hand,
þe soth þan most i vnderstand."
Bot iesus þat sli brest wald bete,
Thomas luuesumli he lete,
And forto grape his wondes wide
To put his hand in at his side,
And said, "thomas þu fele and se
Queþer i me-self or noght it be,
And mistrou noght þat es to trou,
Bot stand in stedfast trouth fra nu."
Quen thomas þat crist was couth,
Herd þis takning of iesu muth,
"þu ert," he said, "nu lauerd min
And þu art als mi dere drightin."
"For þu," said he, "þe soth has sene,
Nu þu wat widvten wene
Bot þa men sal be benedight
Sal trou in me widuten sight."

GÖTTINGEN

Ihesus kud him to hem new
To wite if þei in trouþe were trew
Her mys bileue for to mys preise
And out of wanhope hem to reise
For somme were of þat gederyng
þat leued not ȝit his vp risyng
But her mys trouþe soþ to say
Is strengþing of oure trouþe to day
Greet sikurnes to vs hit was
þe mys trowyng of seynt Thomas
For he wolde trowe on no wise
Oure lord ihesu shulde so rise
Of his vprist he was in were
And seide for þing þat I may here
I may not leue vp risen he es
Til I se & fele his flesshe
þe þurles boþe of honde & fete
And of his syde þe wounde wete
whenne I haue groped þo wiþ honde
þe soþe þenne wol I vndirstonde
But ihesus þat his bale wolde bete
louesumly thomas he lete
For to grope his woundes wide
And put his honde in to his side
He seide thomas now fele & se
wheþer I my self now be he
Stonde studfaste now herfore
And mis bileue þou no more
whenne thomas þat to crist was couþe
Herde þis of ihesu Mouþe
þou art he seide lord god myn
þat for me hast suffred pyn
For þou seide crist hast hit sene
þou leuest hit wiþouten wene
Blessed shul alle þo men be
þat hit shal leue & not se

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

¶ Fra þan wald dright wit open dede
Conferme his trouth till all lede;
He badd þan his disciplis preche
Ouer al þis werld his trouth to teche,
[. . *no gap in Cotton MS.;*
. . *a leaf wanting in Laud MS.*]
And all þat wald tru fra þat time,
And siþen wald receiue baptime,
þat þai suld baptist be in hast,
In fader and sun and haligast.
And þai þat baptim wald noght take,
O dome þai sal be don to wrake.
þe truand and þe baptist bath
þai sal be saue fra waful wath.
þar has he sothfast sample left,
þat nede-wais most be born eft,
First in flexs and siþen in crist,
O moder wambe and þan baptist;
Fader and moder us gat and bar,
Bot crist us neu has geten þar,
Vs geten in hali gast has he,
For-þi sothfast his suns er we.
Ful wa þan mai him be for aun,
þat will noght suilk a fader knaun!
For þis es he ful wel we wate,
þat neuer o þat appel bate
Thoru him we mai, wit-vten lett,
Ask ur heritage wit dett,
For left he noght þar-of a smitt
Of all þe lagh þat he ne held it,
þat neuer was halden þar bi-forn,
þat he for us com to be born.
Of erth it come þe first man
þat al ur baret us bi-gan;
þe toþer us come fra heuen ture,
þat broght us saghtnes and succure.

COTTON

Fra þen walde ihesus wiþ opin dede
conferme his trauþ til awin sede
he bad þen his disciplis preyche
ouer al þis werlde þe trauþ to teiche
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
& alle þat walde trawe fra þat time
& siþen walde resceyue baptime.
þat þai sulde baptist be in haste
in þe fader & sone & haligaste.
& þai þat baptime wil noȝt take
of dome salle be done to wrake
þe trawande & þe baptist baþ
þai salle be safe fra waful waþ
þer has he soþfast ensaumple left
þat nede-waies most he be born eft
first in flesshe & siþen in criste.
of moder wambe & þen baptist
¶ fader & moder vs gatte & bere
bot cristen has geten vs new þere
vs giten in haligaste has he
for-þi soþfast his sonis ar we.
ful grete veniaunce is on him draw
þat wil noȝt suche a fader knaw.
for-þi is he ful wele we wate
þat neuer of þat appil bate.
þorou him we mai wiþ-outen lette
aske our heritage wiþ dette.
for left he noȝt þer-of a quitte.
of alle þe lagh þat he ne held hit
þat neuer was halden þer be-forne.
þat he for vs come to be borne.
¶ of erþ come þe first man.
þat alle our baret first be-gan.
þe toþer vs come fra heyuen toure
þat broȝt us sauenes & socoure.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

[F]ra þan wald drightin wid opin dede
Comferme his trouth til alkin lede;
He bad þan his desciplis teche 18709
Ouer all þis world forto preche,
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
And all þat wald tru fra þat time,
And siþen wald reciue baptime,
þat þai suld baptist be in hast, 18715
In name fader and sun and hali gast.
And þai þat will noght baptim take,
Ate dome þai sal be done to wrake.
þe truand and þe baptist bath 18719
þai sal be sauf fra waful wath.
þar has he sothfast sample left, [f 125, bk, col. 1]
þat nedewais most he born be eft,
First in flexs and syden in crist, 18723
Of modir wamb and þan baptist;
Fader and modir vs gat and bar,
Bot crist has nu vs getten þar, 18726
vs getun in hali gast has he,
For-þi sothfast his suns er we.
Ful wa þan mai him be for au, 18729
þat will noght suilk a fadir knau!
For-þi es he ful wele we wate,
þat neuer of þat appil bate
Thoru him we mai, widvten lett,
Aske vr eritage wid dedett, 18734
For left he noght þar-of a smitt
Of all þe lau þat he ne held itt,
þat neuer was haldin þar biforn,
þat he for vs come to bi born. 18738
Of erde it come þe frist man
þat all vr baret vs bigan;
þe toþer vs come fra heuen tur, 18741
þat broght vs saghtnes and succur.

For þenne wolde ihesu in his dedes
Conferme þe treuþe to alle ledes
He bad his disciplis teche
Ouer al þe world þe gospel preche
þat is to vche creature
For þei shulde in trouþe be sure
Alle þat wolde leue þat tolde
And bapteme receyue wolde
þei shulde be baptiȝed wiþouten boost
In name of fadir son & holy goost
And who þat wolde no bapteme take
At dome þei shulde falle to wrake
þe leuer & þe baptiȝed boþe
Shulde be saued from alle loþe
þus haþ he vs ensaumple left
þat we most nede be born eft
Furst in flesshe & siþen in crist
Of modir wombe & þenne baptist
Fadir & modir vs get & bere
But crist haþ vs geten here
In þe holy goost geten vs haþ he
þerfore his soþfaste sones be we
Ful wo may him be & owe
þat wol not suche a fadir knowe
For þat is he wel we woot [leaf 114, back
þat neuer of þe appel boot
Bi him we may wiþouten let
Aske oure heritage of det
þe lawe he helde wondir wel
Vnholden lafte he neuer a del
Neuer was hit holden þer biforn
For þat he coom to be born
Of erþe he coom þe furst mon
þat al oure baret bigon
þe toþer coom from heuen tour
þat brouȝte vs sauyng & socour

Digitized by Google

þe for-mast man was flexsli wroght, [If 106, col. 1]	þe formast man was flessheli wro3t
þat al þe werld in bale has broght;	þat alle þe werlde in bale[1] bro3t
He was pute vte of paradis, 18745	he was putte out of paradis. [1 MS. has erased after bale]
And al þat oxspring þat was his;	& alle þe ospring þat was his.
Bot iesus vr fader has mad al plain,	bot ihesus our fader has al made plain.
Gate til vr heritage a-gain, 18748	gat vs our heritage a-gaine.
þat lighted in erth fra heuen hei,	þat li3t in erþ fra heyuen heye
And fra þe lau vs dos up stei.	& fra þe erþ vs dos vp-stey.
Til his disciplis badd þat heind 18751	¶ til his disciplis bad þat hende.
Fra iursalem þai suld noght weind,	fra ierusalem þai sulde no3t wende.
Bot bide his fader hight right þar,	til þat I. haue talde 3ou mare.
þat thoru his muth he said þam ar,	þat 3e salle se or þat I. fare.
He said, "be baptist o sant iohan	þe baptiz he saide of seint iohn̄
Was noght don bot in water allan,	was no3t done bot in water allone.
Bot i sai you yee sal in hast 18757	bot I. say 3e salle in haste.
Be baptist in þe haligast."	be baptist in þe haligaste.

[*The Ascension of Christ.*]

Quen iesus had his spell ful-fild,	quen ihesus had his spel fulfilled
And teched þam al þat þat he wild,	& shew ham alle atte he willed·
Forth he ledd þat fernet suete, 18761	forþ he led þat farned squete
Apon þe mont of oliuete	a-pon þe mounte of oliuete
In licknes o profession,	in liknes of processioun.
And gaf þam all his benisun:	& gaf ham alle his benisoun.
And wit his aun propur might,	& wiþ his awen propre mi3t
He stei up in þair aller sight, 18766	he steye vp in þaire aller si3t.
A clude þat þar a-gain him light	a cloude þer come againe him li3t
Bitaght him til his angels bright;	bi-ta3t him til his angel bri3t.
Quen þai þe sight of him had tint,	quen þai þe sight of him had tint.
Yeit þai be-heild wit-vten stint, 18770	3et þai be-helde wiþ-outen stint.
And quils þai sua beheild in lite,	¶ & quilest þai squa be-helde in lite
Bi-side þam stode tua men in quite,	be-side ham stode ij. men in quite.
And said, "godmen o galilee,	quar-a-pon squa wonder 3e.
Apon quat thing sa wonder yee?	gode men þai saide of galilee.
Wonder yee sua a-pon iesu, 18775	a-pon ihesu to wonder squa.
Bot right als he es tan fra yow,	ri3t as he now is tane 3ou fra.

COTTON FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þe formast man was flesli wroght,	þe formast mon was flesshely wrouȝt
þat all þe w[o]rld *in* bale had broght;	þat al þe world in bale brouȝt
He was put vte of paradis,	He was put out of paradis
And all þe ospring *þat* was his;	And his ospringe al for vnwis
Bot ie*s*u vr fadir has made al plain,	But ihe*s*u oure fadir made al pleyn
Gat til vr eritage again,	And gat oure heritage aȝeyn
þat lighted in erd fra heuen hei,	*þat* liȝte in erþe fro heuen heȝe
And fra þe lau vs dos vp stei.	And þidur wol vs do to steȝe
[T]ill his desciplis bad þat heind	To his disciples bad *þat* hende
Fra ierusalem þai suld noght wend,	Fro ierusalem þei shulde not wende
Bot bide his fadir hight right þar,	But bide his fadir biheste þere
þat thoru his muth said men ar,	As men bi him had seide ere
"Se said þe baptim of sant iohn	Se seide þe baptist Ion
was noght done bot in wat*er* allon,	I baptiȝe ȝou in watir on
Bot i sai ȝu ȝe sal in hast	In hast ȝe shal wiþouten boost
Be baptist in þe hali gast."	Be baptiȝed of þe holy goost

[*The Ascension of Christ.*]

Quen ie*sus* had his spell fulfild, [col. 2]	when*ne* ihe*sus* had fulfilde his spel
And teched þaim all þat he wild,	And tauȝte hem as he coude wel
Forth he led þat megne suete,	Forþ he ladde þe meyne swete
Oup-on þe munt of oliuete	Vpon þe mou*n*t of olyuete
In licnes of processiun,	In likenes of a *p*rocessiou*n*
And gaf þaim all his benisoun:	And ȝaf hem alle his benesou*n*
And wid his auen *p*ro*p*re might,	And wiþ his owne *p*ro*p*re myȝt
He stei vp in þair aller sight,	He stey vp in her aller siȝt
A cloud þat þar again hi*m* light	A cloude þat dou*n* aȝeyn him coom
Bitaght him till his angelis bright;	Bitauȝte him to his au*n*gels þon
Quen þai þe sight of him had tint,	when*ne* þei siȝte of him had tynt
ȝeit þai biheld widvten stint,	ȝitt loked þei wiþouten stynt
And quilis þai biheld sua *in* lite,	Whil þei biheld so in delite
Biside þaim stod tua men *in* quite,	Biside hem stode two men in white
And said, "god men of galile,	And seiden gode men of galile
Quar-apon sua wonder ȝe?	wher vpon merueile ȝee
ȝe wonder sua apon ie*s*u,	ȝe merueile vp on ihe*s*u now
Bot right als he es tane fra ȝu,	But riȝt as he is take fro ȝow

Digitized by Google

He sal come at a-noiþer tide,
For thar yow noght him a-bide.
Bot com sal be wonder kene,
Quen he sal deme us all bidene."
Apon þat hali thrusdai
þus went *iesus* to graith ur wai,
Wit fader his to graith vr in,
þat nu er of his aun kin,
In heuen blis, *þat* es þe soth;
If we folu her right his sloth,
His kin he will noght for-sake,
Bot it be thoru þair aun sake,
Bot godd for-bede sua *þat* it weind, [col. 2]
þat we vr fa mak of ur freind;
Wel aght we to luue him þan,
Qua luues him noght, es na man.
Na certes, if i þe soth sal rede,
Naman es he dos na man-hede,
And of vn-man-hede es it draun,
To be again god dede vn-knaun.
Vr manhed bu we þan him vn-to,
In al þe god þat we mai do,
For first in erth he her it fett,
And nu in heuen he has it sett.
Sua hei ou*er* all creatur,
Quat hert mai thinc o suilk hon*ur*,
þat he til us has don o blis,
þat cuppuld þus vr kind til his.
And sett apon his fader right hand,
þat mighti godd and all weldand.
þat es a selcuth thing to neuen,
For þer es erth hegher þan heuen.
þat iesus, godd and man wit-al,
Sua hei es sett in heuen hall.
Quat elles bot erth es vr manhed,
þat es mad an wit his godd-hed?

COTTON

he salle come atte a-no*þer* tide
thar ȝou noȝt him now a-bide
bot þat come salle be wond*er* kene
quen he comis vs al to deme.
a-pon þe hali þorisday.
þus went ih*es*us to graiþ our way.
wiþ his fader to graiþ our in.
þat now is of his awen kin.
in heyuen blis þat is þe soþ.
if we wille folow riȝt his sloþ.
his kin ne wille he noȝt for-sake.
bot if þai hit ham-seluen make
¶ bot god for-bede þat hit squa wende
þat we our fa make of our frende
wele vs agh̄ to loue him þan.
qua louis him noȝt is na man.
for *cer*tis if I. þe soþ salle rede.
na man is he dos na man-hede.
& of vn-manhede is hit drawen
of goddes dede to be vn-knawen.
manhede bowe þou vn-to
in alle þe gode þat we may do.
for first in erþ he here hit fette
& now he has in heyu*en* hit sette
squa hey aboue al creature . .
quat hert mai þink of such honour
þat he tille vs has done of blis. [lf 77, bk]
þat cuppled . [þ]vs our kinde tille his.
¶ & sette a-pon his fader riȝt hande
þat miȝti god al weldande.
hit is a selcouþ þing' to neyuen.
for *þer* is erþ herre þen heyuen.
þer ih*es*us god & man wiþ alle.
squa heye is sette in heyuenis alle
quat ellis bot erþ is our manhede
þat is made an wiþ his god-hede.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

He sal cum at anoþer tide,
For thar ȝe naght him nu abide.
Bot þat come sal be wonder kene,
Quen he sal deme vs all bidene."
[A]pon þat hal[i] thures-day
þan went iesu to graith vr way,
wid fadir his to graith vr in,
þat nu es of his auen kin,
In heuen blis, þat es þe soth;
If we will folu right þe slotht,
His kin ne will he noght forsake,
Bot it be thoru vr auen make,
Bot god forbede þat it sua weind,
þat we vr fa make of vr freind;
Ful wele aue we to luue hi[m] þan,
Qua luues him noght, he es na man.
Na certes, if i þe soth sal rede,
Na man es he dos no manhede,
And of vnmanhede es it draun,
To be again gode dede vnknaun.
vr manhede bu we þan him vnto,
In all þe gode þat we mai do,
For ferist in erd he here it fett,
And nu he has in heuen it bett.
Sua hei vtouer all creatur,
Quat hert mai thinc of sli onur,
þat he till vs has done of blis,
þat cupplid þus vr kind to his.
And sett apon his fadir right hand,
þat mighti god all weilldand.
þat es a selcuth thing to neuen,
For þar es erd heier þan heuen.
þar iesus, god and man wid-all,
Sua hei es sett in heuen hall.
Quat ellis bot erd es vr manhede,
þat es made ane wid his godhede?

[If 126, col. 1]

GÖTTINGEN

He shal com at anoþer tide
þar ȝou not him now abide
But þat come shal be wondir kene
whenne he com shal al to deme
¶ Vpon þe holy þurseday
Went ihesus to ordeyne oure lay
Wiþ his fadir to take her In
þat wol wiþ wille be of his kyn
In heuen blis þat is to sey
If we wol folwe þe riȝt wey
His kyn wol he not forsake
But we vs fouly mystake
But god forbede hit so to wende
þat we oure fo make of oure frende
wel owe we to loue him þon
who loueþ him not is no mon
Certis if we soþ shul rede
Mon is noon but he do monhede
And of vnmonhede is hit drawen
þat of good dede wol not be knawen
Oure monhede bowe we þenne him to
In al þe good þat we may do
For furst in erþe he here hit fet
And now in heuen he haþ hit set
Ful heȝe aboue alle creatures
what hert may þenke of suche honures
þat vs haþ done þe kyng of blis
þat coupled þus oure kynde to his
And set hit on his fadir riȝt honde
þat myȝti god al weldonde
þis is a selcouþ þing to neuen
For þus is erþe heȝer þen heuen
þere ihesus god & mon wiþ alle
So heȝe is set in heuen stalle
Monhede but erþe what is hit
þat now wiþ þe godhede is knyt

[leaf 115]

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

He send us ai þat ilk grace
þar to se his blisful face!
Mare blis ne ioi mai neuer mar be,
þan on his suet face to se.

¶ Of his visage þat es sa bright
Me for to mele it es vn-right,
For angels es na sun sa light,
þair mast ioi es on his sight,
To se him þar he sittes nu,
In heuen als we aght to tru,
Bot of his licknes þat he bar
Quils he went prechand here and þare.
þan mai we sai, als it es redd
Of ur bokes in sumstede,
Of heght he was meteli man,
Efter þat þe men war þan;
Noþer to gret, ne right to small,
And wonder semli was wit-al;
His cher was dredful on to loke,
And lufsum als-sua, sais þe boke;
His hare like to þe nute brun,
Quen it for ripnes fals dun,
Apon his sculdres ligand wele,
Bi his eres skailand sumdele.
In hefd he had a clift be-forn,
Als nazarens has þat þar er born.
His for-hed [fair], wemless to sight,
Wit-vten ani runkel slight,
His vice sumdel wit rede was blend;
On nese and muth was noght at mend,
Forked fair þe chin he bare
And tender berd wit mikel hare.

COTTON

18813. he sendis now þat ilk grace.
þer to se his blisful face.
mare blis ne ioy mai neuer be.
þen on his squete face to se.

Of þe fairnes of crist: & his bodeli liknes in erþ.

Of his visage þat is sa briȝt
me for to telle hit is na riȝt.
for angels ar briȝter þen sunne-liȝt
þaire maste ioy is on þat siȝt
for tille se him sitte in trone
in heyuen blis as he was wone
¶ bot of his liknes þat he bare.
quilest he preiched here & þare.
þen mai we sai als hit is redde.
in our bokis in mani stedde.
¶ of heȝt he was a metili man.
ofter atte þe men ware þan.
nauþer to grete ne riȝt to smalle
& wonder semeli he was wiþ-alle.
¶ his cher was dredeful on to loke.
& louesum alsqua sais þe boke
his hare like to þe note broun.
quen hit for ripenes fallis doun.
a-pon his shuldres ligande wele
bi his eres shailande sumdele.
¶ In heued he had a clift be-forne
als naȝarens & þer ar borne.
his forheued faire wemles to siȝt.
wiþ-outen ani ronclis. sliȝt.
his visage sumdel wiþ rode was blende
his neyse his mouþ was noȝt to mende
comli & faire his chyn he bare.
¶ & tender berde wiþ mikil hare

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

He send vs nu þat ilk grace	18813	He sende vs now þat ilke grace	
þat to se his blisful place!		þat we may se his blessed face	
Mar blis ne ioy mai neuer be,		More blis & ioye may neuer be	
þan on his suete face to se.	18816	þen on his blessed face to se	

[*A description of the Person of Christ.*]

[O]f his visage þat es sua brigh[t]		¶ Of þis visage þat is so briȝt	
Me to speke þar-of it es vnright,		Me to speke is vnriȝt	
For angelis es no sun sua light,		For aungels þat aboute him bene	
þair most ioy es on his sight,	18820	Her moost ioye is on him to sene	
To se him þar he sittes nu,		To se him þere he sitteþ now	
In heuen als we agh all to trou,		In heuen as may alle avow	
Bot of his liknes þat he bare	18823	But of his likenes þat he bar	
Quiles he was prechand here a[n]d þar.		whil he preched here & þar	
þan mai we sai, als it es redd		we may saye as hit is red	
In vr bokes in sumkin stedd,		In oure bokes in dyuerse sted	
Of heght he was a meteli man,	18827	Of heiȝte he was a metely mon	
Efter þat þe men war þan;		Aftir þat þe men were þon	
Nouþer to gret, ne right to small,		Nouþer to grete ny to smal	
And wonder semli was wid-all;	18830	And wondir semely eke wiþ al	
His chere was dredeful on to loke,		His chere was dredeful on to loke	
And luuesum alsua, sais þe boke;		And louesum as seiþ þe boke	
His har like to þe nute brune,	18833	His heer like to þe note broun	
Quen it for ripes fallis dune,		whenne hit for ripe falleþ doun	
Apon his chuldris ligand wele, [col. 2]		Vpon his shuldres liggyng wele	
Bi his eris skailand sum dele.	18836	Bi his eres slydynge som dele	
In heued he had a sched biforn,		In heed he had a sheed biforn	
Als nazarenes has þat þar er born.		As Nazarenus han þere þei are born	
His forhed fair, wemles to sight,		His forhede feir wemles in siȝt	
widuten ani runkil sleight,	18840	wiþouten wrynkul hit was sliȝt	
His vijs sum-dele wid rede was blend;		His viys somdel with reed was meynd	
Of neies and muth was noght to mend,		wiþ nese & mouþ feire ordeyned	
Forkid fair þe chin he bare	18843	Forked feire þe chyn he bere	
And tender berd wid mekil hare.		And tender berd wiþ muchel here	

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Berd and hefd of a heu ware,
Nute brun als i tald yow are.
Metli har was on his chin,
And als his hefd was scheud in tuin.
Stedfast his lok and simple ai,
His eien clere, and sumdel grai;
Clerli spak he þat he wald,
And al his skil wiseli he tald.
In his snaiping auful was he,
In talking moght nan sa fer be.
þat thris he wep we find i-nogh,
Bot we find neuer quar he logh.
O suilk a moder, wel slik a child,
Wit fair wisage and modes mild,
It es sene be þe weroni
And be þe ymage o þat leuedi
þe tane es to þe toþer like,
Stad in þe blis of heuen rike.

¶ Quen iesus was vp-stei til heuen,
Als yee haf herd me for-wit neuen,
To iursalem þai went þam son,
Als þaim was biden for-to don.
þe breþer all er commen þider,
In a hus þai war to-geder,
Stil þai heild þaim þar and euen.
þe apostels war þan bot elleuen,
Petre, Iohn, Iams, andreu,
Philiph, thomas, barthelmeu,
Matheu, iacob, Iudas, symon,
All þir þar lai in orisun;
Maria his moder and oþer sum
þat was bi-taght nere to iesum,

COTTON

berde & heued of an hew ware
note broun as I talde ȝou are.
Meteli hare was on his chyn.
& als his heued was shed in twin.
stedefast his loke & simple ay.
his eien clere & sumdel gray.
clerli spac he quat he walde.
& his skille wiseli he talde.
In his snaiping aghful was he.
in talking miȝt nane soþer be.
þris he wepped we finde I-nogh.
bot we finde neuer-quare at he logh.
þe moder was like vn-to þe childe
wiþ faire visage & modis milde.
wele mai men wete sicureli.
þat þe ymage of þat lauedi.
þe tane is to þe toþer like.
In þe blis of heyuen-rike.

how þai chese Mathy apostel þorou þe haligast ofter þe resurreccioun.

Quen ihesus was vpstey til heyuen
als be-fore ȝe herde me neyuen
to ierusalem þai went sone.
als ham was bidden for to done.
þe breþer alle ar commen þidder.
& in a hous ware alle to-gidder.
stille þai helde ham þer & eyuen.
þe apostles ware þen bot elleyuen.
¶ Petre. Iohn. Iame. & Andrew. nomina apostolorum
Philip thomas & Bertelmew.
Matheu Iacob Iudas Simon.
alle þer lay in þaire orisoun.
Maria his moder & oþer sum.
þat was be-taȝt nere to ihesum.

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Berd and hefd of a heu ware,
Nutte brun als i tald ȝu are.
Meteli har was on his schin, [1 MS. fete]
And als his hefd[1] was sched in tuin.
Stedfast his loke and simple ay,
His eien clere, and sum-dele gray;
Clerli spac he quat he wald,
And all his skill wisli he tald.
In his snaiping auful was he,
In talking might nane sother be.
þat teris he wepe we find enogh,
Bot we find neuer þat he logh.
Of suilk a moder, suilk a child,
wid fair visage and modes mild,
It es wele sene bi þe veroni
And bi þe ymage of þat leuedi
þe tane es to þe toþer like,
Stad in þe blis of heuen-rike.

Berd & heed of on hew were
Note broun as I tolde ȝou ere
Metely heer was on his chyn
Louely & blessed vs to wyn
Studfaste his loke & symple ay
His eȝen clere & somdel gray
Clerely spake he what he wolde
And alle his skiles wisely tolde
In his snybbyng aweful was he
I[n] techyng myȝt noon soþer be
Teres he wepte we fynde Inowȝe
But we fynde neuer þat he lowȝe
Like his modir was þat childe
wiþ faire visage & mode ful mylde
Sene hit is bi þe verony
And bi þe ymage of þat lady
þe ton is to þe toþer liche
Stad in heuen blis riche

[*The Acts of the Apostles.*]

[Q]ven iesus was vpstei til heuen,
Als ȝe herd me forwid neuen,
To ierusalem þan went þaim sone,
Als þaim was bedin forwid done.
þe breþer all er comen þeder,
In a hus war þai to-gider,
S[t]ill þai held þaim þar and euen.
þe apostlis war þan bot elleuen,
Petre, iohn, iame, and andreu,
Philipe, thomas, and bartholomeu,
Mathe, iacob, iudas, simon, [leaf 126, back, col. 1]
All þir lay þar in orisoun;
Mari his modir and oþer sum
þat was neuer betaght to iesum,

¶ whenne ihesus vp went to heuen
As ȝe herde me bifore neuen
To ierusalem þo went þei soone
As hem was beden for to done
Alle þo breþer were comen þider
And in an hous þo were to gider
Stille þei bar hem þo & euen
þe apostles þo were but elleuen
Petur. Ion. Iame. & Andrew
Philip. Thomas & bartulmew
Mathe, Iacob. Iudas. Symeon
All þese lay in orisoun
Marie his modir & oþer also
þat were wont wiþ ihesu to go

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Digitized by Google

þai war ner sex score men to tell.
þan ras petre þam to spell,
"Mi breþer," he said, "it most nu nede
þe writte be fulfild *þat* we rede;
þat þe haligast said thoru daui, [col. 2]
O iudas and his trecheri,
þat in vr tale was teld for an
And did vr lau*er*d ie*su* bitan.
O þe mede of his felunni
A feild þai did þam for to bij;
He brast in middes q*ue*n he hang,
His guttes at his wamb vte wrang.
þe psalm sais, thoru þe haligast,
His woning stede be wild and wast,
And for his tresun and his suike
Anoþer most haf his biscop-rike.
O þis gadring be-houes us þan,
In witnesing to ches a man
Vn-to þe seruis of vr tale,
For to mak þe nu*m*bre hale."
All þai said, "lok it be sua,"
And of þam all þai ches tua,
þe tan hight ioseph barsabas,
þe toþer was hatten mathias.
þai said, and þus drightin bi-soght,
"þou lau*er*d þat seis all mens thoght,
þou sceu nu q*ue*þer o þir tua here,
þat þou will haue to þis mister
In-to þe sted Iudas has losen,
þe quilk o þir þou will ha chosen."
þan kest þai cauel þam emell,
Bot son a-pon mathie it fell,
Of him it was vr lau*er*d will,
þe tale o tuelue for to fulfill.

COTTON

þai ware nere sex skore to telle.
þen ras petre ham to spelle.
¶ my breþ*er* he saide hit most nede
þe writte be fulfilled atte we rede
atte þe haligaste saide þorou daui.
of Iudas & his trecheri.
þat in our tale was talde for an.
& did our lorde ih*es*u be slane.
& for þe mede of his feloni.
a felde þ*er*-wiþ he con him by.
he brast a-middis quen he hang
his guttis atte his wambe out-w*ra*nge
þe salme sais þorou þe haligast
his woning' stode be wilde & waste
¶ & for his tresou*n* & his squike
chose we an tille vs like.
of þis geddering be-houis vs þan.
In witenesing' to chose a man.[1]
[[2]To goddis seruyse him to take,
And also a hool nou*m*bre to make.
Alle seide, "let hit be so,"
And of hem alle chees þei two,
þe ton het Ioseph barabas,
And þe toþ*er* mathias.
þei seide, & þus god bisouȝt
"þou lord þat seest al mo*n*nes þouȝt,
Shewe vs whe þ*er* of þese here
þat þou wolt haue to þi mistere,
In stide of Iudas þat is losen,
whiche of þese þou wolt haue chosen."
þe*n*ne cast þei lottis for to telle,
And soone vp-on mathi hit felle,
On him hit was oure lordis wille
þe nou*m*bre of twelue to fulfille.

FAIRFAX (*PART ARUNDEL MS.*)

[1 ll. 18895—18900 wanting in Fairfax MS.; 2 leaves gone. Laud MS. wants ll. 18633—18900; 2 leaves torn out.]
[2 From MS. Arundel 57, Herald's College, leaf 110, back, col. 1.]

Digitized by Google

þai war nere sex skor men to tell.
þan ras petre þaim to spell,
"Mi breþer," he said, "it most nu nede
þe writt be fulfild þat we rede;
þat hali-gast said thoru daui,
Of iudas and his trechori,
þat in vr tale was tald for ane
And did vr lauerd iesu to slane.
Of þe mede of his feluni
A feild he did him for to bi;
He brast in middis quen he hang,
His guttes at his wamb vte wrang.
þe salme sais thoru þe hali-gast,
His woning sted be wild and wast,
And for his tresun and his suike,
Anoþer most haue his bischop-rike,
Of þis gadring bihouis vs þan,
In wittenesing to chese a man
vnto þe seruis of[1] vre tale, [1 MS. or]
For to make vr numbre hale."
All þai said, "loke it be sua,"
And of þaim all þai ches þaim tua,
þe tane hight ioseph barrabas,
þe toþer was haten matheas.
þai said, and þus drightin bisogh[t],
"þu lauerd þat seis all manes þoght,
þu scheu vs queder of þis tua sere,
þat þu will haue to vs mistere,
Into stede iudas was losin,
Quilk of þir þu wil haue chosin."
þan keist þai caueles þaim emell,
Bot sone apon mathi it fell,
Of him it was vr lauerd will,
þe tale of tuelue to fulfille.

GÖTTINGEN

þere was neȝe six skore men to telle
Petur roos & bigon to spelle
Breþer he seide þe writen mot nede
Be fulfilled þat we rede
þe holy goost seide þourȝe dauy
Of Iudas and of his tricchery
þat in oure tale was tolde for one
And dud oure lord ihesu to slone
wiþ tresour of þat felonye
A felde he dud him for to bye
He brast in two as he hong
His guttes at his wombe out wrong
þe salmes seiþ bi good taast
His wonynge shulde be wilde & waast
And for his tresoun & his swiche [lf 115, back]
Anoþer shulde haue his bisshopriche
Of þis gederynge bihoueþ vs þon
In witenessynge to chese a mon
To goddes seruise him to take
And also a hool noumbre to make
Alle seide lete hit be so
And of hem alle chese þei two
þe ton hett Ioseph Barabas
And þe toþer mathias
þei seide & þus god bisouȝt
þou lord þat seest alle mennes þouȝt
Shewe vs wheþer of þese here
þat þou wolt haue to þi mistere
In stude of Iudas þat is losen
whiche of þese þou wolt haue chosen
þenne cast þei lottes for to telle
And sone vpon Mathi hit felle
On him hit was oure lordes wille
þe noumbre of twelue to fulfille

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

[*The Descent of the Holy Spirit.*]

¶ Ten dais fra þe ascension,
þe apostels lai all in orisun.
Als þai sua all to-geder lai
Apon þat hali wijt sundai,
At vndrin tide þar come a sune
Vte o þe air al bristand dune,
Als it war a thoner blast,
Brathli on þat hus it brast,
Wit a wind þar come wit-all
And, þai sittand, fild al þat hall.
þe haligast þar lighted þan
Bath on wo*m*man and on man,
Vn-to þair hefdes all bi-dene
Was firen tunges sittand sene,
A firen tung on ilkan light,
Bot noght þai bri*n*t, þof þai mad br*i*ght.
And qui þai come in firen sight? [leaf 107, col. 1]
Bot for to giue þam strengh and might,
For we wat, wit-vten gile,
þe fire es god to strengh þe tile;
Tung bitakens all langage
þat þai suld haf of ful knaulage,
To stand ai stitli for þe fai,
And thrali preche al crist lai.
Of haligast fild war þai þan,
And for to tell þai all bigan
þe miracles gret o *ie*su crist,
For wel þai all langage wist.
Als gaf to þaim þe haligast
Alkin wiit to tuche and tast,
Was na langage man for to muth,
þat þai ne all kindli it cuth.
¶ In þat siquar was in þat tun
Men of alkin religioun,

COTTON

Ten dayes from þe ascencio*u*n,
þe apostlis lay in orisou*n*,
And as þei so to-gider lay
vp-on þe holy wit-sonday,
At vndren tyde *þer* coom a sou*n*
Fro þe eir brestynge dou*n*,
As hit were a þonder blast,
Brodly on *þat* house hit brast,
Wiþ a wynd *þat* coom wiþ-alle
And, þei sittyng, fulde *þat* halle.
þe holy goost þo liȝte þon
Boþe on wo*m*mon & mon,
vnto her hedes alle bidene [col. 2]
were firen tonges sittynge sene,
A firen tonge on vchone liȝt,
But not hit brent, þei hit were briȝt.
And whi hit coom in firen siȝt?
Forto strengþe & ȝyue myȝt,
For wel we woot, wiþouten gyle,
Fire is good to strengþe þe tile;
Tongis bitokenen alle langage
þat þei shulde haue ful knowlage,
To stonde safly for þe fay,
And trewely *pr*eche *cr*istis lay.
Of þe holy goost filde were þei þan.
And for to telle þei alle bigan
þe miraclis grete of *ie*su couþe,
For alle langagis þei couþe wiþ mouþe.
þe holy goost ȝaf hem at *þat* blast
Of alle wittis to touche and tast,
Euery langage *þat* þenne was,
Kyndely couþe þei hit bi gras.
þat tyme was *þer*e in þat toun
Sere men of alle religioun,

FAIRFAX (*ARUNDEL MS.*)

Digitized by Google

[*The Descent of the Holy Spirit.*]

[T]En dais fra þe assenciun, [col. 2]		¶ Ten dayes from þe assencioun
þe ap*ost*lis lai all in orisun.	18912	þe apostlis lay in orisoun
Als þai sua to-gedir lay		And as þei so to gider lay
Apon þat hali Wittsunday,		Vp on þe holy witsonen day
At vndrin tide þar come a sune		At vndren tide *þer* coom a soun
vte of þe air brestand dune,	18916	Fro þe eir brestyng doun
Als it war a thoner blast,		As hit were a þondir blast
Brathli on þ*at* hus it brast,		Brodly on þ*at* hous hit brast
wid a wend at come wid-all		wiþ a wynd þat coom wiþ alle
And, þai sittand, fild all þat hall.		And þei sittynge fulled þ*at* halle
þe hali gast þar lighted þan	18921	þe holy goost þ*er*e liȝt þon
Bath on wo*m*man a*n*d on man,		Boþe on wom*m*on & mon
vnto þair hefdes all bidene		Vnto her hedes al bidene
was firen tunges sittand sene,		were fyren tonges sittynge sene
A firen tung on ilke a-light,	18925	A firen tonge on vchone liȝt
Bot noght þai bri*n*t, þou þai war bright.		But not hit brende þei hit were briȝt
And qui þai come in firin sight?		And whi hit coom in firen siȝt
Bot forto strenth and giue might,		For to strengþe & ȝyue myȝt
For wele we wate, widvte*n* gile,		For wel we woot wiþoute*n* gile
For fire es gode to strenth þe tile;		Fire is good to strengþe þe tile
Tung bi-takenes all langage	18931	Tonges bitoken alle langage
þat þai suld haue of ful knaulage,		þ*at* þei shulde haue ful knowlage
To stand stithli for þe fay,		To stonde stifly for þe fay
And thrali preche for cr*i*stes lay.		And trewely p*r*eche cr*i*stis lay
Of hali-gast fild war þai þan,	18935	Of þe holy goost fulde were þei þan
And for to tell þai all bigan		And for to telle þei alle bigan
þe miraclis grete of ie*s*u crist,		þe miracles grete of ihe*s*u couþe
For alkin langage wele þai wist.		For alle langages þei coude w*ith* mouþe
Als þai*m* to gaf þe hali-gast	18939	þe holy goost ȝaf hem at þ*at* blast
Of alkin witt to touche and tast,		Of alle wittes to touche & tast
was na la*n*gage þat ma*n* wald mouth,		Euery langage þ*at* þenne was
þat þai*m* all it kindlik cuth.		Kyndely coude þei hit bi gras
[I]n þat siquar was in þat tune		þat tyme was þ*er*e in þat tou*n*
Sere men of all religiune,	18944	Sere men of alle religiou*n*
GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Of al maner of nacioun
Man redis of in ani tun,
þat to þat come þat siquar,
Of ilk lede, fra here and þar.
Quen þai had herd þat mikel blast,
Quarfor þai war dred and agast,
For þat ferli þan war þai fus,
þai runnen til þe apostel hus,
And carpand o þat grisli crak;
þair aun langage ilkan þai spak,
Of alkin thing þat þai cuth frain,
Redi þai gaf ansuer again,
þat ilk tung quar-sum þai war,
Til ilk lede þai gaf ansuar;
It was na wisdom man to knau
þat þai ne cuth redi resun scau.
All wondred þat þam herd and sei,
Said þai, "er not þir o galilei
Bofn þat es þair kind contre?
Hu," coth þai þan, "mai it be,
þat vr langage spek þai þus?
Gret selcuth hir-of thinc us."
Oþer-sum þan badd þam do wai,
"Drunken," þai said, "o must ar þai."
¶ Vp stode petre þan in þat thrang,
And said, "god men, yee haf þe wrang,
þir er not drunken als yee sai,
It es not bot vndrin o þe dai,
þai ne er noght þat time wont at ete [col. 2]
Ne not to drinc be-for þair mete;
Bot i sal tell it yow wel better,
If yee can rede your aun letter.
þar was a prophet treu and lele
In form dais, þat hight iohel,
'I sal send in þe last dais
O mi spirit,' þus he sais,

COTTON

[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
To þat feest coom þenne þore,
Of vche cuntre, lasse & more.
wherfore were þei drad & gast,
For heryng of þat mychel blast,
For þat blast þat þei þere herde
To þe apostlis hous þei ran for ferde,
Spekynge of þat grisly crak;
her owne langage vchone spak,
Of vche þing þat þei coude freyn,
Redy þei 3af vnswere a3eyn,
þat ilke tonge what so þei were,
To vche lede 3af þo vnswere;
Of al wisdome þat men knowe,
þei coude resoun redy showe.
Alle merueiled how hit my3te be
And seide, "þese men of galile,
Born in þat cuntre to seen,
How," þei seide, "may þis ben
þat oure langage speke þei þus? [leaf 111, col. 1]
Greet wondir her-of þinke vs."
Somme bad oþere þenne do wey,
And seiden, "dronke of must were þei."
Vp stood petur in þat þrong,
And seide, "gode men, 3e haue wrong,
we are not dronken as 3e say,
Hit is but vndren tide of day,
we be not wont þat tyme to ete
ny not to drynke bifore oure mete;
But I shal telle 3ou hit wel bettur,
If 3e con rede 3oure owne lettur.
þer was a prophete trewe & lele,
Bi olde dayes, þat het Ioele,
'I shal sende in þe laste dayes
Of my spirit,' þus he sayes,

FAIRFAX (*ARUNDEL MS.*)

Digitized by Google

Of all manere of naciune
Man redes of in ani rune,
þat to þat feste com þat siquare,
Of ilkin lede, bath lesse and mare.
Quarfor þai war dred and gast, [leaf 127, col. 1]
Quen þai had herd þat mekil blast,
For þat farli sone war þai fus,
And ran þaim til þe apostlis hus,
All carpand of þat grisli crack;
þair auen langage ilkan þai spac,
Of ilkan thing þat þai cuth frain,
Redi þai gaue þaim ansuer again,
þat ilk tung quat-sum it ware,
Till ilk lede þai gaue ansuare;
It was na wisdam man to knau
þat þai ne cuth resun redi schau.
All wondred-on þat þai herd or sei,
And said, "er noght þir of galilei
Born þat es þair kind cuntre?
Hu," said þai þan, "ma þis be,
þat vr langage nu speke þai þus?
Gret selcuth here-of thinces vus."
Oþer-sum badd þaim þan do way,
And said, "drunkein of must er þai."
[V]p stod peter in þat thrang,
And said, "gode men, ȝe haue þe wrang,
we er noght drunkin als ȝe say,
It ne es bot vnþren tide of þe day,
we er noght wont þat time at ete
Ne noght to drinc bifor vr mete;
Bot i sal till it ȝu wele better,
If ȝe can rede ȝur auen letter.
þar was a prophete treu and lele,
In formdais, þat hight ioel,
'I sal send in þe last dais
Of mi spirit,' þus it sais,

GÖTTINGEN

[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
To þat feest coom þenne þore
Of vche cuntre lasse & more
wherfore were þei drad & gast
For heryng of þat muchel blast
For þat blast þat þei þere herde
To þe apostlis hous þei ran for ferde
Spekyng of þat grisly crak
her owne langage vchone spak
Of vche þing þat þei coude freyn.
Redy þei ȝaf vnswere aȝeyn
þat ilke tonge what so þei were
To vche lede ȝaf þo vnswere
Of al wisdome þat men knowe
þei coude resoun redy showe
Alle merueiled how hit myȝt be
And seide þese men of galile
Born in þat cuntre to seen
How þei seide may þis been
þat oure langage speke þei þus
Greet wondir her of þinke vs
Somme bad oþere þenne do wey
And seiden dronken of must were þei
¶ Vp stood petur in þat þrong
And seide gode men ȝe saye wrong
we are not dronken as ȝe say
Hit is but vndren tide of day
We ben not wont þat tyme to ete [leaf 116]
Ny not to drynke bifore oure mete
But I shal telle ȝou hit wel bettur
If ȝe con rede ȝoure owne lettur
þere was a prophete trewe & lele
Bi olde dayes þat hette Iohele
I shal sende in þe laste dayes
Of my spirit þus he sayes

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

'Bath on man and womman ekе
O propheci þan sal þai speke,
Yur suns and yur doghteres fre,
And yur yongmen sightes se.
Yur eldrin men sal dremes dremė,
And o mi gast þai sal ha streme
To suain and womman gife alsua,
At cum wit propheci to spa;
In heuen on hei þan sal i scau,
And signes dun in erth lau.'"
He tald þam mani takens sere,
þat es na nede all recken here.
¶ "Mi breþer," he said, "ful wel mai i
O þe prophet yow tell daui,
He wist þat godd til him had suorn
þat an suld of his sede be born
To sitte in sertles[1] þat was his; [1 So in MS.]
Bot he þat sagh on-ferrum þis
Of his up-ris he said, 'in hell,
Ne suld noght crist be left to duell,
Ne neuer o rote his flexs ha sight,
Bot raised he es wit strengh o dright.'
Fra ded to lijf nu risen es he,
And þar-of wittnes all ar wee,
Raisd sua wit godds might,
And siker of his fader hight.
Of haligast þe giftes sere,
Gin us he has als yee se here,
Til heuen he stei, þat was wel sene;
And i sai to yow folk biden,
þis iesus es vr lauerd dright,
Yee did on rode wit-vten right."
¶ þir wordes herd, þair here gun turn,
And als for þair misdedes morun,
To petre and þaapostels to
þai said, "godmen, quat sal we do?"

COTTON

'Boþe on mon & wommon eke
Of prophecie shul þei speke meke,
3oure sones & 3oure dou3tris fre,
And 3oure 3onge men shul si3tis se.
3oure eldre men shal dremes dreme,
And of my goost I shal a streme
To mon & wommon 3yue also,
To come bi prophecie and go;
In heuen on hy3e shal I showe,
Signes & on erþe lowe.'"
He tolde hem mony tokenes sere,
þat is no nede to reken here.]
[1 Brethir he seid welle may I [1 from Laud MS. 416]
Telle you of the prophyte dauy
he wyst that god had to hym sworn
That oon shuld on his sede be born
To sytte in setes that were his
But he that sie so ferre this
Of his vpryst he told in helle
hyt shalle not be last to duelle
Nevyr shalle rote his flesh so bry3t.
But reysid is he by his might
ffrom dethe to lyf now resyn is he
and there-of wytnes alle ar we
Reysid so wyth-outyn let
and made sekyr that his fader hight
The yeftes of the holy gost sere
he hath vs yevyn as ye se here
To hevyn he stie that is wele sene
and I sey to you folk by-dene
That Iesus is that lord of my3t
Ye did on rode with vnright
Thise wordes herd many oon
and rewid sore in hert anon
To petyr and othir Appostils ij°
Good men they seid what shalle we do

FAIRFAX (ARUNDEL AND LAUD MSS.)

Digitized by Google

'Bath on man and wo*m*man eke
Of pr*o*pheci þan sal þai speke,
3ur suns and 3ur doughtris fre,
And 3ur 3ongme*n* sal sightes se.
3ur eldrin men sal dremis dreme,
And of mi gast i sal a streme
To suayn and wo*m*man giue alsua, [col. 2]
To cum wid pr*o*pheci to spa;
In heuen on hei þan sal i schau,
And signes dune on erd lau.'"
He tald þaim mani takinges sere,
þat es no nede all reken here.
"Mi breder," he said, "ful wele mai i
3u tell of þe pr*o*phete daui,
He wist that god till hi*m* had suorn
þat ane suld of his sede be born
To sitt in setlis þat war his;
Bot he þat sau on-ferru*m* þis
Of his vpris he said, 'in hell,
It sal noght be left to duell,
Ne neuer of rote his fless haue sight,
Bot raised es he wid strenth of dright.'
Fra dede to lijf nu resin es he,
And þar-of witnes all er we,
Raised sua wid godes might,
And sikird of hir fadir hight.
Of hali-gast þe giftes sere,
Giuen vs has he als 3e se here,
Tille heuen he stei, þat es wele sene;
And i sai to 3u folk bi-dene,
þis i*esus* es mi lauerd dright,
3e did on rode widvten right."
[þ]ir wordis herd, þair hert gan tru,
And als for þair misdedis þai ru,
To petre and þe apostlis to
þai said, "god men, quat sal we do?"

Boþe on mon & wom*m*on eke
Of pr*o*phecie shul þei speke meke
3oure sones & 3oure dou3tres fre
And 3oure 3onge men shul si3tes se
3oure eldremen shul dremes dreme
And of my goost I shal a streme
To mon & wom*m*on 3yue also
To com bi pr*o*phecie and go
In heuen on he3e shal I showe
Signes & on erþe lowe
He tolde hem mony tokenes sere
þat is no nede to rekene here
Breþ*er* he seide wel may I
Telle 3ou of þe pr*o*phete dauy
He wist þat god had to hi*m* sworn
þat oon shulde of his seed be born
To sitte in sete þat were his
But he þat say so fer þis
Of his vpriste he tolde in helle
Hit shal not be laft to dwelle
Neu*er* shal rote his flesshe so bri3t
But reised is he bi his my3t
From deeþ to lif now risen is he
And þer*of* witenes alle are we
Reised so wiþouten let
And made sikur þat his fadir het
þe 3iftes of þe holy goost sere
He haþ vs 3yuen as 3e se here
To heuen he stey3e þat is wel sene
And I saye to 3ou folke bi dene
þat ih*esus* þat is lord of my3t
3e dude on rode wiþ vnri3t
þese wordes herde mony one
And rewed sore in herte anone
To petur & op*er*e apostles to
Gode men þei seide what shul we do

Digitized by Google

" Bot dos penance and baptiz yow
All in þe nam of ur *ies*u,
Yow sal for-giuen be yur sake, [leaf 107, bk, col. 1]
þe gifte of þe holigast to take;
For-qui to yow and to yur sede,
þe barns þat of yow sal brede,
þe mede es hight of al and al,
All þaa þat crist will til him call,
Bot for your bote i you for-bede
To lete oght at þis wicked lede."
Petre paind him ful gern
In crist lai þat folk to lern;
And þai þat tok his word til hert,
þair sauls turnd it to quert;
For þar was þat ilk dai in lijf
Thre hundret baptist man and wijf,
þat desseli bath late and are
War tentand to þe apostels lare,
And o þair brede ete wit þaim þare
þat þai had noght tan elles-quare.
þai þat had hus or ani aght
þai sald þam and þe pris laght,
Be-for þe apostels fete it broght,
þar-of to do q*uat* þaim god thoght.
Arli þe apostels ilk dai
Went to þe temple for to prai,
At þair gain come mete þai gaue,
Ilkan þat þai sagh mister haue.
¶ Petre and iohn a dai at none
Went to þe kirc to mak þair bone,
Be-side þe wai þar sagh þai lij,
A man was criplid in þe p*ar*lesi,
And had ben mast all his fordais,
Als þe stori telles and sais;
Ilk dai man him þider bar
For to bide his almus þar.

COTTON

But baptyse you and dothe penaunce
In Ie*s*u name for his sufferaunce
ye shulle for-yevyn by your sake
The holy gost*es* yeft to take
ffor why to you and to your sede
The childryn that of you shalle brede
The most mede is yt off alle
That Crysten bene Ie*s*u wille calle
But for your bote I you forbede
To levyn on th*is* wyckyd lede
¶ Peter paynyd hym full yern
In godd*es* name that folk to lern
Tho that toke th*is* word to hert
hir soulis turnyd yt to quert
There was that ilk day in lyvis
Baptyst iij C men and wyvis
That besyly full oft there
Entendaunt to þe appostils were
and ete bred *with* hem to fare
whan they had noght els-whare
Tho that hows had or o*þer* good
Sold yt and *with* þe appostils yode
By-fore the appostils fete yt broȝt
To do there-of what good hem thoȝt
¶ Erely the appostils eche day
To the temple went to p*ray*
At hir yene come the mete they yaff
To eche as they say myst*er* haff

Petir and Iohn aday at non
went yn to chirch to make her bone
Beside the wey sie they *þer* lie
A man Crokyd in the palsy
And had bene most part of h*is* dais
As the story tellus and sais
Eche day men the*der* hym bere
ffor to byde h*is* almys there

FAIRFAX (*LAUD MS.*)

Digitized by Google

"Bot dos penance and baptiz 3u
In þe name of vr ihesu,
3e sal forgiuen be 3ur sake,
þe gift of hali gast to take;
For-qui to 3u and to 3ur sede,
þe barnis þat of 3u sal brede,
þe mede es hight of all and all,
All þaa þat cristen er iesu wil call,
Bot for 3ur bote i 3u forbede [lf 127, bk, col. 1]
To leten at þis wicked lede."
Petre pained him ful garn
In cristes lai þat folk to larn;
And þai þat toke þis word till hert,
þair saulis turned it to quert;
For þar was þat ilke day in liues
Baptist thre hundreth men and wiuis,
þat desseli both late and are
þar tendant to þe apostlis ware,
And of þat bred ete wid þaim þare,
þat þai had noght elles-quare.
þai þat hus had or ani oþer gode
þai sald, and wid þe pris þai 3ode
And bifor þe apostlis fete it broght,
þar-of to no-quat þaim god thoght.
Arli þe apostlis euer-ilke day
went to þe temple for to prai,
At þair gain-come þe mete þai gaf,
Ilkan als þai sau mister haf.
[P]etre and iohn a day at none
went to kirc to make þair bone,
Biside þe wa[illegible] þar sau þai lij,
A man was croked in þe parlesi,
And had bene mast all his fordais,
Als þe stori vs tellis and sais;
Ilk dai men þedir him bare
Forto bidd his almosun þare.

GÖTTINGEN

But baptize 3ou & doþ penaunce
In ihesu name for his suffraunce
3e shul for3yuen be 3oure sake
þe holy gostis 3ifte to take
For whi to 3ou & to 3oure sede
þe children þat of 3ou shal brede
þe mede is hett of alle & alle
þat cristen ben ihesu wol calle
But for 3oure bote I 3ou forbede
To leuen on þis wicked lede
¶ Petur peyned him ful 3erne
In goddes name þat folke to lerne
þo þat toke þis word to herte
Her soulis turned hit to querte
þere was þat ilke day in lyues
Baptized þre hundride men & wyues
þat bisily ful ofte þere
Entendaunt to þe apostles were
And eet breed wiþ hem to fare
whenne þei had nou3t elles whare
þo þat hous hadde or opere good
Solde hit & wiþ þe apostlis 3ood
Bifore þe apostlis feet hit brou3t
To do þerof what hem good þou3t
¶ Erly þe apostlis vche day
To þe temple wenten to pray
At her a3eyn come þe mete þei 3aue
To vche as þei say mistere haue
¶ Petur & Ion a day at none
wenten to chirche to make her bone
Bisyde þe wey say þei þere ly
A mon croked in þe palesy
And had ben moost part of his dayes
As þe story telleþ & sayes
Vche day men þidur him bere
For to bide his almes þere

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Petre and iohn þai bi him yode,19053
And he þam badd giue him sum gode,
And petre and iohn ansuard him þan
"Bihald on us," þai said, "þou man."
Qua sai, behald on hus and se, 19057
And vnderstand ur priuete,
Als sua sai þou sal se ur wan
For giftes ha we to þe nan.
He þam be-heild, bot wel wend he
þai suld him giue sum charite. 19062
Petre said til him onan,
"Gold ne siluer ha we nan."
For-qui it was noght petres aght, [col. 2]
þat oþer men had sua bi-taght 19066
Him for to kepe vnto þair nede,
And for þair pouer men at fede,
þat for þat thing þair godes sald
Bifor þe apostels fete vp-yald. 19070
"þat i mai giue," he said, "i sale,
I wat þou nede has to be hale,
In iesu nazarens nam, 19073
Rise up," he said, "and ga þou ham."
His hand he raght and up he ras,
And to þe temple spede his spas,
þat forwit ne moght stride a stepe,
Louand vr lauerd þan he lepe; 19078
þe propheci was þan fild sua
þat said þat halt suld scep as ra.
þe folk quen þai þis man had sene,
þai wondre[d] on him al bidene, 19082
þaa þat forwit had knaun him,
For wonder sum þai fell in suim.
¶ Petre þan bigan to mele, 19085
"Yee folk," he said, "of israel,
Qui wondir yee sua wit-vten right
Als þis war dun wit vr might? 19088

COTTON

Petir and Iohn they by hym yode
And he bad of hem som good
Petir and Iohn answerd hym þan
And seid byhold on vs þou man
Behold on vs now and se
And vnderstond our pouerte
Thow maiste wele se now our wone
yeftes haue we to the non
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
ffor petirs good was yt nought
That othir men to hym had brought
ffor to kepe to her nede
And for tho pour men to fede
That for that skylle her goodes sold
And to the appostils vp yt yold
That I may yef he seid I shalle
Thow hast nede after hele to calle
In Iesu nazarenus name
Ryse vp he seid and go þou lame
his hond he toke and vp he ros
a grete pas to the tempyll he gos
By-fore might he not gon a fote
lovyng our lord he lepe for bote
Thus prophecy fullefillid was þo
That seid the halt shuld skyp as ro
The folk tho they þis man had sene
wondird on hym alle by-dene][1]
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Petre þen be-gan to mele. [leaf 78]
ȝe folk he saide of israel.
quy wonder ȝe squa wiþ vn-riȝt
als þis ware done wiþ our miȝt.

FAIRFAX (*PART LAUD MS.*)

[1 Laud extract ends here.]

Digitized by Google

Petre and iohn þai bi him ȝode,
And he þaim badd him giue sum gode,
Petre and iohn ansuerd him þan
And said, "bihald on vs, þu man!"
Als qua say, bihald on vs and se
And vnderstand vr pouertte,
Als qua sai, þu sal se vr wane,
For giftes haue we to þe nane.
[1 He thaim bihelde bot wel wend he
Thai sulde him sum charite. [1 from Edinbro' MS.]
Petir saide til him on-ane,
"Golde na silvir haue I nane."]
For-qui petre gode ne was it noght,
þat oþer men had sua him broght
All for to kepe vnto þair nede, [col. 2]
And for þaa pouer men to fede,
þat for þat þing þair godes sald
Bifor þe apostlis fete vp-ȝald.
"þat i mai giue," he said, "i sale,
I wate þu has nede to be hale,
In *iesus* nazarenus name,"
He said, "rise vp and ga þu lame."
His hand he raght and vp he ras,
And to þe temple spede his pas,
þat noght forwit might strid a step,
Louand vr lauerd þan he lep;
þe *pro*pheci was þan fild sua,
þat said þe halt suld scope as ra.
þe folk quen þai þis man had sene,
þai wondred on all bidene,
þa þat forwid had knauen him,
For wonder sum þar fell in suim.
[P]etre þan bigan to mele
And said þe folk of israele,
"Qui wonder ȝe sua wid vnright
Als þis war done wid vr might?

GÖTTINGEN

Petur & Ion þei bi him ȝode [leaf 116, back]
And he bad of hem som gode
Petur & Ion vnswered him þon
And seide biholde on vs þou mon
Biholde on vs now and se
And vndirstonde oure pouerte
þou maist wel se now oure wone
ȝiftis haue we to þe none
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
For petres gode was hit nouȝt
þat oþere men to him had brouȝt
For to kepe to her nede
And for þo pore men to fede
þat for þat skil her godes solde
And to þe apostlis vp hit ȝolde
þat I may ȝyue he seide I shal
þou hast nede aftir hele to cal
In ihesu naȝarenus name
Rise vp he seide & go þou lame
His honde he toke & vp he ros
Greet pase to þe temple he gos
Bifore myȝte he not gon a fote
Louynge oure lord he lepte for bote
þus prophecie fulfilde was þo
þat seide þe halt shulde skippe as ro
þe folke þo þei þis mon had sene
wondride on him al by dene
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Petur anoon bigan to mele
And seide ȝe folke of israele
whi wondre ȝe so wiþ vnriȝt
As þis were done wiþ oure myȝt

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

Bot mighti godd wit-vten mak,
Of abraham and of ysaac,
And of vr eldres þat has ben aa,
His sun þan has he blisced sua;
Yee suak and nitt be-for pilate,
And demed als yee-seluen wate;
þe oncall of his hali nam,
Has lent us hele nu to þis lame
Wit þe trouth þat fell þar-to,
For it mai selcut mikel do.
Bot mi breþer, I vnderstand
þat yee it did yur vnwitand,
Repentes yow, and bes onknaun
To saue your saul ilkan his aun,
Again þe gret commun assis
Quar all sal cum bifor iustis.
Yur sin witstand, þat yee mai rise
Wit þat parti þat es rightwise,
Quen clene for-giuenes sal o plight,
þan be for-soth quen, thoru þe might
O rising o þe last dai,
þe lastand ded sal worth a-wai;
Be his fader sitt he sal, [leaf 108, col. 1]
Til he restord haf us all,
þat he spak first wit prophetis
Ai to þe time þat all sal ris." 19114
¶ þe apostels spekand þus and mar,
þe preistes come in þat siquar,
þe temple maisters wit þam bun,
All þai war of on commun.
At þair talking þam tenid sare, 19119
"Hu es þis," þai said, "þat yee dar
Suilkin loueword of him sai,
þat we did deme þis endir dai?"
þa saduceis,—namli þat lede, 19123
For þe vprising ner wald wede,

COTTON

bot miȝti god wiþ-outen make
of abraham & of Isaac.
& of our eldres has bene alsqua.
his sone has he blessed ȝa. [1 from Laud MS. 416]
[1That stode by-fore prynce pilat
And suffird deþe by your debate]
þorou on-calle of his hali name
has lent hele vn-to þis lame.
wiþ grete trauþ atte fel þer-to
for hit mai selcouþ mikil do.
mi breþer he saide ȝe vnderstande
þat ȝe him slogh vn-witande
repentes ȝou & soþ be knawen.
to saue ȝoure saule ilkan his awen.
againe þe grete commune assise
quare alle salle come be-for iustice
wiþ-stande ȝoure syn atte ȝe mai rise
wiþ þat party atte is riȝt-wise
for clene for-gifnes salle of pliȝt
þen be for-soþ. quen þorou þe miȝt
of rising of þe last day.
þe lastande dede salle worþ a-way
bi his fader sitte he salle
til he restored has vs alle
as he spac first wiþ prophetise
ar to þe time þat alle sulde rise.
Þe apostles specande þis & mare
þe prestes come to here þat lare.
þe temple maistres wiþ ham boun.
alle þai ware of an commoun.
& atte þaire talking tenid sare.
how is þis saide þai atte ȝe dare.
suche loue worde of him to say
þat we did deme þis ender day.
þe sadaiceus namli þat lede
for his vprising walde werre þem wede

FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Bot mighti godd widvten make,
Of abraham and of ysaac,
And of vr eldris þat has bene a,
His sun þan has he blisced sua ;
ȝe suake and nitt bifor pilate,
And deme als ȝe-self it wate,
þe oncall of his hali name,
Has lent his hele nu to þis lame
wid þe troutht þat fell þar-to,
For it mai selcut mekil do.
Bot nu mi breþer, i vnderstand
þat ȝe it did ȝur vnwittand,
Repentis ȝu, and bes vnk[n]aun
To sauue ȝur saulis ilk man his auen,
Again þe grete comune assise
Quar all sal come bifor iustise.
[1]ȝur sin widstand, þat ȝe mai rise
wid þat parti þat es rightwise,
Forgiuenes clene sal be of plight,
þan forsoth quen thoru þe might
Of rising on þe last dai, [1 leaf 128, col. 1]
þe lastand dede sal worth a-way ;
Bi his fadir sitt he sall,
Till he record haf vs all,
þat he spac feirst wid prophecis
Ai to þe time þat all suld ris."
[þ]e apostlis speckand þis and mare,
þe preistes come in þat siquare,
þe temple maistris wid þaim bun,
All þai war of a comun.
At þair talking þaim tened sare,
And said, "hu es þis þat ȝe dar
Suilkin loueword of him say,
þat we did deme dis endir day?"
þe saduceus,—namli þat lede,
For þe vprising wold þai wede,

GÖTTINGEN

But myȝti god wiþouten make
Of Abraham and of Isaake
And of oure eldres þat han bene o
His der worþe son haþ blessed so
þat stood bifore prince pilate
And suffred deþ bi ȝoure debate
þe callyng on his holy name
Haþ sent hele into þis lame
wiþ þe trouþe þat fel þerto
For hit may wondir muchel do
But my breþer I vndirstonde
þat ȝe hit dude vnwitonde
Repenteþ ȝou & beþ aknowen
To saue ȝoure soulis vchone his owen
Aȝeyn þe grete comune assise
where alle shul com bifore Iustise
withstonde ȝoure synne þat ȝe may rise
wiþ þat parti þat is riȝtwise
Forȝyuenes þenne shal be of pliȝt
þenne forþ whenne þourȝe þe myȝt
Of risyng on þe laste day
þe lastyng deþ shal worþe away
Bi his fadir sitte he shalle
To his recorde haue vs alle
þat he spake furst wiþ prophecise
Ay to þe tyme þat al shulde rise
¶ þe apostlis spaken þis & more
þe prest coom þat tyme þore
þe temple maistris wiþ hem boun
Alle were þei of o comoun
Hem tened sore at þis talkyng
And seiden how dar ȝe do þis þing
So preciouse wordis of him to say
þat we dud deme þis endur day
þe saduces namely þat lede
For þe vprisyng wolde þei wede

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

For þai wald neu*er* yeit for-think
þar suld be eu*er* ani vprising,— 19126
þe apostels did þai bi taken son
And sua þai war in prisun don,
þar þai bad men suld þam yeme,
For late it was þam þan to deme.
Bot mani turnd þar and turuud,19131
To baptim tak þam-seluen buud,
þat quat o men and q*uat* o wiue,
þar was co*nuert*ed thusand fiue.
þe toþer dai þat folud neist, 19135
þai gedird vte bath prince and prist,
[. . . . . .
. *no gap in Cotton & Laud MSS.*]
And sett þam in þat curt emidd,
And badd þam o þe dede þai did,
þat þai suld tell, wit-vten hon, 19141
In was nam þ*at* it was don.
Bot petre, fild of haligast,
Ansuar gaf he þam in hast; 19144
Bot first he sceud als wit dede,
þ*at* þair asking was bot soithede.
"Es it," he said, "resun þat we
Calanged for ur gode dede be? 19148
Vn-skilwisli þan can yee blam.
For wijt yee wel, þ*at* in þe nam
O ie*su* þat yee did on rode,
þat alwais yee mis-vnderstode, 19152
þ*at* godd his fader raisd to lijf,
(Als wat mani man and wijf)
þ*at* es mad als a q*uar*ner stan
For to mak tuin folk an, 19156
And in him for to be fest,—
þ*at* ilk þ*at* fra yur werc yee kest,
In him es hele o mankind all; [col. 2]
Es nanoþer nam on to call, 19160

for þai walde neu*er* for nankin þing[1]
here of c*ri*stis vprising.
¶ þe ap*ost*les did þai be tak in sone
& squa in p*ri*soun ware þai done
wiþ balis til þe morne to ȝeme
for late hit was ham þen to deme
bot mani turned þ*er* & trawed
to take baptim ham-seluen bowed
þat quat of men & quat of wyue
þ*er* was baptist. thousandis fiue.
þe toþ*er* dai atte was neiste [prest
þai gedderred out baþ p*ri*nce &
& bad b*ri*ng forþ þe ap*ost*les alle.
for til ansquare to þaire calle.
& sette ham in þat court amid.
& bad ham of þe dede þai did.
þat þai sulde wiþ-outen hone.
In quase name atte hit was done.
bot pet*er* filled of þe haligaste
his ansquare gaf he ham in haste
bot first he shewed ham be-forne
atte þaire asking[1] was al in skorne
¶ is hit resoun he saide atte we.
chalaunged for our gode dede be.
vnskilfully can ȝe blame
þat þinkis noȝt on ihesu name
& giltles him dide on rode.
& al-ways ȝe mis vnderstode
þat god his sone[1] raised to þe life
als wate baþ mani man & wife.
[[2]That is made as a corner stone
ffor to make ij° folkes oon)
Oon in hym for to be fest
That ylk for your werk ye keste]
In him is hele of mankin alle.
is nan oþ*er* name on to calle.

COTTON FAIRFAX

[[1] MS. fader *crossed through, and* sone *written over.* [2] From Laud MS. 416.]

Digitized by Google

For þai wald neuer 3eit for thing	For þei wolde neu*er* for no þing
þar suld be ani vp-rising,—	þ*at* knowen were þe vp risyng
þe apostlis did þai be taken sone	þe apostlis dude þei take soone
And sua þai war in p*re*sun done,	And so in p*ri*soun were þei done
þar badd þai iue*n* suld þai*m* 3eme,	þei sette men þ*er*e hem to 3eme
For late it was þaim þan to deme.	For late hit was hem þen*n*e to deme
Bot mani troued þar and trud,	But mony leued on her lore
To baptim take þaim-seluen buud,	And to bapteme went þ*er*fore
þat quat of man and quat of wiue,	So þ*at* of men & als of wyue
þar was conu*er*ted thousandes fiue.	were þ*er*e conu*er*tede þousondes fyue
[þ]E to*þ*er dai þat folud neist,	¶ þe to*þ*er day þ*at* folewed neest
þai gadrid vte both p*ri*nce a*n*d p*re*ist,	Gedered out bo*þ*e p*ri*nce & preest
[.	[. . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]	. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
And sett þaim in þ*at* curt emidd,	And sett hem in þ*at* court amydde
And bad þaim of þe dede þai didd,	And bad hem of þe dede þei didde
þat þai suld telle, widvten hone,	þei shulde telle faste & soone [leaf 117]
In quas name þat it was done.	In whoos name hit was done
Bot petre first of hali gast	But petur þ*at* alle o*þ*e*r*e past
His ansuer gaf þai*m* *in* hast;	His vnswere he 3af in hast
Bot first he scheud als wid dede, [col. 2]	But furst he shewed in his dede
þat þair asking was bot sothed.	þ*at* her askyng was but so*þ*hede
He said, "es it resun þat we	He seide hit is resoun þ*at* we
For vr gode dede schalanged be?	For oure good dede chalanged be
vnskilwisli þan can 3e blame.	Vnskilfuly 3e con vs blame
For-witt 3e wele, þat in þe name	For wite 3e wel þat in þe name
Of ie*s*u þat 3e did on rode,	Of ihe*s*u þ*at* 3e duden on rode
þat alwais 3e misunderstode,	þ*at* euer 3e mis vndirstode
þat godd his fad*er* raised to liue,	God his fadir him reised to lyue
(Als wate mani man and wiue)	As woot mony mon & wyue
þat es made als a corner stane	þ*at* is made as a corner stone
For to make tuin folkes ane,	For to make two folkes one
Ane in him for to be fest,—	Oon in him for to be fest
þat ilke þat fra 3ur werke 3e keist,	þ*at* ilke þ*at* fro 3oure werke 3e kest
In him es hele of mankind all;	In him is hele of monkynde al
Es no no*þ*er name on to call,	Is noon o*þ*e*r*e name on to cal
GÖTTINGEN	TRINITY

Digitized by Google

COTTON	FAIRFAX
þat of hele mai gif man blis,	þat of hele mai gif man blis.
Bot if man thrali thinc on þis."	bot if man þrali þink on his
[.	¶ leue men saide peter quy do 3e squa
. . . . .	ay to wirk vs care & wa.
. . . . .	quare dide 3e euer ani dede
. 19166	þat turned 3ou or vs to mede
. . . . .	& euer wiþ conquest 3e do vs doun.
. . . . .	& nauþer wiþ riȝt ne wiþ resoun
. . . . .	take 3oure consaile we 3ou be-seche
. . . . .	& putte 3oure ansquare in a man speche.
. . . . .	for quen 3e cry al wiþ a calle
. *no gap in Cotton or Arundel MSS.*]	mai na man ansquare to 3ou alle
þe maisters quen þai vnderstod 19173	þe maistres quen þai vnderstode
Sua stedfastili þe apostels stod,	on quatkin mater þe apostles stode
þai badd þat þai þam suld wit-drau	þai bad þai sulde ham forþ draw
Quils þai samen spak a thrau.	quilest þai spac to-geder a þraw
"Nu se yee noght," þai said, "þir men,	¶ now se 3e noȝt þai saide þer men.
Qua can us o þam consail ken? 19178	qua can vs of ham counsaile ken.
þe signes all sagh yee þai did?	þe signe alle sagh̄ atte þai did.
We mai not nite, sa es it kidd,	we mai noȝt nite squa is hit kid.
Bot þar-for sal we thret þam herd,	bot þar-fore sal we þrete ham harde
þat þai sal neuer for[t]her-ward 19182	atte þai salle neuer forþer-warde
þis nam to man or wommen neuen,	þis name to man or womman neyuen
Or dere on þam man sal it heuen."	or dere on ham we sal vs heyuen.
¶ Bald war þai þan and biden þare,	¶ calde þai ware & bidden þare
þat þai fra þan suld neuer mare 19186	atte þai fra þan sulde neuer mare
O þe nam o iesu spell,	of þe name of ihesu spelle. [leaf 78, back]
Ne nankin tyþand þar-of tell.	ne nankin tiþand þer-of telle
And þai þam ansuer gaf o-nan,	¶ & þai ham onsquare gaf anoñ
Bath sant petre and sant iohan, 19190	baþ seint petre & seint Iohn̄
"And queþer agh we þan for to bu	[1 Wheþer owe more þei seide bow
To godd all weldand, or to yow?	To god al weldynge or ellis to 3ow
þat bidd yee þat he mast for-bedis,	[. . . . .
And sua yee sceu all yur sottdedis.	. *no gap in Fairfax & Arundel MSS.*]
þe lauerd þat bidd þe man wit-stand,	3e to bid vs to wiþ stonde
Vnlau it es to tell in land 19196	Goddes biddyng al weldonde]

[1 From Arundel 57, Heralds' Coll. MS. fo. 112.]

Digitized by Google

GÖTTINGEN	TRINITY
þat of hele mai giue man blis,	þat of hele may 3yue hem blis
Bot yf man thrali thinc on þis."	But if mon fully þenke on þis
[.	[. . . . .
. . . . .	. . . . .
. . . . .	. . . . .
. 19166	. . . . .
. . . . .	. . . . .
. . . . .	. . . . .
. . . . .	. . . . .
. . . . .	. . . . .
. . . . .	. . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]	. *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]
[þ]e maistris quen þai vnderstode	¶ þe maistris whenne þei vndir3ode
Sua stedfastli þe apostlis stode, 19174	How studfastely þe apostlis stode
þai bad þat þai þaim suld wid-drau	þei bad þei shulde hem wiþdrawe
Quilis þai suld samen speck a thrau.	whil þei speke to gider a þrawe
þai said, "nu se 3e noght þir men,	þei seide se 3e not þese men
Qua can vs of þaim consail cen?	who con vs counsel of hem ken
þe signe all sau 3e þat þai did? 19179	þe merueil say 3e þat þei did
we may noght nite, sua es it kid,	we may not nay hit: so is hit kid
Bot þarfor sal we threte þaim hard,	But þerfore shal we þrete hem hard
þat þai sal neuer mor forward 19182	þat þei shulde neuer more foreward
þis name to man or womman neuen,	þis name to mon nor wommon neuen
Or dere on þaim þai suld it heuen."	Of ihesus goddes son of heuen
[T]ald war þai þan and bidden þare,	Glad were þei þenne & beden þore
þat þai fra þan suld neuer mare 19186	þat þei shulde neuermore
Of þe name of iesu spell,	Of þe name of ihesu spelle
Ne nankin tiþand þar-of to tell.	Ni no tiþing þerof to telle
And þai þaim ansuer gaf on-one,	þei vnswered soone anone
Bath sant petre and saint iohn, 19190	Boþe petur and seynt Ione
"And queþer au we þan to bu	Wheþer owe we more þei seide bow
To godd al weildand, or to 3u?	To god al weldynge or elles to 3ow
[1] þat bidd 3e þat he mast forbedis,	[. . . . .
And sua 3e scheu 3ur soth-hedis. 19194	. *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]
þe lauerd to bidd þe man widstand,	3e to bidde vs to wiþstonde
vnlau it es to tell in land	Goddes biddynge al weldonde

[1 leaf 128, back, col. 1]

Digitized by Google

þe thing þat we bath herd and sau.	þe þing' þat we baþ herde & sawe
Hu mai we þan bot we it scau? 19198	we salle noȝt lette hit to shaw.
If we ne did we war to wite	if we ne did we ware to wite
For sothfastnes es noght at nite."	for soþfastnes is noȝt to nite.
þaa Iuus þat war ai sa curst 19201	¶ þe iewes þat ware ay sa curst
Wald eft ha tan þam if þai durst,	walde eft haue tane ham if þai durst
For folk durst þai noght hete a-pon;	for folk walde þai noȝt hete apon.
And þai went ham vnto syon.	& þai ham went vn-to syon.
And quen þai to þeir breþer þare,	& quen þai to þaire breþer þare
Had tald hu þai handeld war, 19206	had talde how þai handeled ware
þai liftd þair hend all wit a steuen,	þai lift þaire hende alle with a steiuen
And thancked drightin dere of heuen.	& þanked ihesu criste in heyuen.
And quen þai all had said þair bede,	& quen þai had made þaire bede
þan bigan to stir þat stede, 19210	þai stired ham forþ out of þat stede.
And in þat erth-din þar scok,	wiþ þat þe erþ be-gan & shoke
þe haligast eft-sith þai tok.	þe haligaste eft-siþ þai toke.
Vte o þair hali hertes hord	out of þaire hali hertis horde.
Spedli þai speld godds word. 19214	spedeli þai spelled goddis worde.

[*The Falsehood of Ananias and Sapphira.*]

O þat folk a man þar was [leaf 108, back, col. 1]	¶ dwellande be-side a man þer was
His nam was hatten Ananias,	his name was calde ananias.
"I wil," he said, "mi godes giue	I wille he saide mi godis giue
Wit þir rightwis men to liue, 19218	wiþ þer riȝt-wis men to liue.
Wit þam i mai ha mete and drinc,	wiþ ham I. mai of mete & drink'.
Mi liuere haf wit-vten suinc."	mi liuere haue wiþ-outen squink'.
Til him said petre, "þi wijf and þou	til his wife he saide I. & þou.
Here-to sal yee make a vou." 19222	here-to salle we make a vow.
þe vou was mad, his land he sald,	¶ þe vow was made his lande he salde
þe penis hali tan and tald,	þe penis hali tane & talde
þe quilk he broght, wit-vten frest,	þe quilk he broȝt wiþ-outen frest
Be-for þe apostels fete he kest; 19226	be-for þe apostles fete hit keste.
þe haluendel þar-of he stal,	þe haluendale til him-self he stale.
And said þat þar þe pris was all.	& saide þer was þe pris hale.
His wijf it wist and heild hir still;	his wife hit wiste & helde þer-tille.
Was neuer þe fruit o suilk bot ill,	was neuer þe frute of squike bot ille
COTTON	FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

þe thing þat we bath herd and sau.
Hu mai we þan bot we it knau?
If we ne did we war to wite
For sothfastnes es noght to nite."
þa iuus þat war ai sua curst
wald eft haue tan þaim if þai durst,
For folk durst þai noght hete apon;
And þai went hame vn to syon.
Quen þai come to þair breþer þar,
þai tald hu þai handlid wat,
þai lifted þair hend all wid a steuen,
And thanked iesu þar-of heuen.
Quen þai had all said þair bede,
þan bigan to stir þat stede,
And in þat erde-din þat schoke,
þe hali gast eft-sith þai toke.
vte of þair hali hertis horde
Spedeli þai spelled godes worde.

þe þing þat we han herde & seen
whi may hit not knowen ben
Seruauntis elles be we sory
Soþfastenes is not to deny
þo iewes þat euer were so curst
wolde efte haue prisoned hem if þei durst
For pepul durst þei not do hit þon
And þei went home vnto syon
whenne þei coom to her breþere þere
þei tolde how þei hondeled were
þei helde vp hondes wiþ o steuen
And þonked iheʒu heʒe in heuen
whenne þei had alle seide her bede
Anoon bigan to stire þat stede
And in þat erþe dene þat shoke
þe holi goost eft sone þei toke
Out of her holy hertes hord
Spedily spelled þei goddes word

[*The Falsehood of Ananias and Sapphira.*]

[O]f þat folk a man þar was,
His name was cald ananias,
"I wil," he said, "mi godes giue
wid þir rightwismen to liue,
wid þaim i mai of mete a[n]d drinck,
Mi liuere haue widvten suinck."
Till his wijf he said, "i and þu
Here-to sal we make a uuou."
þe wou was made, his land he sald,
þe penis hali tane and tald,
þe quilk he broght widuten freist,
And for þe apostlis fete dune he kest;
þe haluendele þar-of he stale,
And said þat þar þe pris was hale.
His wif it wist and held þar-till;
was neuer þe fruit of suilk bot ill,

GÖTTINGEN

¶ Of þat folke a mon þer was
Called bi name ananyas
I wole he seide my godis ʒyue
wiþ þese riʒtwis men to lyue
wiþ hem I may of mete & drynk
My liuere haue wiþouten swynk
To his wif seide he I. & þou
Herto shul me make avow
þe vow he made his lond he solde
þe penyes fully taken & tolde
He hem brouʒt at þe laste
Bifore þe apostlis feet doun cast
But haluendele of þat stal he
And seide þer was þe hool mone
His wif assented wel þer tille
was neuer þe fruyt of suche but ille

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

For ilk suik it-self bisuikes,
And lethes mast þat þar-in likes.
Petre it sagh wit hali sight,
For-fild he was wit grace o dright
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
"Sai me," he said, "ananias,
Qui has þou tempted sathanas,
To mak sli lesing o þi sale,
þou yald bot þe half vp for þe hale?
Al þat þar-wit þou wend to wine
Sal turn þe both to sak and sinne.
Siker es þou a[1] o sinne and sake,
þar-of þou has in hand þe wrake."
And sant petre said namar,
He fell dun alsuith ded right þar;
þe yongmen hent þe cariom[1] þare,
And þeþen for to delue it bare.
Son afterward bot vures thrin,
His wijf com hir vn-wijtand in,
"Womman," said petre, "sald yee sua
Yur land?" þe womman said, "sir, yaa."
"þou lighes," he said, "and aght at waand
Wit fals þe haligast to faand.
Lo! quare be-for þe dore þai stand,
þat right nu delfd þi ded husband.
Sua sal þai do þe nu onan."
Wit þis word fell sco ded als stan.
Ne wonder nan þat i ha spoken
þat wranges þan sa suith war wroken,
For cristen kirc, þan it bigan,
Yeit was it noght stablid þan;
And custum it es mang all treu,
Quen lagh es mad bituix þam neu
At þe bigining for to be redd,
þat dred mai do þe lagh ta sted,

for ilk squike hit-self be-squikis.
& nameli til ham atte þer-in likis.
Petre hit sagħ wiþ hali siȝt.
þorou þe grace of goddis miȝt.
þat litel halynes in him was kid.
& be-cause of ese he hit did.
¶ Sai me saide he ananias.
qui hastow tempted sathanas
to make suche lesing' of þi sale.
& ȝalde þe half vp for hale.
al atte þou wende þer-wiþ to wyn.
salle turne þe to sorou & syn.
ful þou art of syn & sake.
þer-fore on þe wil fal þe wrake.
& wiþ þis worde wiþ-outen mare
he fel doun stepande dede riȝt þare.
þe ȝonge men to þe bodi con fare.
& þeiþen for to delue hit bare.
¶ Sone efterward bot houres þrin.
his wife come hir vnwitande in.
womman saide peter salde ȝe squa.
ȝour lande. þe womman saide ȝa.
þou lyes he saide & agħ to wande
wiþ fals-hede þe haligast to fande
lo quare be-for þe dore þai stande
atte riȝt now dalfe þi dede housband
squa sal þai now do þe anane
wiþ þis worde felle ho dede as stan.
¶ now wonder na man þat I. haue spokin
þat falshede þan squa squiþe was wrokin.
for cristen kirk þen be-gan.
ȝet was hit noȝt stabeled þan.
& custome is a-mang' alle trew.
quen lagħ is made bi-twix ham new.
atte be-gynnyng' to be dred.
þat agħ may make lagħ tak' sted

COTTON [1 So in MS.] FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

For all suilk it-self bisuikes, [col. 2]
And lethes mast þat þar-in likes.
Petre it sau wid hali sight, 19233
For-fild he was of grace of dright,
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
"Sai me," he said, "ananias, 19237
Qui has þe tempted sathanas,
To make sli lesing of þi sale,
And ȝald þe half vp for to hale?
All þat þu wend þar-wid to win 19241
Sale turn þe bote to sake and sin.
Sikir es þu nu of sin and sake,
þar-of þu has in hand þe wrake."
Had saint petre þaim said na mare,
Quen he fell dune dede right þare;
þe ȝong men hint þat cariu[n]e þare,
And þeþen for to delue it bare. 19248
[S]one efterward bot ures threin,
His wijf come þis vnwitand in,
"woman," said petre, "sald ȝe sua
ȝur land?" scho said, "sir, ȝa." 19252
"þu leiȩs," he said, "and au to wand
wid fals-hede þe hali gast to fand.
Lo! quar bifor þe dor þai stand,
þat right nu delue di dede husband.
Sua sal þai þe do nu on-ane," 19257
wid þis word fell scho dede as stane.
[N]u wonder na man þat i haue spokin
þat wranges þan sua suith was wrokin,
For cristen kirc, þou it bigan, 19261
ȝeit was it noght als stabil þan,
And custom es emang alle treu,
Quen lau es made bituix men nu
At þe biginning forto be redd, 19265
þat drede mai do þe lau take stedd,

GÖTTINGEN

For alle suche hem self biswike
And loþen moost þat shulde hem like
Petur hit say in holy siȝt [leaf 117, back]
For fulde he was of grace & myȝt
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Trinity & Laud MSS.*]
Say me he seide Ananyas
whi hastou tempted sathanas
Of þi sale to make lesyng
And ȝolden vp but half þi þing
Al þat þou wende þerwiþ to wynne
Shal turne þe but to sake & synne
Sikur artou now of synne & sake
þerof þou hast in hond þe wrake
Had seint petur seide no more
þe mon fel doun deed riȝt þore
ȝonge men hent þe careyn þere
And faste for to bury hit bere
¶ þre houris aftir more ny myn
His wif vnwitynge þis coom In
wommon seide petur solde ȝe þus
ȝoure lond: sir she seide ȝus
þou liȝest he seide & shuldes wonde
wiþ falshede þe holy goost to fonde
Lo where at þe dore þei stonde
þat riȝt now dalf þi deede husbonde
So shul þei þe do now anone
wiþ þat she fel doun deed as stone
¶ wondir no mon of þis here spoken
þei wronges þo so soone were wroken
For cristen chirche þo hit bigan
ȝit was hit not al stabul þan
For custom is among alle trewe
whenne lawe is made bitwene men newe
At þe bigynnyng to be redde
þat drede may do lawe be dredde

TRINITY

Digitized by Google

To do þe folk for dred and au
þat wild noght elles hald þe lau;
þe gode and lele for luue and mede,
þe wick þai hald þe lagh for drede.
¶ Fra þan durst naman wit þam meng,
Bot þat wald wit þam lele leng;
Mani seke vnto þam soght,
And mani signes on þam þai wroght;
Bath in wais and in strete
þe seke war born þam for to mete,
þat petre scaudu on þaim suld rine
þar-of had mani seke medicine,
O mani wise seke gaf hele
þat truud in crist and war lele.
¶ Prince was petre o þaa tuelue,
And gretter signe þan crist selue
He wroght, als [it] es said sumquar,
Priuilege o signe for-þi he bar;
For crist self hight him þat ilk,
Quen he for him wroght signes suilk.

to do þe folk for drede & agh̄
þat wille noȝt ellis halde þe lagh̄.
þe gode & lele for heyuen to mede
þe wikked to halde þe lagh̄ for drede
fra þen durst na man wiþ ham menge
bot atte walde lelli wiþ ham lenge
¶ Mani seke vn-to þam soȝt
& mani signe on ham þai wroȝt
baþ in waies & in strete [1 from Heralds' Coll. MS. fo. 112, bk]
þe seke ware borne ham to mete
[1 Mony þat petur wolde ryne
Of him token her medicyne.
. . . . . *no gap in Heralds' Coll. and Fairfax MSS.*]
Prince was peter of þa xij.
& gretter signe þan criste him-selue
he wroȝt þorou goddis lare
priuelage of signe for-þi he bare.
for criste him-self hiȝt him þat ilk'.
quen þorou him wroȝt signes squilk'

[*The Apostles are imprisoned, and set free by an Angel.*]

Fra þan þair flock wex ma and mar,
For fast þe folk fell to þair lare,
Bot yeit þe Iuen folk felun
Did þe apostels in prisun,
Thoru consail of a naciun
Wald trau na resurrecciun
Suld be o man on domes-dai,
Bot gain þe apostels said ai nai.
þis folk was haten saduceus,
þai heild ai wit þe phariseus.
Bot son þer-efter on þe night,
Sent þam was an angel bright,
þat broght þam thoru þo stedes strang,
And badd þam to þe temple gang

fra þan þaire folk wex mare & mare.
& faste þe folk felle to þaire lare
bot ȝet þe iewes ful of felou*n*
þai did þe apo*st*les in prisou*n*.
þorou consail of an naciou*n*.
walde traw na resurrecciou*n*.
sulde be of man atte domis-day [leaf 79]
a-gaine þe apo*st*les saide þai nay.
þis folk ware calde saduceus.
þai helde ay wiþ phariseus
Bot sone þerofter on þe niȝt.
sende ham was an angel briȝt.
þat broȝt ham of þat prisou*n* strange
& bad ham to þe temple gange

COTTON FAIRFAX

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google